Seventy Summers

Poultney Bigelow

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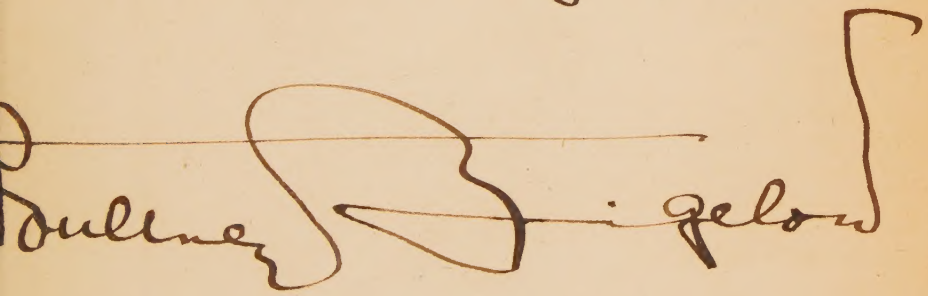

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SEVENTY SUMMERS

BY THE SAME AUTHOR

THE GERMAN EMPEROR AND HIS EASTERN NEIGHBOURS (1892)

PADDLES AND POLITICS (1892)

BISMARCK (1892)

THE BORDERLAND OF CZAR AND KAISER (1895)

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PRUSSIANISM AND PACIFISM (1919)

JAPAN AND HER COLONIES (1923)

Louise Ingelow

LONDON: EDWARD ARNOLD & Cº

SEVENTY SUMMERS

BY

POULTNEY BIGELOW

Author of "Japan and her Colonies," "White Man's Africa," etc.

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOLUME I

WITH PORTRAIT

LONDON

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To

the Seven Religions that rule the Seven Seas;
and may their Seven Gods choose their Seven
Popes from such as know not persecution.

PREFACE

When my life had spanned half a century (in 1905) I returned from a journey in the Malay Archipelago broken in health. The Boston University objected to my views on the negro and on Christian missionaries in the Far East—so I resigned. The Senate of the United States made me the subject of malevolent inquisition because I had published some unsavoury truths touching official mendacity and evil practices on the Isthmus of Panama.

Thus I was in worldly eyes a ruined man—denounced by the governmental Press—boycotted by the Taft-Roosevelt party, anathema in university faculties and looking at the future through lustreless eyes.

My father filled the cup of my dejection by offering me a deed of the family vault plus a few acres of land on the banks of the Hudson River about fifty miles below Albany, facing Clermont. There was also a vast red barn and the dilapidated homestead reared by my pioneer grandfather. But the only substantial structure was the family vault—quite large enough compared with what the sage of Sinope called his home, and admirably suited to my then state of mind.

At the age of half a century, then, I dropped suddenly from wealth to poverty; from health to chronic invalidism; from life in the great cities to that of a chore-man one hundred miles from New York. Yet that was the most happy moment of my life! Now for the first time I received education from the hand of the Almighty. Necessity compelled me to sweat and thus expel poison from out of my organism. Each

day I swam in the mighty stream and each night I slept my full wholesome quota. Health came back to me and new faith in the great Law. My income was violently reduced to that of my neighbouring farmers or mechanics—but of those neighbours was John Burroughs with about the same spending capacity as myself.

My years at Malden have been happy ones and also the most crowded with congenial work. My axe is a daily companion and in the woods I find food for thought and fuel for my grate.

There never can be a dull day in the country, for everything on a farm is growing night and day ; and man must watch this daily growth and turn it to profit. The farm is a nursery of miracles, and blind indeed must he be who sees not the Divine hand in every colt and calf and chick and blade of grass that springs mysteriously into being before his very eyes.

And so ends my moral tale. The sadness of to-day may mean joy on the morrow. My ups and downs in the world have taught me much about men and women, priests and politicians, rich and poor, East and West. Of course I flatter myself that now I also can teach others—but who is there that does not flatter himself —at Seventy !

POULTNEY BIGELOW.

MALDEN-ON-HUDSON,
September, 1925.

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CHAPTER I

The First American Bigelow, 1630—On Ministers and Ambassadors—My Grandfather settles Malden-on-Hudson in 1807—Decline of American Families since the Civil War—Spartan Simplicity of my Father's Boyhood—Union College under Eliphalet Nott

The first of my name in America was a prosperous and much respected John Bigelow, from Wrentham in Suffolk, who settled at Watertown, Massachusetts, in 1630. Like Shakespeare, Luther and many another notable of the spacious ages, he regarded the spelling-book as a breviary for pedants; and therefore I find Baglo, Baglaw, Biglo, Bagulay in bewildering permutation. There is a Bagulay Hall in Cheshire which, in Mrs. Gaskell's delightful story of *Cranford*, is introduced as Bigelow Hall; and this recalls the warm friendship of this gifted authoress and the family of the then Ambassador to London, Abbott Lawrence, whose wife was a Bigelow. I call my kinsman Ambassador because he was an ambassador in the correct sense of that elastic word. From the days of Elizabeth until those of President Monroe the accredited agent of a sovereign State could not be other than ambassador, and it shall remain one of the world's mysteries that Uncle Sam, who brags of being the political big brother of everything on the Western Continent, should have tamely accepted for his plenipotentiary envoys to European Courts the derogatory name of a mere "Minister." Were the insult merely in the name, a nation of isolated pioneers might have ignored the matter. But Messrs. Metternich and Company craftily framed a Monroe Doctrine of their own at the close of the Napoleonic Wars; and this doctrine

proclaimed that only a select few should be called GREAT POWERS, notably Russia, Prussia, Austria, England, France, Spain; that these alone should be deemed worthy to treat of international questions on a footing of equality one with the other. The United States Envoy might kick his heels in the outer waiting-room, whilst agents of the so-called "Great Powers" might brush past him and occupy an hour or so in exchanging club scandal with his Excellency of the Foreign Office.

At the close of our civil war (1865) Napoleon III was regarded in Europe as a War Lord such as William I became after Sedan. Yet it was my father's duty as Ambassador from the Court of His Majesty Uncle Sam to request the French Emperor to withdraw his army from Mexico—not in ninety-nine years, but immediately; and Napoleon obeyed.

The John Bigelow of 1630 fought in every war of his day—notably the Pequot War and King Philip's. He was a man of consequence in the then New England by reason of the offices he held, no less than by the estate he bequeathed to his children. The documentary evidence in this matter was laid before me by my illustrious kinsman Melville Bigelow, then Dean of the Boston University Law School and author of an authoritative textbook on Torts. Perhaps the most interesting document of them all was that which made up the funeral charges against his estate. It was a noble funeral and worthily honoured, for amongst the heavy items the heaviest included rum and its fragrant adjuncts. It is conventional humour now to crack jokes at the expense of our English Puritan ancestors and to assume that we can reconstruct a social system from a mere glance at its laws. We make Scotchmen the butt of stories which in my youth were told of Jews, and now we quote the so-called *Blue Laws* of Connecticut as indicative of a narrow, bigoted and fanatical New England. Perhaps these tales please those of Hebrew, German and Hibernian ancestry

—particularly if they call Mary the patron saint of America; but they do not reflect historic truth. New England was a good place for large and happy families. Religion was respected and so was personal freedom. My father offered me in 1905 the "old homestead" on the Hudson River, where in 1807 my grandfather, Asa Bigelow, had acquired an estate embracing some 1,500 acres, an excellent river frontage on the channel and a grist mill. He was then approaching his ninetieth year, hale and hearty, standing well over six feet and with a mass of iron-grey hair. He had kept this old homestead as a refuge for such of his family as had been less fortunate than himself, and the moment had come when it was no longer a source of comfort save to the tax-collector and a caretaker.

It is indeed a commentary on our policy of so-called "Protectionism" that in this beautiful and fertile Hudson Valley farms now go begging that once reared large and prosperous families. To-day the philosophic tourist marvels at the costly residences built when this was British soil and slavery was universal. Men then built as in the home country, of brick or well-chiselled stone, and the soil made them rich. But now you may receive, for the asking, a Government pamphlet containing a list of abandoned farms in this New York State—farms which anyone may now acquire if he merely pays the taxes. "Protectionism" has herded into city slums those who under earlier and happier conditions would be rearing rugged families on their ancestral acres.

My grandfather, Asa Bigelow, made a fortune here; and by fortune I mean that he was enabled to send all his children to the best educational institutions of that time; to start them in any career they might choose and, above all, assure them of a good home at all times. My father never wearied of recalling incidents in his boyhood here; above all the Spartan simplicity which was dictated by Puritan principles which then operated as

the great unwritten law. In the eight generations on American soil my direct Bigelow male ancestors have averaged eighty years of life and ten has been the average number of children to each family. My own father was ninety-four when he died in 1910, and he was the father of eight. My first marriage produced three daughters, of whom two are married and the sum of these two unions has produced only five children, or an average of two and a half each!

Latterly, I have been scanning the social horizon to see how far it may be worth while to put this down in writing. And, sad to tell, by reference to many hundreds of well-known families of English stock that settled here in Stuart days, the Bigelows are only symptomatic of a general blight on families that suddenly change from outdoor life and thrifty habits to indoor furnace heat and cold-storage diet.

In childhood my father walked three miles to the nearest school at Katsbaan every winter's morning. The school year was of short duration, but the teaching was intensive. Three miles of snow and blizzard would now be regarded as a discouragement; and in these degenerate days children are carried to and fro in heated motor-buses where they breathe each the other's microbes; they enter a furnace-heated schoolroom, and so on, until they return to the furnace-heated house of their parents, where they sleep in a furnace-heated bedroom and wonder why tuberculosis is universal!

When my grandfather settled in this place there was no church, no school, no post-office, no dock—not even a highway. He who would reconstruct the Malden of 1807 might get help from Fenimore-Cooper's *Pioneers*, for the climatic and other conditions were fairly similar—I refer to Cooperstown and Malden. My grandfather found here little beyond splendid opportunity—the river channel to New York, blue stone quarries in the Catskill Mountains, water power for mills, timber abundant, and

an excellent climate. So he built a dock and became a shipowner; built roads and hauled out blue stone; brought hides from far away and carried them back when they had been tanned in our mountains. He built the first church and the first school, and founded here an Academy that soon acquired much fame. John Henry Livingston, the present head of the Cincinnati order, prepared here for college, as also Thomas Hunt, whose father was a member of General Grant's Cabinet.

My father graduated in 1835 at Union College, Schenectady, then at the high point of its fame, under the Presidency of Eliphalet Nott. Asa Bigelow, a Calvinist, objected to Columbia College in the City of New York because of its Anglican traditions, and Harvard already was coquetting with Aryan heresy. Union had been founded in 1794 by a coalition of many Protestant Nonconformists, Dutch Lutherans, Presbyterians, Congregationalists, Wesleyans and a dozen more. They chose for Union College the motto *Concordia*, not so much because they loved one another, as that in the Episcopacy of the then "King's College" they suspected royalistic propensities.

To-day the University of Union has cast aside its religious individuality; Columbia is more Hebrew than Anglican, and the Governor of my State is a fervent Roman Catholic Irishman.

CHAPTER II

Why I entered Yale—William Cullen Bryant offers my Father Partnership in the *New York Evening Post*—Early Experiences at Yale—Some Notes on my Family—Sir William Pulteney, Earl of Bath—My Mother's Drawing-room in New York—She dances with Edward VII when Prince of Wales in 1860

When the time came for me to think of other things than school romps, my father told me to think over the matter of going to college. This was in the spring of 1870, at Gotha. I was then fourteen and had an idea that all wisdom emanated from the University; that before entering its portals we were merely humans; but after four years we graduated on to a plane so high that people deferred to our opinion for the one reason that we had been to college. My father, however, used language somewhat like this: "Sonny, you shall go to college if you wish; my father offered me that opportunity, and I offer it to you. The knowledge I possess was gained before entering and after leaving college—I'm not aware of having learned there anything that I had not afterwards to unlearn." Such words would sound blasphemous to many an "alumni" gathering, but so did the words of Galileo.

My father gave me my choice: Oxford or Cambridge, Germany or America. France he did not mention in this connection, for, under the Second Empire, the Pope had much power at the Sorbonne. Renan and Taine had both been ejected from Academical chairs because they had expressed opinions differing from those held by the College of Cardinals. There happened to be then in Germany a notable Hellenist, R. P. Keep, whose uncle,

Noah Parter, was President of Yale. Mr. Keep was tutoring a boy of my own age (J. M. Sears), an orphan, whose guardian was a redoubtable Puritan of Boston, Alpheus Hardy. Now, according to every rule of probability, Sears should have gone to Harvard, where all of Boston goes for a social certificate; but Mr. Hardy sought for his ward a spiritual no less than an academical triumph. Harvard in his eyes was the home of high living and low thinking, whereas Yale seemed pastoral, if not pious, by contrast. So Sears was destined for New Haven, and that is why I too gravitated to Yale.

Mr. Keep and Sears lived in the family of Professor Ernst Curtius, who had been tutor to the late Emperor Frederick. I myself was sent to Potsdam and into the family of Professor Richard Schillbach. Both Professors spoke modern Greek with fluency, each having lived in Greece in the service of their respective governments. Dr. Keep was then preparing his Homeric Lexicon, and my Dr. Schillbach had published many monographs on Hellenic themes. What wonder, then, that Keep and Sears came frequently from Berlin to Potsdam when we took long walks together, the elders pouring forth enthusiastically in the tongue of Herodotus, whilst we discussed baseball, rowing, and books of adventure in ultra-modern Americanese.

In parenthesis a word on Ernst Curtius—a modest, kindly and stimulating Professor of the Old school. He was not a Hun—nor a Prussian—but one in whose blood was liberty of thought and speech. He was born in the Free Hanseatic town of Lübeck, and when called to the University of Berlin he gravitated naturally to those who represented political freedom under a constitution rather than the party of throne and altar absolutism. The Emperor Frederick III and his British wife held him in high esteem. It was he who initiated this royal couple into the joys of archæological exploration, having been

the first to lay bare the treasures of Olympia to a delighted world.

In 1870 I looked up to the great Curtius as humans do to demigods, little dreaming that in fourteen years from then I should be again in Berlin, bumping mugs of beer together at a table where gathered such men as Mommsen, the historian of Rome; Zeller, author of a great work on Hellenic Philosophy; George von Bunsen, then Member of the Reichstag; and Rangabé, the eminent Greek scholar and author. These met periodically for the mere pleasure of reading Greek together and solving philological problems. Curtius was then 70 years of age, Zeller 70, Rangabé 74, and Mommsen 67—all four full of boyish hilarity and enthusiasm. The Greek séance lasted one hour—but the beer part occupied the balance of the evening. I was made honorary member of this Græco-Gambrinus club for the period of my Berlin stay—and a rare treat it was to me, a babe in years, rubbing elbows with masters in the incomparable tongue of Sophocles and Homer.

In 1884 the words *Akademische Freiheit* had still significance in Berlin. They meant that a German Professor had sovereign rights in his own domain, and was hampered by no Governmental rules regarding orthodoxy *in cathedra*. Mommsen, Curtius, and indeed all the notable German scholars of that day, dreaded the Bismarckian pressure in matters of higher education. But the ambitious young men, the so-called "streber," or climbers, commenced to take their cue from the Wilhelmstrasse rather than from the sacred but less profitable fountains of academical honour. It was noticed that those who advocated the political principles of the Iron Chancellor received speedy promotion, whilst the old-fashioned searchers after truth kept on searching! They were not burned or exiled—they were simply condemned to see their more complaisant colleagues climb over their heads to better posts.

Schillbach was a devoted teacher, although he nearly killed me by an ascetic diet. To him Latin and Greek were living languages. He needed no grammar—and frequently dispensed even with text. We walked together and he reeled off lines of Homer or Virgil. I had to learn page after page of these poets, and in our lessons we discussed them as we would fables of La Fontaine or soliloquies of Shakespeare. Thus, before I entered Yale, Greek and Latin were to me mediums of thought interchange. I still have the prize given me for excellence in Latin composition. It had no inscription—it was placed at the corner of the tutor's desk, and I was told that I might carry it away with me. So I tucked it under my arm when the recitation hour closed, and if any of my class-mates ever see these lines they will probably be surprised that I ever took any honours at college—excepting at the oar. But my father's words were wise. I learned nothing at Yale comparable to what I learned before and after. My tastes ran in lines of literature and history—and in this field Yale was barren.

When my father was barely more than thirty years of age and a majority of European thrones were tottering from the revolutionary upheaval of 1848, no less a personage than William Cullen Bryant offered him a partnership in the *New York Evening Post*. Here was miracle enough, but a greater was to follow, for within ten years the circulation and the returns of the paper grew so that he deemed it wicked to go on adding to his personal fortune. He had joined Mr. Bryant when the *Evening Post* earned for each partner about $2,000 per year. He sold his interest when it was paying him annually more than $20,000—and steadily increasing. But my father was essentially a scholar and philosopher, and money never interested him beyond the mere making him independent in his movements and opinions. He never begrudged me any money for purposes that appeared educational. He allowed me to prepare my

own budget on entering college; he made me render a monthly statement, and I may here add that I found $1,000 per annum a good allowance for the Yale of my time. This enabled me to pay all necessary bills—room, tuition, the various college subscriptions, including boat club and the secret societies.

On my first holiday home in Sophomore year I felt, of course, the need of impressing my academic rank upon all mortals less fortunate than myself; and therefore, as I sprang first from a train, I handed my valise to a porter, who took it, and who then attempted to appropriate also my father's baggage. But this was met by a curt *thank you*. It was then my turn to feel uncomfortable. In vain I reached for my father's valise. He thanked me in gentlest manner, but swung away grandly, for he was tall and took long strides. He did not rebuke me, but before the day was over an opening occurred for him to say: "At your age, sonny, there was no way in which I could earn money more easily than by carrying my own bag!" That was enough!

Even as late as 1888, when William Walter Phelps, our then American Plenipotentiary in Berlin, came to the station to see me off, and said to me with diplomatic horror: "What, Poultney! You don't mean to say that you are travelling second class!" I was able to smile my most simple smile and say: "Of course I am going second; I have to on this train, because there is no third class!"

At college I yearned for time to read leisurely Gibbon and Mommsen, and Merivale and Niebuhr—but we were hurried through a textbook of Roman history at so many pages per diem, and never a day for anything better than cramming down names, dates, and places.

Travel was to my father an important part of education. He would go many miles to talk with a man of interest, but mere "sights" bored him. We youngsters, of course, felt the normal fever for checking off, as we

went every " sight " marked in Baedeker by a star; and my father never damped our orthodox ardour. But for these occasions he always had a book in his capacious pockets—a Montaigne, Pascal, Bacon, or Shakespeare—and on emerging from our temple of " sights," we would find him seated on a neighbouring bench or stone step ready to pilot us towards our next.

My grandfather died in our house at Malden in 1850—on his knees. This was five years before I was born, but I tell it as my father told it me many years later—when referring to a sailing voyage he made to the West Indies. He had returned that day, and Asa Bigelow had his numerous family about him in order to hear my father tell of what he had seen—especially in the African Republic of Haiti. American public opinion was much exercised over the negro, and therefore a study of Haiti after half a century of political independence could not be without interest, especially to that ever-increasing number who regarded slavery as a national crime.

On the morning after, all were assembled at the accustomed hour for breakfast, my grandfather only excepted. As he was usually most punctual, the circumstance was noted, and it was with a common impulse that his three sons moved towards his bedroom. Their knock was not heeded—they pushed open the door, and behold, on his knees, fully dressed, his body thrown forward upon the bed, was the figure of Asa Bigelow. His last thought was a prayer of gratitude for my father's safe return, and in that prayer passed away the soul of a strong man. His coffin was placed beside that of my grandmother in the family vault overlooking the Hudson River and the dock that he had built—and the sloops and schooners that had made his fortune. All about him were walls of massive blue stone quarried from his own land—speaking to us of a far-away past before the two railways had wrecked the river traffic, before steel and concrete had made blue stone a curiosity, before the mountains

had been denuded of hemlock, before the streams had lost the power to turn big wheels—those happy days when a big roe shad cost but 10 cents and salmon jumped merrily in clean river water.

There were then few millionaires, few factories, few tramps. The bulk of the population owned their own farms, worked with their own hands, and gloried in large families, who grew up to love the home acres, and wished for no fairer future than to follow in the footsteps of their God-fearing ancestors.

In the year following Asa Bigelow's death my father married my beautiful mother, who had come on a visit with my Grandmother Poultney—from Baltimore. Grandfather Poultney was then dead—some said he died of grief—for he had been President of the then great Bank of Maryland. In the financial panic which swept the United States in 1837 his bank had to suspend, and Evan Poultney found himself reduced from great wealth to comparative poverty. Many another had emerged from bank failures with fortunes little impaired; but the Poultneys of Maryland were Quakers, and in that Society no debtors can be deemed a "Friend" unless he has paid out all he has, even of his private purse. So Evan Poultney paid from his private purse, and like a gallant sailor sank with his ship. His memory is a blessed one to me—fit pendant for my nephew, Braxton Bigelow, who left a lucrative mining job in Peru so soon as the Great War began, waited not for Mr. Woodrow Wilson to make up that wobblesome jelly-mould he was pleased to call his mind, enlisted in the Allied Army, and died fighting on the French front.

My father's was a case of love at first sight—his first and only one. He adored my mother for her beauty, her wit, her purity of mind, and most enduringly, perhaps, for her domestic thrift and maternal conscience. We were in all eight children, six of whom were living but a few months ago. She nursed all of us—and much of

this most important hygienic exercise was performed when on long journeys by sea or land. Doubtless my Grandmother Poultney had some small private fortune sufficient for educational purposes; but at the time of marriage it was my father's good fortune to select as his bride one who was in common parlance penniless. Yet she brought him blessings: physical beauty, mental culture, and habits of thrift which had been drilled into her by my grandmother. This grandmother I recall as always taking my father's side; and this is true also of my mother's older sister. Indeed, there never was a woman of taste who did not fall captive to my father's physical beauty and charm of manner. How often did I hear in later years of how he might have married any one of a dozen heiresses of New York—and what a sob went up when it was learned that he had gone abroad for a bride and brought home the penniless Jane Poultney.

But money, even in New York, counts for little unless linked with other sources of power. The Quaker Poultneys had come to the New World for reasons similar to those that had impelled the first John Bigelow. The first Earl of Bath was a Pulteney, raised by George II to be his Prime Minister. His cousin was the famous Doctor Richard Poultney, who was boycotted in his medical practice because he was not of the State religion. But he was a man of science, and first introduced to those who speak our tongue the writings of Linnæus. The Earl of Bath secured for him some post which enabled him to devote all his time to botany.

My mother, whose family was by marriage related to the first families of Virginia no less than to those of the Mother Country, found nothing but amusement in the pompous pretentions of New York plutocrats who purchased their pedigrees on the same day that they ordered royal liveries for their servants! One half of New York loved my mother and the other half dreaded her wit.

If my mother had a carriage offered her she would spend half a day carrying rice puddings or tapioca to sick friends; if she had tickets for entertainments she could not rest until these had been placed amongst those who had but little spare money. In a city where dress counts for so much, my mother's drawing-room was frequently far from conventional, for she never hesitated to welcome any man or woman, however poor, however Bohemian, or of whatsoever language. To any protests on the subject her invariable answer was: "You must give everybody one chance!" No one ever bored my mother. If they called and proved wearisome she gave them a bundle of old letters to decipher and read aloud. If they repeated the call she would have her house accounts to add up or verify. And should even that ordeal prove too easy for a pertinacious visitor, at the next call he would be handed the youngest nursery output and requested to entertain "the angel babe," whilst the mother attended to some urgent duties elsewhere. In this way my mother never hurt the feelings of the most hardened caller—on the contrary, what higher mark of consideration can be extended by any hostess than the privilege of holding an "angel babe"—however leaky.

And in this way one grew to regard my mother as having the one *salon* where money was only allowed to talk so long as its promissory notes were endorsed by cleverness. I recall my mother's parrying of a compliment in somewhat these words: "My dear, I can only afford to feed clever ones, for they usually have light appetites. The bores eat ravenously."

In 1860 the then Prince of Wales, later Edward VII, visited New York and, of course, danced with my mother. It was on this occasion that she exhibited a mind more stored with repartee than exact historical detail, for she felt nettled by some remark on the subject of the War of Independence, and surprised the Englishmen present by

claiming for her compatriots victory in every battle ashore or afloat. " But surely," urged an Englishman, " we won the Battle of Bunker Hill ! " My mother being in doubt, magnanimously offered the benefit thereof to the nation's guest : " Well—maybe you did win the battle ; but after all—we kept the hill ! "

This tale I have had repeated to me in Washington a hundred times—and always linked with some very modern débutante—and a hundred times I applaud and say that the repartee is good : " Because, Honey, it was my own dear mother who said that, and lots of things equally clever, when your grandmother was too young to take notice ! "

CHAPTER III

Crossing the Atlantic in 1858—Rome and the Blessing of Pius IX—My Father as a Family Physician—My Experience of Vaccination

When I was three years old my parents made their first voyage to Europe, and, of course, the whole family was included, which then (1858) meant merely my eldest sister Grace, my elder brother John (who subsequently graduated from West Point), and my active self, and nurse. Those were the golden days of travel when the Cunarders were sailing ships with auxiliary steam power; when the watch below attended Church service on the Sabbath dressed in clean blue jerseys and carrying their calling well marked in their furrowed faces and curved fingers. In heavy weather—and the North Atlantic is past-master in providing that kind—the seas broke over the weather side and came rushing down the lee scuppers. To-day, when the big liners are but monster ferry-boats bossed by a steward or purser, it is hard to evoke the image of a time when passengers discussed a crossing with reference to the seamanship of the captain rather than to the speed, tonnage, or the number of bath-rooms. When the wind shifted, the sheets had to be hauled at, or the yards braced, or sail made or stowed—an interminable job calling for almost incessant tramping of sea-boots overhead, shrill boatswain's whistle, much *Yo-ho* and *Once again!* from the men at the halyards, and then the final *Belaaay!* and tramp back of the watch to shelter until the next pipe.

Since then I have made a hundred crossings or more. But those early crossings made the deepest

impressions. My father kept a *steamer suit* on the theory that such a one could not possibly be fit for any other purpose. He was never sea-sick himself, but indefatigable in caring (basin in hand) for those needing help—coaxing them on deck from the cabin or state-room, finding them a dry or sheltered nook, reading aloud to them. We crossed three times within the next three years, and therefore my recollections may refer to one or the other. My most vivid recollection is of a wholesome spanking. It happened thus.

On board the *Scotia* we youngsters were huddled about the lee companion-way looking out at the waves and especially at the seas that came rushing down and finding their way out at the various openings. Of course, I leaned out as far as I could, and, of course, one of my little friends found the temptation irresistible, and therefore gave me an impetus that sent me head over heels to leeward just as a strong flood of salt water came crashing down from over the bows carrying everything (meaning me) before it. I clutched and kicked and bellowed as I figured myself being swallowed by Jonah's whale. But just as I was on the point of slipping to eternity by way of the after hawse hole two strong hands pulled me up. It was my nurse; she spanked me all the way back, and thus saved my life by effectually protecting me against the ill-effects of a possible chill. She spanked and she sobbed and she laughed; and then she stripped me and rubbed me and rigged me out in dry clothes and made a hero of me—at least in the eyes of my less fortunate playmates.

In those days two weeks was good enough time for a liner; and two days were enough in which to be thoroughly purged of poisonous bile, so that the remainder of the voyage was a joy for all. Bath-room suites and private drawing-rooms were unknown, and the captain, surgeon and stewardess were usually strong enough, when united, to stir the ambition of the most lethargic bunker.

Moreover, public opinion sustained the ships' officers, for the sleeping-quarters were separated from the cabin only by partitions, above which ran transoms for ventilation. Those who kept their beds beyond a reasonable time were not regarded favourably by those who desired fresh air at the mess table. During the first few stormy days everybody accepted cheerfully the sudden disappearance of their table steward in answer to piteous calls from a neighbouring state-room, and the groans and heaves incidental to nature's least expensive emetic.

Ventilation was difficult in bad weather. The ships were but 2,000 or 3,000 tons, and, of course, felt the seas more than the monsters of 20,000 to 50,000 tons that now permit passengers to trip about in dancing shoes and keep their ports open all the way across. The very inconvenience of life below was a blessing in disguise, for it encouraged us to live more in touch with wind and weather. There was but one main saloon, which was primarily for meals. The captain carved a joint of roast beef at one end, whilst the doctor or purser might have a leg of mutton at the other. The captain was in very truth father of his ship—and it was customary for the passengers at the end of the journey to unite in tendering him their public acknowledgment in a set of resolutions that were ultimately sent to the directors of the line.

And what appetites! For breakfast there was invariably oatmeal porridge in deep soup-plates. The ship carried a cow for the benefit of us youngsters, and it is my impression that in those happy times either there were more children or American families went abroad for longer periods and largely for educational purposes.

And even then, methinks, I absorbed much that may be compared favourably with any education of later years! What joy of travel then, when for days and days we travelled through Italy in a manner little differing from that in which Virgil journeyed from Mantua

to the Court of Augustus, or Horace from Tibur to Brundisium. We rolled slowly behind jingling *vetturino* horses; we clambered up and about the driver's box; we revelled in picnic lunches, and every night explored quaint wayside inns and picked up Italian as only children can. In Rome Hawthorne laid his gentle hand on me—and Pius IX gave me two fingers' worth of benediction. Already had I been held in the arms of Washington Irving; and so small wonder is it that I have so far successfully reached shore where hundreds of better men have been drowned.

We crossed the Alps in a sleigh—in January—at least, so my father told me; but doubtless I was asleep, well bundled up against my mother. To-day we pass the mountains from France to Italy in Pullman sleepers, and would be shocked at the idea of taking horses at Chambéry for a winter journey to Turin. Maybe we were stronger then; maybe we had fewer diseases, or maybe we ignored them; maybe we were less poisoned by problematical vaccines and serums; maybe we had less cold storage; maybe fewer of our organs were cut out by enterprising surgeons. My father crossed the ocean on a short pleasure trip in his ninety-fourth year. Neither he nor my mother nor any of his children worried about our appendix vermiformis.

If we had a fever or a cold (usually the same thing), we were put to bed, strictly dieted, treated to a spoonful of water in which were dissolved little pills of aconite or belladonna or nux vomica—and this dose was repeated until the symptoms became hopeful. Time and nature did the rest. In case of sore throat, a cold-water compress was fitted about the neck, and outside of this a heavy woollen stocking—the result being a wholesome sweat, which extracted much poison through the pores and gave relief overnight. We were never vaccinated, nor did my father ever fail to publicly denounce the practice. Experience has amply demonstrated that such poisons

do more to generate new disease than to protect us from hypothetical old ones.

In 1910 I sacrificed myself on board a *Pacific Mail* steamer bound from Hong Kong to 'Frisco. The ship had received word that the passengers would be quarantined unless all had been infected according to the arbitrary dictum of the California port physician. It was in vain that I assured our doctor aboard that I would cheerfully die from any disease rather than that which he intended for me.

Then the passengers—the women especially—pictured to me the filthy condition of the San Francisco quarantine, and assured me that I certainly would not escape disease there! Moreover, they thought that if I held out and thus compelled them all to suffer the discomforts of sanitary detention, I would be regarded by them as very selfish.

What could a lone man do but bare his neck to the axe—his healthy blood to the rotten virus of a so-called guardian of public health. The poison worked so well that I was barely strong enough to dress myself and totter ashore at Honolulu. Good friends on the Wai Ki Ki beach took pity on me and nursed me slowly back to something resembling my normal self—but for weeks it was a heavy strain upon my system—and all to humour a superstition. We may in time discover that sanitation is better theology than vaccine.

CHAPTER IV

Abraham Lincoln appoints my Father Consul-General in Paris, 1861—Outbreak of the Civil War—Lincoln as a "Labour" President—General Geo. B. McClellan as Commander-in-Chief—John C. Frémont, his Degradation—Seward, Secretary of State—Promotion of my Father from Consul to Minister Plenipotentiary

In 1860 Abraham Lincoln was elected President of the United States, and without my father's knowledge, much less his asking, the very agreeable post of Consul-General to Paris was thrust upon him. There have been many such appointments, especially in times when there was no regular diplomatic service, and when Consular posts were looked upon as the nearest thing to a sinecure. Washington Irving, John Hay, Howells, Motley, Bret Harte, Hawthorne, Lowell, Choate—the list is fairly long of Americans rewarded in this manner, much as in England they are given a knighthood or the governorship of a West Indian island. As my father was not in need of the salary, he looked forward to a happy period, in which the office routine would be carried on by subordinates whilst he absorbed himself in study. But Mr. Lincoln's election was the signal for a civil war in America which lasted five years, which made the Northern states mobilize a million of men, which caused the death of 300,000, and which ended by emancipating three millions of negroes and wrecking the plantations over one-half of the country.

Democracies do not make provision against the future. They improvise armies when the enemy is already at his gates. And so the American people in 1861, as in their other wars, called for volunteers, whilst Press and

politicians urged Lincoln to win battles and capture the Confederate capital before the next election. But officers elected by their men may have every good quality save the one most needed in war; and politicians, however persuasive in the forum, cannot make panic-stricken recruits reform and face the enemy. And so in the first battle of the war the splendid volunteers who had marched away proudly to the capture of Richmond returned from Bull Run a demoralized mob with no pursuers but their own fears.

The Press clamoured for victories, and Lincoln was trained in politics. He was indeed the first American President who owed his election largely to the interesting fact that he had split rails for a living, that he had been a bargee on the Mississippi, and that therefore he could approach the great questions of the day from a new angle—that of those whom he called the "plain people."

We have but to recall that Grant was made palatable by cartoons of him working as a lumberman, or a tanner. Garfield was glorified in a biography labelled *From the Towpath to the White House*; and even Roosevelt cultivated the useful myth that he worked on a cattle ranch. Mr. Tilden, who was defrauded of the Presidency in 1876 by the opposition party managers, might have succeeded had he not been so emphatically a scholar and a statesman. But he has left a name greater than any of his contemporaries, for he first humbled the insolence of Tammany Hall, and he first conceived and made possible the most complete public library on this continent.

When the United States decided to invade the seceding southern Confederacy, they had an easy task in prospect if we regard it merely from an economic point of view. In wealth, population, manufactories, and above all in control of the sea, the impartial observer would have said that the North had three chances of success to the

Confederate's one. General Scott was Commander-in-Chief of the Northern armies—a veteran of the Mexican War, no less than that of 1812. As an old soldier and one who knew the Southern states, he selected a West Point graduate as his successor, a man of the highest moral and social standing, a soldier by profession, and who had seen European armies in the field. This was General Geo. B. McClellan. But he proved a bane to the politician, because he would not rush forward. On the contrary, he methodically prepared a great war-machine before undertaking the offensive. McClellan was consequently disgraced, sent home, and never again employed as a soldier.

Another veteran campaigner was John C. Frémont, who at the outbreak of the great rebellion was placed in command of the debatable territory south and west of Missouri. He, being a soldier, prepared for war by laying down rules of conduct with his Confederate opponent. These rules were intended to eliminate the gangs of outlaws, bushwhackers and guerillas who paraded their patriotism noisily, and plundered indiscriminately the peaceful farmers of either side. Frémont also was retired in disgrace for causes as nebulous as those which ended the career of McClellan.

Then followed a succession of political " heroes," and a succession of bloody campaigns that made Europe stand aghast at the picture of two Christian nations fighting what looked like a war of extermination, and as we of latter days deem it our privilege to reconstruct the religions of Japan, China and Turkey, to give advice to Mexico, to pacify the Philippines, and lay down the law in South and Central America, so Dame Europa, between 1860 and 1866, was inclined to regard America as a hotbed of chronic fighting and a disgrace to humanity. Dame Europa knew of America no more than we did of the Transvaal when Jameson started on his raid; and many a worthy Briton spoke of Northerners and

Southerners as being dwellers north or south of the Panama Isthmus.

The then Secretary of State in Washington was William M. Seward, a friend of my father and a graduate of the same university. This was fortunate, for between two such men official correspondence could be supplemented by confidential tips. It was to the United States very important that France in general, and Louis Napoleon in particular, should become acquainted with our latent physical power, and above all with our determination to fight the war out, cost what it might. Incidentally, we as a nation looked suspiciously upon a French army in Mexico. Also we looked with even more suspicion upon certain Government dockyards where fast cruisers were being built nominally for neutral flags, but in fact for the navy of Jefferson Davis.

All these matters flashed up across my father's path just when he was about to realize, as he thought, the pet dream of closing his years in scholarly plaisance! Our then envoy knew no French, and soon afterwards died. Then from Consul-General my father became Chargé d'affaires, and so soon thereafter as the Senate could act, full Minister Plenipotentiary or Ambassador.

CHAPTER V

The American Diplomatic Service—Ben Franklin and Salaries—Henry Adams and his Father in London—The *Alabama* and England—Paris—French Boys at Play—A Political Paper-chase in the *Bois*—Bright and Cobden—Taine—Renan—Montalembert—Berryer—Empress Eugénie and French Politics—End of the Civil War—The Prince Imperial as Playmate—His Death in Zululand—John Hay as my Father's Secretary—His first Experience of the Tuileries—Life in Washington—*The Bread Winners*—How the Secret was Revealed—The Gentleman's Agreement with Japan

Some countries think it well that their diplomatic agent should know the language of those to whom they are accredited. Not so the United States. Benjamin Franklin was our first ambassador to France, and an exception to all rules—partly because he knew the language well, and partly because he would accept no salary. My father's case was also exceptional, in that he was fluent in French. He did to be sure differ from his illustrious predecessor by accepting the Government stipend; but as this did not cover a third of his necessary expenses at the most extravagant Court of the then known world, he would have been more worldly-wise had he followed the example of *Poor Richard*, and waived the salary in favour of a guarantee for necessary expense of representation.

When reading latterly the *Education of Henry Adams* I could not but marvel that a man of so much mind, diplomatically connected with a Court so interesting as that of Queen Victoria, and serving under a chief so eminent for public services and social fame as his father, should yet record with persistent iteration that the

Adams family in London found little to interest them, and that socially their life there was a failure. Diplomatically it was an even greater failure; for whilst my father in Paris compelled Louis Napoleon to detain such war vessels as were under contract for the Confederate Government, Mr. Adams in London was not able to prevent even the *Alabama* from sailing—although she was in the land of his ancestors, where a strong minority were friends of our Government.

Henry Adams refers to occasional runs to Paris with his father—and what more natural than an informal chat with his colleague, if only to learn how John Bigelow blocked the Confederate naval programme on one side of the Channel, whilst Adams of Boston could only write plaintive notes to Downing Street. To answer this, one must have known an Adams of Boston. But all this would carry me too far into the domain of geographical psychology. How tell a European that in Beacon Street the word American means a Bostonian. To be of New York is to be unclassified—an outsider. The Bostonian goes to college—to him there's only one—Harvard. Speak to him of other educational establishments and he is politely curious as might be a well-bred "Oxbridge" don on meeting an A.B. of Hong Kong University or New Zealand.

In Paris I was merely a *gosse* at school with wide-awake French boys of my own age, and getting lots of knocks and frolics and black eyes, playing enthusiastically their favourite games of leap-frog, prisoner's base, and especially the very exciting game called *barre*. I was good at their sports, and so was my elder brother. The Roman Church discouraged athletic sport in general, but in all such exercises as could be played in the school yard, the French lads of my age were easily the peers of any I have ever known. Of course, we had to fight our way as in any school—for we were the only English-speaking boys; and, of course, we had to fight when we

heard words of which we caught only *Goddem*, *Rosbeef*, *Ongleeshspokken*. It was fortunate for us, because we quickly dropped the use of English, at least in public, and spoke to one another in French. It was fortunate also that our parents were too much occupied to watch us uninterruptedly, and that we managed to reach the *étage* reserved for the children and nurses without having the alarm sounded over our bumps and bruises and torn garments. Indeed, the two nurses were so glad to have us at home safe and sound that they kept our secrets loyally. Those were happy days in that school, and they helped me to understand in later years the subtle charm of the French character—the paradoxical combination of the gamin and the *grand seigneur*; the grossest slang at one moment and lofty classical phrases at the next. I bless the good fortune that made me one with my comrades of Paris under the Empire—for in that *camaraderie* a youngster can hear and see and feel what his elders learn only at second hand or from books.

We made in some way the acquaintance of two French boys whose parents made trellis for fruit and flowers to climb upon. To us their grandeur consisted largely in the possession of a two-wheeled push-cart, on which they occasionally gave us a ride about their yard. Also they had green paint, and occasionally permitted us to help them at their task of painting the trellis. We, on our part, brought them goodies from our pantry. As our acquaintance ripened we grew bolder, and finally they consented to our helping to pull or push the cart when loaded with beautifully painted new trellis.

Our joy knew no bounds. We grunted and sweated at the heavy load, pitying the other boys of our age who knew not our glorious knight-errantry. On the level or the down grades the sport was exhilarating, but whatever the grade, we revelled in the joy of making discoveries.

These journeys often took us beyond the fortifications, and when the cart had been unloaded, our two *treillageurs*

were apt to take a rest and a glass or two at some *estaminet* dear to carters and such-like. No one ever molested us, which I take to have been a compliment either to the fluency of our *argot*, the dirtiness of our clothes, or the native politeness between quasi fellow-craftsmen. Rarely did we see drunkenness amongst these rough working-men, and only one fight, the cause of which I did not learn. The issue, however, appeared satisfactory to all concerned, even to the one who was knocked flat and liberally kicked; for he arose like another Antæus, refreshed apparently by contact with mother earth, shook himself as one sobered, looked around good-naturedly, and remarked philosophically, "En v'la t'il des manières!" Then he cracked his whip and rolled away with his tandem team of heavy horses. As for ourselves we were usually sound asleep on the home journey, stretched out upon the push-cart, to be roughly awakened at a point near our embassy.

Another grand treat for us was to hide our shoes and stockings and hats and coats behind the *porte cochère*, climb up behind some carriage, and whirl away into new regions, or until the whip-lash forced us to suddenly drop off. If this happened at the moment when the gutters of the Champs Elysées were being flushed by uniformed men who trundled long hose-pipes that ran on diminutive wheels, then indeed was it a joy to paddle our feet endlessly in a stream which to us was crystal pure—fit for nymphs in the Vale of Tempe.

Only once did we invite police interference. It was a Fourth of July, and a few American boys, including the sons of John Munroe, the Paris banker, and several sons of the Washington banker, Riggs, conspired for a hare and hounds game in the big Bois de Boulogne. We spent many hours tearing up scraps of paper for the hares to scatter. Myself being fleet of foot was selected as one of the hares. It was a time when the Paris police were generously paid and magnificently uniformed—

the marvel of all visitors. Their moustaches were waxed after the fashion of their Emperor; on their heads they wore the cocked hat, which now is the prerogative of Admirals in the Navy and Marshals in the Army. At their sides was a graceful rapier—indeed, their dress and demeanour suggested the modern uniform of an English ambassador. It was a time of political plots, and we boys were told that when on his daily drive the Emperor wore a bullet-proof corsage beneath his uniform. This I doubt, but still the police were very suspicious regarding anything mysterious, though outwardly enormously polite, especially to foreign tourists.

Our game started early, and before the police got wind of my long trail of paper scraps, I had run beyond the old Pré Catelan, seeking the most uncomfortable *terrain*, bushes and waterways—whatever could most impede the on-coming hounds and injure their garments. My trail was a grand success, but not for the hounds, of whom there were about a dozen. The alarm had been given: the paper fragments were suggestive of a widespread plot: reinforcements appeared, mounted and on foot; the frightened hounds ran for their lives in all directions, chased across flower-beds, oozy watercourses and ornamental shrubbery, and pursued by puzzled police, who much disliked the bespattering of their uniforms, however much they anticipated glory in the capture of political assassins. They finally did capture two—the slowest of runners, and also the least conversant with French. These were taken to the police magistrate, who could make nothing of two very well-dressed schoolboys, who knew only enough French to proclaim their nationality. The American Embassy was notified; the game was laboriously explained to a patient and polite police chief, and the youngsters liberated with a warning that public parks must not be desecrated—even for the sake of a national sport dear to American savages. As for me, I lost no time in tossing

into a convenient bush what was left of my paper bag, and trotting leisurely in the wake of the police as might any other equally happy and innocent wayfarer curious as to what might happen to the two wretched captives.

We had in our service an excellent footman named Carrière, who had been a sergeant in the French Army. He gave me lessons in the *Savatte*—a manly art of self-defence in which both feet and fists are used. It was most delightful exercise, and Carrière was a sympathetic instructor. In a short while I was able to imagine myself in a street row, striking in front with my fists, and at the same time dealing a swinging blow in the rear with one foot. Carrière paid me compliments on my agility, and gladly showed me off as a star, when I would kick to the level of his face. In later years I was guest at the Royal Artillery mess in Woolwich, and the dinner was festive. My friend, Captain (now General) Du Cane, who stands six feet four, was there. The music by the regimental band, then conducted by the notable Saŭberthal (an Austrian), was excellent, and there was a good deal of skylarking. Du Cane and I started in on a *pas de deux*, and I dared him to kick the chandelier. He had a handicap in the close fit of his regimental trousers, and honours appeared easy in spite of my being merely 5 feet 8½ inches in height. But his foot slipped or a spur caught, and we crashed heavily to the floor, he on top. Next day the doctor said that two of my ribs had been broken, but the mess rejoiced in a new high kick record, thanks to Carrière in Paris.

The name of our butler I have forgotten, but he looked like the late Jules Grévy, only far more solemn. No one could announce the entering guest with more lofty dignity or give greater weight to the welcome words: "Madame, est servi!" But in the kitchen or the pantry this ministerial *avatar* was a tireless joker, and sang snatches of song, whose purport seemed innocent enough to me, though they called from the

nurse many a reprimand. But he was a great favourite, and whilst the maids might occasionally blush, they always laughed and called him *polisson*, and such other complimentary names.

He was too old himself for high kicking, but he took me on an afternoon to a dancing hall, where strikingly dressed ladies lifted their voluminous underclothing in such a manner as to set free their agile feet, and swung their dainty legs aloft in a manner that filled me with envy. They occasionally tipped up the hat of some serious tourist, who, so far from feeling injured, would laugh heartily and pay the lady some compliment. My father was in my eyes the wisest man living, but as I retrospect at this moment, I feel sure that before I was eleven years of age I had experienced many phases of Parisian life about which he knew nothing save possibly through books.

Between 1858 and 1867, barring a short visit home in order to take an active part in the second election of Abraham Lincoln, my father lost no opportunity of cultivating the acquaintance of such as had influence in public life or the Press, and who might interpret the United States to Europe. In England he had such friends as John Bright and Richard Cobden, who were of the greatest service in keeping him posted with information regarding the impending moves of the British Government. In Paris he met such men as Taine and Ernest Renan, and Berryer and Thiers, and Montalembert and Prévost Paradol—to say nothing of the chief editors of Liberal newspapers. Maybe he would have met them anyways, even though holding no official position, but in the then crisis their benevolent neutrality was of the greatest importance. Napoleon was outwardly an autocrat, popular in the Army and amongst the country-folk. Yet he had to wear the semblance of being a Constitutional monarch resting partly at least upon Parliament, and a not wholly

muzzled Press. The intellectually strong men who should have been supporters of Napoleon shrank from a Government in which papal politics played a heavy part. Eugénie was very small of brain, but her faith was unbounded. She voted only as her Father Confessor suggested; she was beautiful, she ruled her husband, and she wrecked the Napoleonic dynasty.

Napoleon was vulnerable only through the Press. Therefore my father from time to time, and in imitation of Benjamin Franklin, secured the publication and wide circulation of news that was favourable to the Northern cause, yet bore no trace of malice towards the Imperial Government. He published a volume in French on the resources of the United States in 1863, which was purely educational, and especially so to a large and influential public, who sentimentally disapproved of slavery, but who had no information that could serve them in a discussion of the subject.

What more simple than that Mr. Adams should have done in London what my father was doing in France! And how much more easily done in the land of Wilberforce than in one ruled by the then war-lord, Louis Napoleon. Henry Adams laments in his beautiful book that he met no interesting people in England! Yet the contemporaries of this curious American were Dickens and Tennyson, Herbert Spencer and Carlyle, Huxley and Tyndall, Charles Read and Wilkie Collins. Indeed, it is not easy to name a period when London would have been more stimulating intellectually to a man of culture.

The great civil war closed in 1865, and then the Governments, which but yesterday were considering the propriety of dismembering the United States, hurriedly bought bouquets, and assured our several ambassadors that they were delighted at the result, and had prayed for our success in various tongues and to various gods. My father gave an official garden-party in honour of the event—out of his private purse, be it said in parenthesis.

The Emperor sent his only child, the Prince Imperial, to mark his warm friendship for Uncle Sam. It was a bitter pill for Eugénie, and still more for her Court, who had invested much money in Mexico. How they must have cursed the heretics, Lincoln and Seward and Grant, for thus destroying their dreams of easy money! And in England! What groans amongst those who had followed the advice of the London *Times* and stuffed their strong-boxes with bonds of the now empty Confederate states treasury! It makes now comical reading —although John Morley, in his monumental biography of Gladstone, misses a splendid opportunity for explaining why there was, on that misguided list, the name of so great a champion of human liberty as the sage of Hawarden!

The Prince Imperial was not so attractive to me as the two *treillageur* boys. His hair was perfumed, oiled, and curled; he wore a velvet suit with a wide lace collar; he was pale, thin, and obviously on an official mission. An arm-chair became his baby throne, and behind it stood a forbidding Field-Marshal whose uniform was rich in decorations, and whose grandeur checked any impulse we boys might have cherished as regards a rough romp.

My brother and myself were formally presented—and amongst the elders many compliments were exchanged, and much emphasis laid upon the Emperor's kindness so nobly manifested. But the formality was an empty one—we did not play any games with His Imperial Highness, and he soon retired with his war-like equerry to tell his fond mamma that he had been among the American savages, that he had escaped alive, and was uncommonly glad at not having had to share in our brutal pastimes.

Poor little Prince—the hope of a great dynasty! He went forth with his father to the war of 1870 and returned with a beaten army. Seven years later he went in

British uniform to fight against the Zulus of Natal, and returned in his coffin. Queen Victoria reared in his honour a monument at Woolwich, and the passing stranger gazes upon it in wonder, for until one is near enough to distinguish the name one is naturally expecting the monument of a national hero—particularly in a spot as sacred to British soldiers as West Point is to us. Worshippers of Napoleonism would gladly find a hero in the young man who fell by the assegai of a Cetewayo Kaffir, and Queen Victoria did her share towards glorifying the only child of her French friend, once the Countess Montijo. But after conscientious inquiry amongst straight-riding and truth-telling comrades of this unfortunate Prince I can find little that would ornament an obituary column. He only played at soldiering; and the superior officers amiably winked at his indolence or incapacity whilst they chivalrously treated him as a gallant companion in arms. He was from first to last a burden to the British commanding officer and himself was alone to blame for the tragedy of his otherwise uninteresting life.

It is odd that both Napoleons had each but one son—and that son a sickly thing. Both died young—both gave no promise of prospective usefulness. Both died on foreign soil, each wearing the uniform of an alien army. Nor did the father of either die on French soil—and this is true also of the mothers.

Lincoln was assassinated by Wilkes Booth in 1865, soon after the signing of Peace. John Hay had been his private secretary, and was promptly sent on to my father as a secretary of Embassy. He proved not merely an invaluable official help, but entered our family as a warm friend and a never-failing source of good cheer. We youngsters clambered upon his knees and into his arms, begging him for tales from the battlefields. He was then only 27 years of age, the junior of my father by twenty years, and he looked no more than 17. Mr. Lincoln had

given him the courtesy rank of "Colonel," and he very properly wore his military uniform when presented at the Imperial Court. Of this presentation he subsequently gave us an account, the main feature being that each one in turn limited his or her conversation to these words: "But you are very young to be a Colonel!" The Emperor started this ambiguous compliment, the Empress repeated it, and before he had run the whole gauntlet of Palace guests he fancied himself really in his teens and party to a monstrous fraud. Maybe it was owing to Paris experience that he promptly gave notice in the London papers, when Ambassador in England, that he wished no titles placed before his name—he was merely Mr. John Hay.

It was, methinks, about that time that a Congressman was presented at Court, who was ushered into the Tuileries before withdrawing his quid of chewing tobacco. He saw no adequate refuge for this piece of legislative lumber; he searched in vain for a spittoon—his eyes roamed furtively about the gorgeous apartment whilst his glands were pumping mud-coloured saliva to the submerging of his molars. He was nearing the throne—the situation called for heroic treatment—he perceived a magnificent Sêvres vase in a window alcove, and before the secret police could interfere, had freighted the precious receptacle with a cargo for which it had not been designed. The happy Congressman recovered his place in the to-be-presented body, and when asked in Arkansas what he thought of Louis Napoleon, answered: "He's all right—but he needs more spittoons."

Of course, the *agents de sûreté publique* noticed the suspicious act of our Congressional courtier, and, with minds agitated by rumour of exotic explosives, carefully removed the fragrant wad, drew up an official protocol, submitted the strange mixture to the police chemical tester, who in his turn forwarded it to the laboratory of the *Société Botanique*; and these various officials, having

declared chewing tobacco non-explosive, although dangerous to human life when drunk too freely, the secret service men were withdrawn from the Arkansas legislator and that international incident was declared closed.

John Hay had not then published his *Little Breeches* or *Jim Bludsoe*, much less his *Bread Winners*, and the monumental biography of *Lincoln*. He subsequently married a lady of wealth, beauty and personal charm—one whom he adored and who made his home vocal with healthy and happy children. Before his marriage he had already achieved national fame as a poet and was a marked success as an editorial writer. What he might have achieved had he not married is food for academic speculation. Great literature is rarely found where money is abundant. Good writers have usually died poor and few have added anything to their fame after experiencing the seductive power of gold. John Hay is the rare exception. I knew him when he was 27, and until his death at the early age of 67 he was ever the same—simple, direct, humorous, domestic, delightful.

It was to me a rare treat in later years, before the marriage of his talented daughters, to step from the New York sleeping car and drive directly to his home on Lafayette Square facing the highly distinctive equestrian statue of " Old Hickory." Mrs. Hay would be at the tea or coffee urn—a radiant family scene—with John Hay at the other end flanked by two lovely daughters. One morning, when he was Secretary of State, he asked me to walk over with him, promising me a treat. " You have seen the great galleries of Europe where some of the pictures are good and some bad. Now then, I'm going to show you a gallery where all are bad ! "—and he took me in to see portraits of his predecessors.

John Hay would have made probably a great name in literature had he depended wholly upon his pen, after the manner of Washington Irving, Mark Twain or Bret Harte; but his fortune did serve him officially when in

London, and still more when head of the State Department. Politicians could not bully him—he asked favours of no man or party—he smiled at their threats and his resignation was frequently tendered.

We chatted one morning about the Consular Service, and I had expressed the opinion that in ours the salaries were inadequate. "On the contrary," quoth Hay, "the pressure now upon me is burdensome! What would it be if a larger salary were attached? The larger we make the salary the more furiously do politicians fight for it. We would have better men had we no salaries at all!"

And verily John Hay was right, at that time, for American life can show hundreds of men admirably equipped by fortune, family and education, who give generously of their time in the administration of hospitals, libraries, schools and the great universities. England finds employment for her landed gentry, particularly if they be rich. Germany before the war drew heavily upon her Junker families for honourable public service where cash was little but glory much. Public life has not become purer through payment of legislators. So heavy was the pressure upon him, said John Hay, that whenever he heard of a post becoming vacant he immediately begged the incumbent to maintain secrecy until a suitable successor should have been selected; and thus Congress would only learn of the vacancy after it had been filled!

When *The Bread Winners* appeared, I suspected the authorship, but could not be sure. It was the animated theme of every drawing-room, and scarcely a prominent writer but was named as its possible author. At that moment (1883) I was on the editorial staff of the *New York Herald*. No one fixed upon John Hay, perhaps for the same reason that Mark Twain maintained easily an incognito as to his *Joan of Arc*. Both writers had hitherto figured as humorists—but *The Bread Winners*

was deadly earnest. It laid bare with surgical truthfulness the corruption and cowardliness of municipal machinery in the then boss-ridden manufacturing city of—shall we say Cleveland? The book was terribly true and calculated to wreck the political career of any author seeking support at the polls. The family of Mrs. Hay had large interests in that neighbourhood, yet she herself betrayed the secret—in this manner.

It was at my father's house in Gramercy Park. Mr. and Mrs. Hay were at a family dinner. During the evening, when Mrs. Hay and I were *tête-à-tête*, the talk ran about this way:

ME. "Have you read *The Bread Winners*?"

SHE (*without enthusiasm*). "Yes!"

ME (*walling my eyes in ecstasy*). "Isn't it a splendid book? So witty!"

SHE (*languidly and slightly flushing*). "Yes!"

ME (*heatedly*). "It's the best American book ever written—it's magnificent!"

SHE. "Indeed!" (*A little more colour.*)

ME. "If I were that author's wife I'd be so proud I'd shout it all over the place!"

SHE (*not a sound—her lips pressed firmly, her cheeks more flushed—her face beaming happiness!*)

But I never betrayed her secret—although I reviewed the book for the *Herald* as a labour of love. Mrs. Hay was not constructed for orthodox diplomacy—she was transparent as a child. Perhaps John Hay had her in mind when he said to me once in London that a lie was a weapon we should use only for the protection of another. It is cowardly to shield our unimportant selves; but when we have in our keeping the honour of a woman or of our flag, nothing should tempt us to treason. To lie is to stain our soul. So be it—let our soul be stained and our body sink to hell rather than that another be victim at our expense. Moreover, insisted Mr. Hay, when impertinent journalists or diplo-

matic friends probe a high official for secrets of State, it is not enough to close one's mouth and look enigmatical, for such procedure may of itself constitute the answer they seek. Your honest official must so frame his answer as not merely to give no literal information, but stuff his inquirer with misleading gossip that may draw him away from the dangerous topic.

John Hay made his home in Washington, where for a quarter of a century before his death he might fairly have been referred to as the most eminent American out of office. He was remarkably well equipped by training for Government service and yet was persistently overlooked by party managers until events combined to make him a necessity. To those who look into history he is a statesman; for, during his short years at the helm of our Foreign Office, he disentangled a situation that was most humiliating to Japan. He compelled Russia to show her hand and fix a date for evacuating territory not hers; he brought the Powers to unite in respecting the entity of China instead of pursuing the policy of grab; and, above all, he honoured the qualities that make Japan great by making a *Gentleman's Agreement*, which Japan, at least, has respected. Hay entered office when our foreign relations were in every quarter confused, if not critical. The moment he approached the plenipotentiaries of the Governments affected, confidence took the place of suspicion; they found in the American an agreeable negotiator and a friend to both sides. Roosevelt did the blustering, but Hay did the work.

CHAPTER VI

My Father leaves Paris, 1867—Napoleon III and Mexico—Bazaine —The Emperor Maximilian—State of Mexico since his Death—Monroe Doctrine—Aftermath of the Civil War—Benny Havens and West Point—Woolwich as Pattern for West Point—The *Mary Powell*

Rambling reminiscences of this nature must necessarily pivot about my unimportant self, else would they not interest my grandchildren. Yet I seek to reach a wider circle by selecting such episodes as are symptomatic of the age in which I grew up.

It was in 1867 that my father finally extricated himself from the diplomatic yoke. He had more than once begged Mr. Seward to release him, but had each time been persuaded to continue for such reasons as no man of honour could treat lightly. The close of the Civil War ended one phase of our strained relations with Napoleon, but his reluctance to evacuate Mexico evoked another cloud on our diplomatic horizon. This cloud became at one time so black as to threaten a storm. Our troops commenced concentrating on the Mexican frontier and there was talk of an ultimatum. Throughout the period of our Civil War a French army had been conducting operations against the many Mexican guerilla bands—vainly hoping to pacify the country and establish an empire for a brother of the late much-beloved Kaiser Franz Josef of Austria.

The Mexican campaign from beginning to end is a dreary chronicle of mendacity, treachery, bad generalship and failure. Bazaine had risen from the ranks and had no military capacity higher than that which

would make a Raisuli or a Lobengula. He was essentially a schemer; and the strongest magnifying-glass has failed so far to discover in him an apology for the *débâcle* in Mexico and the even greater mortification of Metz in 1870. He was court-martialed in 1873 and condemned to prison for life, but his Government wisely connived at his early escape; and from that moment until his death in 1888 he rotted away in Spain.

The French public was fed upon official news of perpetual victories in Mexico; and we boys revelled in picture broadsides whereupon were gallant Zouaves and *chasseurs à cheval* chasing before them innumerable Mexicans in broad *sombreros* and much bemetalled trousers. The truth, however, was forced upon the French Government through the American Embassy in Paris, which patiently but persistently exploded the tales of alleged triumph, and refused to recognize the title of Maximilian. Yet of all concerned in this chapter of misery, Maximilian alone merits our silence if not our sympathy. He left his beautiful palace of *Miramar* on the Adriatic at the instance of Napoleon. He was promised a welcome and a throne amongst people of his own faith. His beautiful and beloved wife was to be Empress of Mexico, and a French army was to be his guard of honour. So sure was he of an Imperial future on American soil that he signed away all his hereditary rights as an Austrian Archduke, only in the end to be put up against a stone wall and shot by order of a Mexican court martial, whilst the beautiful Carlotta went mad in a Belgian retreat.

Now, more than half a century after the event, we can look back with somewhat of a smile at the wave of patriotic fury that swept these United States because, forsooth, France was so foolish as to spend vast sums of money in making Mexico fit for human habitation. Had we recognized Napoleon south of the Rio Grande,

and had we even loaned him troops and money for the suppression of brigandage, his task would still have been difficult. We chose to order him out, and ever since we have had on our southern border a state of outlawry that has compelled us to maintain troops at all times, and that has involved us in chronic brawls and political friction. Mexico has achieved nothing respectable since she threw off the Spanish yoke; and though she proclaimed herself a Republic after shooting Maximilian, there has never been any other government *de facto* save that of the momentary dictator. Revolution has been for a century so much a matter of periodicity, that men marvel when a President holds office more than a year or two. Much European and American capital has been lured into that explosive country, mainly when Diaz ruled; but if we should sum up the value of all the machinery and other property stolen from foreigners —to say nothing of spoliation by gangsters under different patriotic flags, the amount would be so vast that we would hang our heads with shame for having discouraged French intervention.

Our Monroe Doctrine is a fine theme for sophomore debates and political bunkum, but the practical application of its nebulous hypotheses has done much to retard the progress of Latin America. The Big Brother Bogey is invoked by a wilderness of monkey-minded legislatures between the River Plate and the Rio Grande, but only when they seek immunity from punishment! Commerce flourishes where credit is good and the laws just; but when our ginger-coloured protégés refuse to pay their debts Uncle Sam stands by with folded arms and utters a solemn protest. He does not offer to pay, himself, the debt of the dishonest protégé, nor does he punish him. He merely snorts forth a mysterious *Monroe Doctrine*! And so the people affected drag along their unenterprising lives cordially despising Yankees for their bad manners and intolerance, but gladly making use of them as a

weapon against any deputy sheriff who comes with a writ of replevin.

We returned to New York in 1867—to a new country—to a community transformed by the Civil War almost as much as was that which received Rip Van Winkle after his Catskill coma. The Southern States were impoverished if not financially wrecked. The Northern States bristled with evidence of new-gotten gains. Slaves there were none, but black tramps and purchasable votes far too many. The war had saddled us with depreciated paper money and consequent high cost of living. Our distracted Government in Washington had sought relief by taxing heavily the wares from Europe, and this had encouraged our home factories to expand, and to pray fervently for a continuation of such "Protection." Within a very few years our great shipping interests that had grown up under Free Trade became a negligible quantity and our merchant adventurers now absorbed their capital and their talents in railway construction or in building more factories. Emigration was unrestricted; mines were adding daily to national wealth; our western plains offered free farms to all; Wall Street found ready purchasers for every form of real estate or transportation speculation, and everybody seemed rich save those who lived on fixed incomes.

Shortly after I was born my father had bought a beautiful country seat one mile below the U.S. Military Academy at West Point on the Hudson River, and here we lived on his return from France. It was immediately on the river, the beautiful grounds of Cozzens Hotel being to the north of us, and the even more famous dock of Benny Havens to the south. No West Point cadet in those days deemed himself an initiate unless he had, at least once in his four-year course, evaded the sentries of the military post and revelled in the forbidden cottage of Benny Havens, who had from time out of mind been the theme of under-

graduate poesy. The favourite song of us youngsters pictured the glories of Benny Havens' resort in language evoking Bacchus paying court to a sylvan Venus.

Benny himself was a notable figure in Buttermilk Falls. He was about 90 years of age, with smooth-shaven face, many wrinkles and white hair. He walked slowly but sturdily each day to and from the village post-office, accompanied by only a stout stick. All treated him with respect—we boys with awe—and we pointed out upon our lawn a faint path which had been made, we were quite sure, by the feet of nocturnal cadets hurrying to Benny Havens'.

It was the golden age of West Point, when only 250 cadets constituted the corps, and when the professors and assistants formed a homogeneous family of little more than a couple of dozen. The chapel and library and academic buildings had been harmoniously planned by some wise architect who had worked in the spirit of the Royal Artillery School at Woolwich. These, together with the cadet barracks and officers' homes, fringed two sides of the parade ground, leaving the other two to the beautiful stream which here makes a sharp right angle on its course from the Adirondacks to Sandy Hook.

The spirit of Woolwich was not merely in the buildings, but presumably influenced those who originally organized this place as a training school for officers. Even the uniforms resembled those of the British school. Indeed, both Woolwich and West Point were primarily less intended for officers in general than for technically trained gunners and engineers—men who might superintend the casting of ordnance, the preparation of explosives, building of bridges, handling of pontoons, balloons and the like. Washington had foreseen the need of such artificers if only to care for the military stores that had accumulated here during and since the War of Independence.

Woolwich started in 1801, and West Point in the year following; but our Military School did not assume serious proportions until 1817, when it was cast into permanent form by Colonel Thayer, whose monument now ornaments the scene of his fruitful activities. The date is an easy one for me to recall, being that of my father's birth, and his life spanned West Point from its babyhood until its present bursting point when the cadets number 1,300. The beautiful old academic buildings have been torn down, the river frontage is blocked by obstructing edifices, and the river itself polluted so that the cadets no longer swim there as they did in my youth. The place is well enough if intended merely for a war laboratory, but abominable if its purpose is to convert young men into military commanders. The post has but a small parade ground, scarcely fit for the tactical deployment of a single regiment, and this poor little patch has to serve also for golf, tennis, base- and foot-ball. In happier days the cadets could occasionally ride on horseback far afield on rough country roads, but now there are but asphalt highways where a horse is as happy as a frog in the Sahara. The mountains are a mass of granite boulders shutting the post in from the land side, and consequently there is no *terrain* on which infantry, cavalry or artillery can deploy. The north winds of winter howl furiously down the funnel created by Storm King on the west and Bull Hill to eastward, and many a time have I seen the snow blown clean away from the parade plain and banked in high drifts against the barrack buildings. In winter West Point is the coldest spot short of Winnipeg, and in summer hot as Arizona—because the cooling breezes from the ocean are here intercepted by hills to the south. Where the Woolwich officer may mount and scamper away indefinitely and thus restore the circulation of his blood, the West Point officer is condemned to pace up and down the asphalt walks of an overcrowded complex resembling monster

factories. Add to this that West Point combines all the inconvenience of geographical isolation with none of the advantages usually associated with country life, and we can understand why those who have had one detail there never clamour for a second.

Washington advised wisely, but Congress pushed his good advice to ridiculous extremes. When Isidor Mandelbaum was arranging for his vast Passion play in Chicago, he visited Ober-Ammergau and took his first lesson in apostolical hagiology, making notes the while, with an eye to the American stage.

"Vat you call *dem* guys?" quoth he to his tame Christian courier, as the twelve Apostles moved solemnly across the stage.

"Those are the famous Apostles," came the answer in awe-struck tones.

"Hot stuff—they're great!" commented Mr. Mandelbaum rapturously. "We must have some too. I'll put on a hundred!"

And so Congress treated West Point as Isidor did Chicago—on the principle that one cannot have too much of a good thing. In a country where land is less valuable than in any country on earth, we cramp our main military establishment as though it were in the Wall Street section of town. Instead of establishing military academies in suitable places over our vast western country, we force our prospective army commanders into an environment which bears upon his future career about as much as does a correspondence course in seamanship for the man who intends to command a Dreadnought.

But West Point is as ever the paradise of tourists and others, such who see it only as they see Niagara or Mount Vernon or the Yosemite. And I'm glad I knew it in its glory—when only the immediate neighbourhood gathered for dress parade, and all knew one another, and life was comparatively simple, and the younger officers

paid their calls on horseback and remained often to supper.

My father and mother had warm social ties with West Point—ties which became ever more close. My elder brother entered the Corps in the same year that I matriculated at New Haven, and when home on holiday I had abundant occasion for escorting my sisters and guests to the "hops." In those days the cadet "hops" offered no refreshments except a huge tank of iced water; the band commenced on the stroke of eight, and at ten or thereabouts a drummer made his appearance on the floor, and every dancer dropped his partner and scampered away to quarters. Girls were scarce, and male civilians were looked upon with coldness; but in my case an exception was made, for I convoyed usually a wagon-load of maidens that were easy to look at. The authorities also winked at my joining the cavalry detachment when my brother was of it, and when we made trips about Bear Mountain and Cranberry or Long Pond. This was excellent practice in the control of one's mount, for I came in for whatever instruction there was on these memorable excursions, and my nag would clear easily any of the many stone walls of that countryside.

Those are happy memories—when we learned to swim off the rocks near Benny Havens' dock; skated and coasted and climbed the big trees; played Indians in the woods and built fires where we chose; roasted potatoes and pieces of meat and helped in stable and farm work, and in all respects lived the life dear to a normal boy of thirteen. Without knowing it I was then getting education of a very useful kind. I had my spills from horses' backs; I also made a huge back dive into the river and a hole in my head from which oozed considerable blood—but all such things helped us to do better next time. My father had bought not merely the place immediately on the river, but also a farm of more than 300 acres high up in the Eagle Valley. He entered enthusiastically

into the joys of amateur farming—blooded stock, the building of stone walls, erecting new buildings, draining swamps, planting orchards—all the numberless phases of country life which give infinite pleasure so long as the proprietor asks only for health as his reward. My father delighted in swinging an axe and helping with a crowbar when rocks were being removed and a wall built. We had a yoke of prize oxen—massive and kindly beasts they were—and the farmer allowed me to drive them when hitched to the stone boat. How proud a moment for me!

The *Mary Powell* was then in her glory, the fastest and most graceful river steamer in the whole wide world. Her captain was a courteous host and his clientele seemed like fortunate guests rather than mere travellers. In those days there was no dirty, noisy and unspeakably slow railway on the west shore of the Hudson, and our guests nearly always arrived by the *Mary Powell*, which left New York from the foot of Desbrosses Street and reached us in comfortable time for the evening meal. West Point, Cornwall, Newburg and Buttermilk Falls were socially much together in those days, and the deck of the *Mary Powell* had in the morning trips to town the appearance of a neighbourhood reunion. Ladies found it convenient for shopping at the old A. T. Stewart's (now called Wanamakers); they had ample time for lunch and looking about. Captain Anderson was very obliging in the matter of attending to parcels that arrived; and the sail up the river was refreshing—amid lengthening shadows from the wooded highlands. Where in the world is there a sail comparable for variety, beauty and majesty to that from the harbour of New York through Tappan Zee and the mountains, and then through the more open stretches above Pokeepsie with Catskills on the western horizon and Berkshires to eastward? The Thames I know well from Oxford to the Nore; also the Rhine from Switzerland to the sea—to

say nothing of Europe's noblest stream, the Danube; but while each has its own peculiar charm, none can eclipse that of my own ancestral Hudson! But mayhap that I am prejudiced—as who should not be in favour of his own parents, his own children, his own flag—his own river?

The *Mary Powell* now sounds no more that silvery bell of hers as she swings her graceful prow between West Point and Constitution Island; dear old Captain Anderson is no more, and if one of his two splendid sons be yet alive, they must occasionally gaze in sorrow at the skeleton of the famous boat moored in Rondout Creek awaiting the moment of her final dissolution. The two golden globes that shone so brightly at the top of her two-stump masts now repose above my book-shelves; in me they awaken priceless memories, yet there are those who gaze at them and say: "But who was Mary Powell?"

CHAPTER VII

A Quaker School—Albert K. Smiley—Dickens in Boston, 1868—Madame de Sales—Admiral Tryon

On returning home in 1867, the question of education became again a difficult one. There were few good schools, and those which were free had many disadvantages. My mother persuaded my father to send us all to Providence to a boarding-school owned by the so-called *Yearly Meeting*—the Society of Quakers. My brother and I were in the boys' wing and three of my sisters at the other end. The buildings were commodious—an imposing central structure where the Faculty had quarters and reception rooms, and then the two wings for dormitories, refectory, class-rooms, etc. The Quakers to me are the ideal followers of Christ in so far as Christianity means being like Him. Quakers do not swear or take an oath or sign bonds or parade their titles or dress. They are one of the few Christian bodies who have recognized the right of women to address the congregation, and necessarily see no impropriety in educating boys and girls under the same roof. To be sure we met only at meals, on opposite sides of long tables, and at monthly *sociables*, where very mild refreshments were offered. We boys had baseball grounds on our side of a high fence, and the girls a croquet ground on the other.

On Sundays we were marched two and two to the Friends' Meeting House, where the whole service might pass in silence; but frequently some one, "moved by the Spirit," would rise in his or her place and say some edifying words in a very quiet voice and without a

gesture. One lady in particular charmed me by her beautiful voice and simple manner—merely repeating with downcast eyes the melodious lines of that Psalm of Psalms: "The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures," etc., etc. What a relief from the conventional service where a salaried sermonizer pounds his plush-padded pulpit with all the professional unction of a sacerdotal auctioneer, knocking down the Grace of God to the highest bidder. My father and mother were both religious in temperament and practice: never a day passed that my father did not read in his Bible, preferably before the rest of us had assembled for breakfast. He did not force family prayers upon us; perhaps he thought that in such things example counts for more than precept. My mother went whenever possible to a Quaker meeting, and my father to a Swedenborgian service. To the end of her life my mother ever used the Quaker *thee* and *thou* when speaking to us children, but not otherwise.

The school at Providence, now known as the Moses Brown School, then had as Principal one who might have been better called a business manager than a leader of youth. Of the many teachers who have modified, if not improved, my life, none perhaps ever awakened so little enthusiasm in my juvenile bosom as Albert K. Smiley. We knew nothing about him that a court of law could regard as actionable; on the contrary, his manner was, in public at least, suave if not ingratiating. He was a Quaker in the literal rather than the spiritual sense. My brother and I had brought with us our boxing gloves. They were promptly confiscated. My banjo was also confiscated as provocative to worldly thought. On Washington's birthday we attempted to wear tricoloured ribbons: these also were suppressed. Even our cravats had to be sombre in tone. This educational institution, on a most excellent foundation,

was by us children regarded merely as the Quaker Jail, and was run more on the lines of a reformatory than a school for the children of gentlefolk. The servants were all of the coarsest and cheapest Irish brand whose brogue marked them as recently landed. We were about 100 boys, ranging from 10 to 16 years of age; but no master took an interest in our sports, much less watched over our sanitary condition. In winter the windows of our sleeping quarters rattled and the snow drifted in upon the sills. In the basement tin wash-basins stood along a low shelf that ran around a chilly and dimly lighted room. There were a few taps of cold water and two bath-tubs. The latrines or outhouses were across the playground—draughty, dirty, and cold. The food was of the cheapest; milk toast was frequent, but I avoided it after finding on my plate a piece of stale bread green with mildew and but slightly concealed by a pasty floury sauce masquerading as cream.

Even in our tender years we instinctively shrank from the smooth and over-thrifty Smiley. We looked up with respect at the serene faces of the Quakers who occasionally paid official visits to their property, and we wondered why they tolerated so unpleasant an agent of their interests. It was not until thirty years later, under the presidency of Seth Giffard, that I learned how much the Smiley regime had done to injure the Quaker cause in general and this admirable school in particular. The Society of Friends had entrusted this institution to him, Smiley, under very liberal conditions. The Principal was to pocket the school fees and in return to maintain the place in a manner corresponding with its past fame and the high social standing of its trustees and pupils. Albert K. Smiley ran the school for ten years. He ran it into the mud, metaphorically speaking. He put his own interpretation on the clauses which bound him to maintain a high-class educational institution; he hired the cheapest of instructors; he spent the minimum on

making life tolerable for those committed to his charge. He had a direct pecuniary interest in crowding the bed- and class-rooms. His tenure of office was but for ten years and in that short space of time he cleared a fortune, built a monster hotel at Lake Mohonk, added still more to his wealth, and became consequently one of America's great men—in the class with Vanderbilt, Rockefeller, Carnegie and Jay Gould. Possibly the world will deem him greater than even these, for a triumphal arch has been reared in his honour somewhere in the Shawangunk mountains—a tribute from hundreds who have been honoured by his hotel bills, and who in return have marvelled at his piety and philanthropy. To me the trade of making money is one that should be limited to the tribe of Israel. It is not a trade that fits men for legislative positions, much less for teaching children.

But we boys had our happy moments, albeit the life in general was rough, dirty and uninspiring. We had a splendid teacher in English—a man of tall, dignified carriage, whose linen was always of the cleanest and his skin of the healthiest. We hung upon every syllable when he read aloud to us—Macaulay's ballads, Whittier, Milton, or, better still, Dickens. My father had known the great *Boz* in years past, and was in Boston on the occasion of his visit in the winter of 1868. My brother and I were the only boys who went on for that first famous reading—of course at my father's request. And can I too insistently urge parents to let their children early receive impressions of so precious and so durable a nature? One may read volumes on the Second Empire, yet fail to feel what we youngsters did when Eugénie and her Louis Napoleon rattled in theatrical glory from the Tuileries to the Arc de Triomphe, with the famous cavalcade of Cent Gardes dazzling in their cuirasses and shiny helmets; the Imperial couple bowing graciously to right and left; the multitude raising hats, waving handkerchiefs and crying "Vive Napoleon!" even as the mob

of Jerusalem yelled Hosannahs at Him Whom they were soon to crucify. What cared we youngsters about the Luxemburg question, or the ominous budget, or the *débâcle* in Mexico!

And so we went on to Boston and under my arm I tucked a gaudy and clumsy autograph album; and when Charles Dickens bent his kindly eyes upon me and shook my little hand, I was awed and frightened and exhilarated to such an extent that I forgot all about the album—though my mother subsequently procured for me the much-coveted autograph. It was the touch of a dying man—for the symptoms were already manifesting themselves that were destined to plunge a whole world into mourning.

But the Dickens reading!

The largest hall of Boston was crowded; the hush was as though for a religious moment; there was no light save that which fell upon his lectern, and in all that vast assemblage there was but one active thought—Dickens! He stepped slowly out of the background as an apparition from another world and was acclaimed with unending applause. He waited impassively until the turbulent waves of personal greeting had subsided; and then, in tones of richest vibration, uttered the well-known opening to his Christmas Carol: "Marley was dead to begin with. There is no doubt whatever about that. The register of his burial was signed by the clergyman, the clerk, the undertaker and the chief mourner," etc., etc. And so to the end of the reading this mighty mentality made into his own image every one within sound of his voice, for Dickens was dramatically strung. I have heard the greatest Shakespearean interpreters of my time—Rossi and Salvini, Irving and Forbes-Robertson, Booth and McCullough; I have heard Gladstone in the House and Beecher in the pulpit, and Sumner in the Senate, and verily Dickens was one of that family. He had every modulation of tone, from the softest for Tiny

Tim to the most fierce and tragical for the sordid Scrooge. We could see nothing of the reader save an edge of his short beard, and occasionally some of his fingers. But what fingers! Was it Cuvier who could reconstruct any creature from one or two bones? The drama of Scrooge and Marley's ghost became real to me in the mere fingering of Dickens. Was it unconscious, or subconscious, or instinct or most studied of theatrical effects? In the twisting of his hands one divined the facial if not moral crookedness of the miserly moneylender. And then those powerful pauses—in the midst of bated breaths—they were as the poising aloft of an axe before a crucial blow. What a master of silence! Had he not been so great as a writer, surely as an actor he would have ranked amongst the first.

Dickens was a genius, if ever that much misused word has meaning; and his genius radiated in pleasant ways, which is not often the case. It was most certainly not the case with Carlyle or Whistler or Napoleon. Dickens was an incomparable master of the revels in any social gathering where he felt at home. Like Mark Twain he was an inexhaustible source of good stories, games and general good cheer. Ah, how rich would such men be if they did not continually give, give, give, with no more thought of reward than the brook that babbles in the sunshine or the birds that sing in the hedgerow. If the lawyer, the banker, the medico or the man of business give you of his time and advice he sends you in a bill, and if you do not pay it the law sends a deputy-sheriff and the jailer does the rest. What a wonderfully bright world this would be if the poets and the singers and the philosophers and the inventors and the wits could also collect for services rendered! The world was better a thousand years ago when troubadours were at least offered board and lodging. To-day how few can buy even hay for Pegasus!

But I was referring to the genius of Dickens; and who

but a genius could have written so many unsavoury truths about America as he did in 1837, and then have returned after thirty years to the same people and been received with such warmth as we accord only to those whom we love. All that Dickens wrote in 1837 was true enough, and he might have made us out even less attractive in 1867. He made his first visit largely as a caricaturist in search of new material. We had then relatively a higher civilization than to-day, but Dickens looked for the grotesque and ridiculous—not for the commonplaces of well-policed communities. He therefore hunted as a shrewd journalist for the negro and the cruel overseer of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* or the unscrupulous land speculators and sham colonels of our hustling North. Yet America was then the home of Washington Irving and William Cullen Bryant, Emerson and Longfellow, Prescott, Hawthorne, Thoreau and Audubon, Fenimore-Cooper, Edgar Allan Poe and a dozen more who have not merely enriched our literature but are so domesticated in our Mother Country that Englishmen hesitate when questioned as to whether their books be of one side of the Atlantic or the other.

Under John Rowell we learned much good literature by heart; he drilled us thoroughly in the art of expression; and he knew how to make the whole class-room enter keenly into spelling competitions. On days of bad weather he would assemble us in the gymnasium and himself conduct such a marching and "setting up" drill as would make our muscles ache. He was a good teacher and showed sublime contempt for Albert K. Smiley. He ruled us boys by awakening our admiration for his powers. The idea that any of us could ever lie to John Rowell or shirk the task he might impose was far from our thoughts; we would have looked for a thunderbolt through the roof at such sacrilege. One day the bolt fell and for cause. It fell on the head of one of the older boys—the son of one of our teachers and a lad whom we

cordially disliked. We suspected him of being a sneak. John Rowell let fly his ruler at this lad; the blood oozed from his head and he sank senseless to the floor. What he was doing to excite the master's loss of temper I know not, but whilst regarding the episode as regrettable, we would all have stood by John Rowell had he been accused of murder. Our loyalty was complete and therefore unreasoning. The lad was carried out, and recovered, and no doubt a stormy scene occurred in the central building where John Rowell may have let loose another bolt and floored friend Smiley. Of all these things we boys knew nothing, but in later years I learned that he had gone to the Golden West with a woman who adored him, and—well, it was a romance. John Rowell was a teacher of such exceptional powers, and his contempt for Smiley was concealed so slightly, that I have surmised some exceptional circumstances in order to explain his presence in an institution where all else was purchased for quantity rather than quality.

There was one other instructor there named Phillips, a tutor at Brown University in Providence. He had a slim, elastic frame, suggesting a graceful fencer and dancer; a handsome clean-cut profile, red hair and a quick temper. I adored him almost as much as we all did John Rowell—and these two were obviously on excellent terms. Mr. Phillips took charge of the main room in case his colleague was absent in town or on a week-end. Mr. Phillips also ruled by thunderbolts—and whilst he never in my time floored a boy, yet on one occasion he let fly a heavy book which did equally useful work. It is interesting now to look back and recall that whilst we cordially disliked, if not despised, some of those teachers who never harmed us to any extent, for Phillips and Rowell we had so much admiration that, had they drawn a revolver and shot at one of us, the rest would have helped keep the matter quiet.

Mr. Phillips only spent his nights at the school when

John Rowell was away—presumably with his lady love. On one such night I had crept from my bed and was engaged in a scuffle with some young friend at the other end of the dormitory when our activity evidently disturbed Mr. Phillips, for as I cautiously scurried back in my bare feet I felt myself seized and swung—and when I came to myself it was with much moaning, for my foot gave me pain and I crawled alone to my bed on two hands and one leg. Next morning my brother and another boy helped me to the infirmary; the doctor was called; my ankle was put into a plaster mould, and for several weeks I was confined and much petted. Mr. Phillips came to my bedside and asked me how it happened! I told him that I had slipped accidentally and twisted something. He was apparently much relieved!

He was an admirable teacher and we remained ever warm friends. And, by the way, why is it that so many of our great instructors, notably in music, have tempers under imperfect control? The best and most costly of singing teachers in my Munich days, the famous Madame de Sales, would occasionally overwhelm a pupil with ignoble epithets; order her out of the house, throw her hat and umbrella after her and possibly some easily handled piece of furniture! I have met such victims of her tempestuous wrath, in tears, lamenting—not that Madame de Sales had nearly killed her, but that she might not be willing to give her any more lessons! And pray recall, such of you as are old enough, that this lady coached the most notable of the then Wagnerian stage. Ah, but she was a Vesuvius—frequently in eruption. She made good buckwheat cakes; and on a Sunday morning she sometimes let me share them, and her inimitable conversation!

While I am digressing let me gratefully recall the late Admiral Tryon of the Royal Navy, whose guest I had the honour to be during his very difficult fleet manœuvres off

the west coast of Ireland in 1888. He was the soul of good cheer, generosity and professional zeal. From top to bottom of his command he inspired such confidence that no order could ever be criticized that went forth over his name. He was ever attempting moves full of risk, and encouraged the young officers to take sporting chances whenever they led to professional improvement. In the blackest of nights he would take his great ironclad fleet a-circling about Bantry Bay as though it were a squadron of canoes—merely to disconcert a blockading enemy. He was uniformly successful; he was a genius lacking only a Trafalgar to test him.

But when his ship was in action, then was the time to feel the depths of his latent powers. Like the Napoleon of our school-books, he seemed everywhere at once; and where *he* was, victory went also. He stood six feet four, and his voice would put any megaphone to shame. His orders carried above the voices of every intermediary, and from the quarter-deck to the forecastle the men had ears only for the voice of their Admiral, their beloved Tryon. He called men by blasphemous epithets; he consigned to hell the souls of such as flew with less haste than he wished; he stormed forth his orders like shots from a gun and every order was recognized as divine commandment. Officers and men sweated and suffered; one or two had the temerity to suggest that they did not like to be sworn at, but such were speedily silenced. Tryon was another of the world's few real teachers from whom the true pupils cannot be repelled. No one who ever served under him ever threw a stone when H.M.S. *Victoria* sank with all hands, her admiral at his post. He made a mistake at last, and he paid the penalty. May God continue to give more men like Tryon to the British Navy. They run great risks but achieve great results.

Mr. Phillips had a class of older boys in French, and used to hand them over to me for coaching in pronuncia-

tion. He would toss me on to the table in a class-room adjoining the large one, and hand me the page that was to be enunciated. Then he would leave the intervening door open and resume his big chair, and possibly a novel, leaving me to handle the French class to any extent.

I was not a bad boy, but I was a boy; and I shudder now at the risks I ran in handling this class as though they had been a nursery. I called them names, mimicked their bad French, made the biggest of them repeat a phrase over and over again. I smiled sarcastically at those who offered to give me a licking after classes, overwhelmed them with ironical compliments, and offered to call in Mr. Phillips if they so desired. My class was a huge success—at least in the eyes of Mr. Phillips. The lickings threatened never happened, perhaps because, for my years, I was handy both at boxing and wrestling. I had read *Tom Brown's School Days* with horror and marvelled that such cruelty could be exercised amongst the sons of gentlemen. Hazing and bullying may do some good in exceptional cases, but for myself I have never hazed or been hazed, nor have I ever in any of my many schools encountered the proverbial school bully. In my sophomore year at Yale I won a prize for sparring, but the only joy I now take in recording it springs from the fact that my victim subsequently became a publisher!

John Rowell and Mr. Phillips were born teachers, as I have recorded—but they surely must have had in their life-book some page not suitable as reference in an orthodox institution. Mr. Phillips, I learned, was an authority on trotting horses, which in those years meant also the company of fast women—nor can I feel surprise. Maybe these men signed a contract with Mr. Smiley without knowing the full extent of their labours. Be that as it may, when either of them had charge of the big room the discipline was exemplary, but so soon as it came to the turn of the less inspiring teachers the school-

room showed immediately the huge gulf that separates the born soldier from the mere graduate of a military school. Cromwell, too, would have made a good Phillips or John Rowell. It looks hard upon the 3,000 whom the great Puritan general killed at Drogheda, but the killing of this handful of ill-advised Irish rebels closed a campaign that would have cost many more lives if permitted to drag on indefinitely. Cromwell gave peace to Ireland as John Rowell and Mr. Phillips maintained discipline amongst us turbulent boys of the great Quaker school.

Perhaps it is an accident that in the many fulsome obituaries of Albert K. Smiley, the years in which he managed the great Quaker school are less insisted upon than those later ones in which he entertained at Lake Mohonk an endless train of prosperous philanthropists and notable, but narrow and needy, theologians who sang Smiley hymns and gave his hotel most welcome publicity. Our years at Providence were not wholly wasted, yet considering the cost in money to my parents and the worry our letters must have occasioned them, it would perhaps have been quite as well if we had remained at the Squirrels, with ready access to my father's library and his conversation. The Smiley school in Providence has been fumigated and re-baptized Moses Brown School. Not many years ago I was received there as guest of honour and invited to speak from the platform where once presided the bolt-throwing Jupiters of my early years. Once more Friends' School is prospering, and its name perpetuates the fame of a large and patriotic family, another of whom founded Brown University, and both of whom were Quakers.

CHAPTER VIII

Berlin in 1870—The Bunsen Family—George Bancroft, U.S. Minister—Prussian Officers and Men—The Franco-Prussian War—French Prisoners at Erfurt—Potsdam in 1870—Emperor Wilhelm I—Bismarck—English War Correspondents—Moltke and a Bloodless Victory

The Berlin which I first saw in the summer of 1870 was merely the capital of Prussia. The streets were paved with cobble-stones over which carts and cabs made a noise like hammering. There was no water supply save what was pumped from the street corners by hand, and fevers were common. Deep gutters ran beside each roadway, and uniformed men swept the contents daily to convenient points on the canal or the River Spree. Compared with Paris or London at the same time it was but a provincial town, making up in pretentious palaces what it lacked in comfort. Munich, Leipzig, Frankfort, Vienna and many another of the Germanic cities recognized the merely military, if not palatial, importance of the Hohenzollern metropolis, but no South German dreamed of adopting a Berlin fashion any more than would Boston copy Chicago, Pittsburg or Kansas City.

In Berlin my father had two friends who were probably instrumental in deciding him regarding this residential move. The one was our historian, George Bancroft, who, with his austere wife, represented American Majesty at the Prussian Court. The other was George von Bunsen, whose wife was English (a Birkbeck), and whose mother was also English (Gurney). His father was the well-known Chevalier de Bunsen, former Prussian Ambassa-

dor in London. The great and even then, to me, venerable Bancroft, was *persona grata* with Bismarck and the Royal Family; for he was a fluent German scholar, was correct in matters of etiquette, and had in his youth attended the same University as the great Chancellor. The Bunsen family lived in a handsome villa, as beseemed such as were noble and rich. Our two families were much together—about half a dozen children in each—all of them hearty and ready for games however rough. Their grounds were large enough for much outdoor sport, and scarcely a day passed but we were together somewhere or somehow. Theirs was one of the few Berlin families having their own carriage, coach-house and men-servants. In those primitive days the Berlin public stared at anything resembling a well-appointed turnout, for it was sure to be either a royal equipage or one belonging to an embassy. There was nothing resembling the daily parade of carriages doing the *tour du lac* in the Bois de Boulogne or Hyde Park. Officers on horseback were common enough as in any other garrison town, but of *Society* as understood by us, Berlin was innocent. She attracted no foreigners other than a very few students who were specializing under some celebrated professors of the University. The aristocracy was poor in purse and lived on their estates, where they ruled their peasantry in semi-barbarous fashion. From this peasantry and its masters, the Prussian monarchy drew a supply of military power unequalled then in Europe. The soldiers gladly exchanged the hard and monotonous life of a peasant for the equally hard, but infinitely more varied, three years of military training. They had been kicked and cuffed as labourers in the beet or potato fields, and now they were kicked and cuffed in the barrack yard; but at least they now had an occasional stroll in town, dressed in a magnificent uniform and likely to establish feeding, if not feeling, relations with some culinary Gretchen.

The Prussian Army was ideal then; for the men were strong in back and stomach, and they obeyed blindly. The officers were mainly of the one class, dependants upon the grace and bounty of their war-lord, inured to hard work and living for the army alone. They were allowed to marry, but only by consent of the regimental commander. In this way the army was kept pure from alliances that have been but too common in the regiments of England and the United States. No Jews could command Prussian troops, or sit on the Bench or go to Court, or hold high office of any kind. The regimental mess made a family or select club; no subaltern could enter it save by invitation. He might be attached in a supernumerary capacity and for a limited time in order that his prospective brother officers might have opportunity of making his acquaintance. But if he failed to make a good impression, he received no invitation to remain, and consequently started on another and another quest until finally some regiment admitted him or he grew discouraged and—disappeared socially.

The result of this was a war machine incredibly strong as compared with any other in Europe at the same time. There was no waste of human energy—there was no Pacifism, Socialism, Feminism, or any of the many modern fads that make us weak when the Hun is at our gates. The Prussian Army of 1870 could have imagined nothing more grotesque than an American maker of automobiles loading a ship with tracts and missionaries for the avowed purpose of stopping the most gigantic war of modern times. If anything could be more amazing than that it would be an American President who frowned politically upon all who desired to place our country in a condition to defend itself against aggression. We must remember that between 1914 and 1918 the German Kaiser had not merely sunk American merchantmen and sent submarines into our ports, but had even gone so far as to tell us on what portions of the Atlantic

Ocean we might navigate and on what days of the week!

My father never lost his love for the French people or faith in a Republican France; and in spite of the interesting life he led in Berlin, he carried away no friendships comparable to those which he had formed in London and Paris. The cause of Prussia in 1870 was that of national unity, liberty of thought and decency in public administration. The first few weeks of the war disclosed criminal peculation on the part of the French authorities, and a breakdown of what had been represented as a perfect military machine. That of Prussia, on the other hand, worked like a well-rehearsed spectacle. Each day the bulletin boards were placarded with news that enabled us to follow on our maps the methodical advance of the German armies, and the strange crumbling of the French. My brother and I spent long days amongst the earliest French prisoners. They were interned in the Thuringian fortified town of Erfurt, moving freely amid people who regarded them with much surprise and little hostility. Their uniforms were vastly more showy, and their carriage vastly more soldierly than that of their captors, for those were days when France acted on the principle that brave men merited brave trappings. Prussia then had universal military service, and little was wasted on mere ornament. France, on the contrary, relied on men of long enlistment and handsome appearance, the theory being that a small army of professional fighters is better than a large one with less experience. France was right in the one respect. Her men in the ranks were admirable in soldierly qualities and appearance, but these men had leaders who were frequently unworthy.

When we went to Erfurt we stuffed our pockets with cigars and found no difficulty in rapidly establishing conversational commerce between ourselves and the downcast French. There were cuirassiers and chasseurs à cheval, dragoons, artillerymen, Zouaves, and

regular infantry—a curious picture to one who had read of the great Napoleon making Erfurt his Imperial residence in 1808, and entertaining here nearly every crowned head in Europe! And now the flower of his nephew's army crowded this ancient city as prisoners of war. Is it strange, then, that on all sides I heard from even grizzly-bearded veterans the only explanation conceivable: "Monsieur, nous sommes trahis!" Many of them had not even had the satisfaction of exchanging blows with the enemy. It was a calamity that dazed, but did not discourage, them: it made them curse the Imperial profiteers of Paris rather than the stolid and soldierly troops of Prussia.

And yet Moltke was not satisfied. Nothing satisfied him short of mathematical results flowing naturally from well-founded hypothesis. He had commenced a seven years' war for Hohenzollern hegemony by completely smashing the Danish Army and absorbing much territory in that neighbourhood—all in the space of a few summer days of 1864. Then he devoted two years to Bismarckian bargaining and bullying, during which his army was much strengthened for the seven weeks' campaign which culminated in the complete rout of the Austrian Army at Sadowa, in 1866. This war expelled the Habsburg dynasty from non-Austrian Germany, and made Hanover, Bavaria, and other small German states military allies of the Hohenzollern War Lord. France alone remained on the Germanic horizon with provinces worth annexing and a treasury worth plundering. The newspaper bureau of Bismarck fed the mind of all Germany with tales of their brother Germans languishing under the Napoleonic yoke, and thus, when the Prussian raid across the Rhine commenced in the summer of 1870, William I had become, in Teutonic eyes at least, almost a modern crusader. He was a champion of Teutonism against the oppressor of Strassburg, which in that year seemed plausibly analogous to Jerusalem a thousand years before. Moltke

manœuvred the armies that crushed France in 1871, but Bismarck prepared the public mind so astutely as to strip his enemy of European help during the struggle. Moltke was a master of strategy; but we cannot overestimate the craft of him who four years after Sadowa could compel the neutrality of Austria, secure the non-interference of Russia, and finally incorporate into a Hohenzollern Army the troops of Hanover and Bavaria which so recently had been in arms against him.

England's war correspondents were well received at the head-quarters of *unser Fritz*, after having in vain applied for permission to follow the fortunes of the French. This alone reveals the extent to which the outside world was ignorant of Napoleonic unpreparedness, and therefore hopeful, if not confident, of another *Promenade Militaire à Berlin*. The famous war correspondent, William Howard Russell, told me in later years how much he was disappointed by the refusal of the French War Office to let him accompany their army! He had seen their gallant behaviour in the Crimean War; he spoke French well, and went therefore with reluctance amongst the Germans, whose language he knew not and whose customs and manners were to him unsympathetic.

As the French Army speedily exposed its weakness, public sentiment veered to the German side—for the great public like to shout for a winner. Moltke, however, felt disappointed! He knew the condition of the French Army vastly better than did any Frenchman. He knew that they must be defeated—for he had all the men and weapons for that result. Therefore, he planned to so surround them that conflict could be avoided, and that he could send a staff officer to each French command in turn and say politely: "Gentlemen, you are surrounded; you are hopelessly outnumbered—a battle can mean but needless butchery—your honour is vindicated, and therefore I invite you to surrender!" Moltke was

never on a battle-field at the time of action—to him war was a game of chess to be played on maps by aid of the telegraph. He abhorred the brutal, rough and tumble of war, and therefore played his game scientifically. Metz and Sedan were to have been quietly surrounded, and their garrisons disarmed without the loss of a single life. But because of over-zealous commanders, blood was shed, much to his regret. This killing and maiming had no practical effect on the campaign: it was merely the marring of an operation which he had planned in the spirit of a great surgeon or humanitarian. The only difference between Moltke and our professional Pacifists lies in the fact that the Dane made war short and humane, whilst our Fords and Wilsons encourage butchery through discouraging preparedness.

CHAPTER IX

Potsdam—I am placed in the Family of Professor Schillbach—Habits of his Family—Dr. Hinzpeter calls in a Royal Carriage—I am invited to the Palace—Notes on Hinzpeter—Schillbach coaches me in Courtly Manners—My first Visit to the Palace—Prinz Wilhelm as Playmate—The Crown Prince Frederick and his Wife—Boyish Pastimes—The Toy Frigate—Frederick the Great as a Pacifist—The Source of William II's Megalomania—His Impotent Arm—Opinion of his Physician thereon—Empress Frederick as Hygienic Reformer—As Maker of Rice Puddings—Why she differed politically from the Kaiser—Frederick the Noble as guest of Napoleon III when Crown Prince

Potsdam is but fourteen miles westward of Berlin, and stands in a remarkably picturesque setting of lakes, hillocks, and forests of pine and birch. Like the rest of that vast Prussian watershed, sand is the substitute for soil, and the little elevations would pass unnoticed were not the rest of the country flat. The lakes are but the momentary enlargement of a river which sluggishly finds its way to the Elbe. The Havel is a delightful bit of water for a sailing canoe cruise, with branches radiating in almost every direction—either to the North Sea at Hamburg or to the Baltic through Mecklenburg or Pomerania. The human geographer transplanting himself to a time when steam and rail and even metalled roads were unknown, can readily see that no other spot offered so many military and economic advantages combined in a wide radius. It is on account of my many amphibious trips over this remarkable though comparatively barren section of Europe that I placed here the Vandal fortress from which Genseric in the fifth century

sallied forth to the conquest of North Africa and the sack of Rome.

Here—at Potsdam in 1870—lived Herr Professor Doctor Schillbach. He took me into his family—which consisted of a very capable, accomplished wife, plus half a dozen children, ranging from Kati, who could barely toddle, to Karl, who subsequently became a naval officer, and was lost with his ship in the Red Sea. When I became their big brother he was about nine, and in the lower forms of the *Gymnasium*, where his father taught French, Latin, and gymnastics. Schillbach was not a Prussian, which explains his uniform kindliness of manner. He and his wife were from Saxony, and she, methinks, had been governess at some diminutive Court. The conversation at meals was always instructive, the parents full of good humour, yet maintaining judicious discipline. There was no other English-speaking boy in Potsdam, so far as I knew, and of necessity I gabbled German whenever I was not absorbed in Latin, Greek, or mathematics. The Schillbachs lived in the least fashionable part of Potsdam, but they had a garden where the Professor cultivated some vegetables, and a few berry bushes—a source of great joy to us all. I soon achieved the proud position of *locum tenens* for either or both parents, and was permitted to take any or all of the children on tramps in the neighbouring Sans Souci, rowing on the Havel, and in winter skating, or coasting down some of the little hills.

Dr. Schillbach was highly esteemed amongst his colleagues of academic Potsdam, and once I was permitted to attend the meeting of his archæological society, where he read a paper on the excavations at Olympia. Much beer was drunk before, during, and after the discourse.

In those days Potsdam was nothing but a garrison town,where every other man was in uniform—cuirassiers, hussars, Uhlans, or infantry—all of the guard. The military formed a caste by themselves, and so did the small

academic body. The rest were doubtless engaged in occupations connected with clothing, feeding, housing, and warming those who drew salaries from the State treasury. What the Schillbach salary was, I know not. They had an excellent piano, a goodly supply of books, and belonged to a club that provided its members with several periodical publications like the *Fliegende Blaetter*, the *Gartenlaube*, the *Leipziger Illustrirter*, etc. Their domestic life was thrifty, not to say penurious—more so than the poorest day labourers of the United States.

The Herr Doktor had to have his private study for official reasons—notably calls upon business relating to the *Gymnasium*. Then there was the formal reception room, the social sanctuary whose main features characterize any Prussian house between the frontiers of Poland and those of Holland, and admirably epitomized in that immortal book, *Elizabeth and her German Garden*. This room was known as *Die gute stube*, and we would have sooner danced upon the church altar than have sat upon a chair of this apartment. Here Frau Doktor entertained her guests, each guest being placed according to rank, the most important, of course, at the right hand of the sofa. In front of this was a table. All the furniture in this show-room was very shiny, showy, and uncomfortable—some would say Philistine. Prussia, maybe, carried the cult of the *gute stube* farther than other people, yet there is no English-speaking country where it is not known in less violent form. The Schillbachs had no carpets—no one had carpets then save a few rich foreigners. The floors were of painted pine, and occasionally mopped by the burly maid-of-all-work, who not only did everything, but did it well. She was deep and broad and strong and cheery. Laura was her name. She cooked for the whole family, and the cooking was good. She washed and dressed the little ones, and mended their clothes and stockings. She made the fires, and went forth to market and carried home goodly loads,

and answered the front-door bell, and made the beds and cleaned the rooms and waited at table. Wash-day came every six weeks or so, and then Laura proved her prowess at the laundry tubs much as Dulcinea del Toboso displayed her strength on the threshing floor.

On Saturday nights all the children were scrubbed in tubs of hot water, this hygienic rite being performed in the one family common room, where the children prepared their school work or played noisily when the weather kept them indoors. Here Mamma Schillbach did her sewing, and here we had our three daily meals, plus rolls and coffee (or milk) at four. Papa, mamma and the five children slept in their one bedroom, and Laura probably had a mattress either under the kitchen table or in an alcove which we would call a cupboard. That I should have one room all to myself seemed selfish and extravagant in Potsdam eyes, but on this point my father insisted. He also went with me to buy a vast wooden tub, and arranged that cold water should be carried upstairs each morning from the town pump opposite, so that I might spring from bed to buckets and never interrupt my practice of a daily cold bath. This practice I inherit from my father—also that of wearing no flannels next the skin. We must bear in mind, when tempted to boast of our modern and almost ubiquitous plumbing, that when I was born, bath-rooms were not as now, a *sine qua non* of nearly every home. People were clean and intelligent: they had no furnaces or central steam heat. They scrubbed themselves from head to foot by the help of their hands and a basin of water. They slept in cold bedrooms, and were not so liable to colds or tuberculosis. We who expect hot-water baths attached to every bedroom wonder why we cannot endure northern winters or enjoy sound sleep!

From what I have already said, you may be sure that life in the Schillbach home was on a Spartan plane, and I look back upon my life there with infinite gratitude.

My good master and his wife died shortly before the Great War: maybe God meant well by us all, for when the Kaiser broke into Belgium, and Germans gloried in the sinking of a *Lusitania*, everything that had been dear to me in Germany in former years turned to fraudulent mirage: even the language seemed suspect—I felt like a victim of cruel imposture. But the old couple are a blessed memory—poor, honest, cultivated, affectionate, courteous. All their children made good marriages and founded happy families—I speak of before the war.

One day there drove up to our door a carriage with two black horses; servants in the royal livery on the box, and the royal crest on the door. Out stepped Dr. Hinzpeter, and out popped every head from doorway and window. Never before had a royal carriage been seen in our street; the sensation was overwhelming, the mystery profound! Dr. Hinzpeter had come to look me over. He wore a high hat and a frock-coat, for it was a formal first call. His hands were carefully gloved. Of course he was shown to the right-hand corner of the shiny sofa. Presumably the interview was agreeable on both sides, for I was called from my studies, performed my most ceremonious bow, and invited in the name of H.R.H. the Crown Prince Frederick (to say nothing of the Princess Royal of Great Britain and Ireland) to come to the Palace on the following Saturday and spend the afternoon and evening with the royal boys—Wilhelm and Henry. A royal carriage would fetch me and bring me home again!

The exact nature of Dr. Hinzpeter's inquiries were never disclosed to me, but from what Dr. Schillbach did *not* say, and from a pretty intimate acquaintance with Hinzpeter and his like, the questioning must have been on this wise:

"Does this young American practise any of his native customs?"

"Does he know the use of spoons and forks and napkins?"

"Is he likely to infect our princes with exotic ideas?"

Hinzpeter was a conscientious preceptor, narrow and very Prussian. He had been ordered to investigate me, and he did so, much as might a Methodist elder when considering the claims of a Turk or Mexican as candidate for a theological degree. When I visited this excellent pedagogue twenty years later he was living in Westphalia on a royal pension—married to a French lady whom I had met as governess to the royal princesses. With a tactfulness wholly Prussian he observed: "I never could understand why Prince Wilhelm became so attached to you!" Of course I echoed the Hinzpeter surprise, and was far too well drilled in Hinzpeterish mentality to notice in the birthplace of *Candide* what in Paris would have been regarded as lack of politeness.

The royal carriage and Hinzpeter visit made a revolution in the Schillbach circle. The children had hitherto loved me because I took them on tramps and encouraged them to sporting risks at which their mamma would have screamed in horror. Now, however, they stared at me as though a Hohenzollern aureole had suddenly descended about my ears, and they looked for a change in my manner towards them! Herr Doktor, and still more the kindly mamma, now acted as might the good peasants who discovered that the unknown guest who spoiled their cakes was their own King Alfred. Hinzpeter must have given vent to his concern lest I enter the royal presence with a tomahawk and war-whoop, for Schillbach commenced immediately to coach me on a matter in which he was profoundly ignorant, and about which any French boy could have taught him everything. But Schillbach was honest—no less than comical—and he gave me private rehearsals that left nothing to be added in the way of theatrical farce—not even by a Molière or Tristan Bernard. Was I a hypocrite in pretending to

copy his awkward Berlin bow and the rigidity of a Potsdam recruit? Could I tell him that he looked like a *Polichinelle* from the angle of a Paris drawing-room! Rather let my soul fry in hell than bear the guilt of wounding such a man's feelings! His anxiety to give me courtly manners, not merely by precept but by painful bodily contortions, made him a changed man: he was no longer a mere *Gymnasiallehrer*, high as that rank had sounded yesterday; to-day he had, as by magic, sprung to the unique position of coaching a barbarian so that he might with propriety approach the high altar of Hohenzollern hagiology. For pray remember that in those days the Crown Prince of Prussia was idolized amongst the people as *unser Fritz*, and when he ascended his throne of a hundred days it was as Frederick the Noble that he was distinguished from the many others of that name.

My parents were frequent guests in Berlin at the home of this royal couple, and it was indeed such a home as never before had been known in the annals of Brandenburg. The Crown Prince was the beau ideal of a large-hearted, blue-eyed, blond-bearded Viking, tall and straight. He married for love; they had plenty of children, but a limited income, and they lived a happy family life, preferably in the great park of Potsdam. Here the Great Frederick had reared his *Neues Palais*, a monster building, to distinguish it from his cosy little bachelor villa from which he acquired a well-deserved nickname—*Sage of Sans Souci*. The *Neues Palais* was to the Prussian Crown something of a white elephant, for it had been built by the Great Frederick at a time when he appeared ready to fall under the combined blows of Russia, Austria, and France. All the world thought him bankrupt, when lo! up rose a palace rivalling Versailles in magnificence. And as the vast Escorial of the fanatical Philip accommodated easily an immense Cathedral within its walls, so in the *Neues Palais* was tucked away the

most commodious and complete of theatres. The three powers that nearly crushed Frederick in the *Seven Years' War* were inspired by three women: Madame de Pompadour in Versailles, Maria Theresa in Vienna, and Tsarina Catherine of Muscovy. These ladies were, by the Potsdam Sage, stripped naked and exhibited at the very top of the great palace dome united in the graceful occupation of holding aloft the crown of their once-despised enemy.

To this great palace, then, was I driven in royal state after many final admonitions from the good Schillbachs, and through a street that could not have shown more excitement had Buffalo Bill taken my place.

At the *Neues Palais* I was cordially welcomed by Prince William and his brother Henry, and the friendship then begun lasted a quarter of a century, or until I published my German History. That history commenced by narrating the collapse of Prussia after the Battle of Jena and her new birth under the influence of political union and liberty—a period reaching from 1805 to 1849. The work was published in four volumes, and awakened resentment in Prussian Court circles. Moreover, I had chosen as title, *The German Struggle for Liberty*.

From the hour of my first visit until our departure for New York in the fall of 1872, I was an almost constant playmate of the future Kaiser, and naturally made Hinzpeter marvel at his master's choice. We romped about the great palace if the weather was bad, played hide-and-seek in the vast attic spaces, and once had the rare treat of working the stage machinery in the theatre. Of course, as in the case of most normal boys, we compared notes on likes and dislikes. Prince William knew his Fenimore-Cooper by heart, and thirsted for games reminiscent of Uncas and Leatherstocking.

Now Fortune plays a large rôle in these pages, and to those inclined to pay me compliments, I can but say

that I have had good luck. My mother had brought me from Niagara Falls a bow and a quiver full of arrows guaranteed as the handiwork of a great Indian chief. These aboriginal implements I had brought with me across the Atlantic, along with boxing clubs and banjo, and on my next visit at the palace I presented the Red Indian equipment to Prince William. I had never seen an Indian, but had absorbed the tales of Cooper. Prince William questioned me on the life and practices of the Red man, and incidentally the climatic and geographical conditions under which Chingakook passed his interesting life. He never wearied of playing at Indians in the vast park, and our game was facilitated by other boys whose fathers were important Prussian officials and therefore had to be asked, at least once, in order to avoid giving offence. These youngsters, however, had been drilled at home in orthodox Prussian etiquette, and consequently were hopelessly uninteresting to either the young princes or their parents. The etiquette I refer to consists in smiling when royalty smiles, in speaking only when royalty has put a question, in moving only when royalty has made a first move. All this is excellent on formal occasions, but fatal when boys meet for the purpose of stretching their muscles, expanding their lungs, and mussing their clothes.

The Crown Prince Frederick was the simplest of men—he never failed to come strolling through the grounds like a kindly father with his British bride on one arm. They always asked to be remembered to my father and mother, and never discouraged us from romps, however much they might spoil our clothes or jeopardize our necks. They, too, must have liked some side of me, for whilst my visits there were almost constant, I rarely met the same German boys twice. They were too much tamed, or should I say cowed. William and Henry were full of energy and enthusiasm, but they failed to overcome in their Prussian guests the hereditary Junker

blood that crawls in the presence of majesty and becomes the blustering bully towards inferiors. We made these boys play Indians, and when we caught them we tied them to trees and shot at them with arrows after dancing savagely about them and, amid piercing yells, scalping them with improvised knives. The arrows were fortunately blunt, and still more fortunate was it that we did not put out some eyes or knock in some front teeth. Those days were cruel ones to Hinzpeter. He iterated and reiterated in hoarse whisper to me that I must be less rough—must be careful—that Prince William had but one arm. Of course, I could but promise betterment—a human promise and therefore frail.

Near the palace was a complete three-masted frigate—all but the deck and hull. The masts were planted in the sand, and that no youngster might break his bones when falling from a yard a strong net was stretched below much as one sees in circuses under trapeze or slack-wire acrobats. Of course this proved the source of endless excitement—climbing aloft, lying out on the overhanging spars, and then pretending to fall overboard amidst much cheering.

Prince William was forbidden to go aloft through Hinzpeter's excess of timidity, and therefore the frigate of the sandy sea was but rarely frequented. There was, however, a miniature frigate on real water, and when the weather favoured us we had many a cruise in this Lilliputian war vessel. She had been given to the father of old Emperor William by the then King of England, William IV—an enthusiastic sailor who had seen much active service in the British Navy. He had visited Frederick the Great in Potsdam, and probably been struck by the amount of water and the scarcity of boats in that favoured region.

The Great Frederick himself was an arch-pacifist, as anyone may discover for himself by referring to his voluminous correspondence with Voltaire. But had none

of these documents come down to us, we still could point to the years between the close of the *Seven Years' War* and his death (1763–86), when only he could have made or prevented another Armageddon. Moreover, his successor kept the peace, until the Revolutionary forces of France unchained the twenty years of Napoleonic ascendancy, glory, and humiliation. We may therefore credit the Great Frederick with a German peace lasting thirty years—and this in spite of most alluring offers to draw the sword for the enlargement of his territory.

Every school-child knows that England subsidized Prussia in her Seven Years' War, that she fought for her in the Napoleonic wars, and supplied her generously with money, guns and uniforms in order that Blücher might cross the Rhine in 1814, and march down the Champs Élysées at the head of his victorious Prussians. But neither Frederick the Great nor Blücher, nor any Prussian monarch until William II, was ever so mad as to plan a Germany that should be not merely invincible on land, but superior to England at sea. And this madness had its roots in the little toy frigate given by England's popular "Sailor Prince" to the husband of Queen Louise about one hundred years ago!

Seen at a distance, and with no objects near that could guide the eye to form an idea of relative size, this toy ship stood up bravely as though she were in reality a war vessel of 3,000 tons instead of being virtually no bigger than a ship's launch. She drew perhaps four feet of water. Her masts and spars and sails were all made to scale. We had no deck to stalk upon, for obvious reasons, and the halyards, sheets, etc., all were worked by a crew whose feet were in the bilges. We must thank the Empress Frederick for first awakening sailor tastes at the Prussian Court; and, incidentally perhaps, the British Embassy, whose members made Potsdam their summer home, and who naturally spent much time rowing and sailing, and thus familiarizing the local people

with well-built boats. Old Emperor William cared nothing for the water, and took no interest in a big navy or a colonial empire—and *his* father cared even less. It was madness and impiety that urged William II to break with Hohenzollern tradition and seek other laurels than those of native growth. France, however, may well bless that little frigate of Potsdam, for had Prussia not challenged England at sea who knows—but— . . . and so let us bless the uncle of Queen Victoria who founded the German Navy by providing a prospective Kaiser with just the toy he most ardently coveted.

Our crew consisted of a handful of men-o'-war's-men detailed here from Kiel. They huddled along the keelson, cleverly trimming the sails and hauling aft the sheets as the little craft went about, and belaying at the little cleats and coiling down the little ropes—all as nearly according to naval etiquette as the space permitted. We never wearied of learning from these big, bronzed seamen. There was eternal tacking to be done, as might be expected in waters fit only for small craft; but this gave us all the more practice. Prince William never tired of playing at sailor—never, unless for the same reasons that made the first Napoleon weary of war!

Of course he was handicapped by the impotence of one arm—his left one; yet his right arm and hand gained what the other lost—at any rate, so it seems to me. In later life he handled a fowling-piece admirably with one arm only, and his hand-grip was formidable—worthy of an American candidate for office. His physician—the late Surgeon-General von Leuthold—told me that this brachial impotency of the Kaiser arose from clumsy surgical handling at birth—the arm was twisted and some ligament was torn. I repeat this, because Dr. von Leuthold was one whom I respected. He had the courage to resist many temptations and to insist upon diet and outdoor exercise rather than upon fashionable serums or operations. This latter course was particu-

larly applicable to a persistent suppuration, which later compelled the Kaiser to have cotton in one ear and made him liable to throat inflammation. Dr. Leuthold had small faith in pills, but knew the power of self-control. We rarely appreciate good health until we are in danger of losing it. Prince William early realized the necessity for constant self-denial. An orthodox medical man would have killed him had he not had parents of common sense.

The Princess Victoria was keen on the training of girls, the nursing in hospitals, and especially the rearing of babies. She pressed reforms upon an unwilling Prussian public, and shared the fate of reformers. She was the apostle of milky food for children in a community whose insides made them prefer *sauerkraut*, pickled herrings and beer to the best nursery meal of old England. She preached fresh air to people who sealed their bedrooms hermetically. She pleaded for the daily tub and clean underwear in a world which smelt of organic impurity and foul underclothing. Of course, she made enemies, for she laboured against the current of national custom. The Prussian of my boyhood was clean only in summer when swimming was inexpensive and frequently obligatory. In winter he practised the dangerous economy of blocking the ventilators. Yet the population kept on increasing. What might it not swell to if properly handled in babyhood!

Before sending me home in the royal carriage we always had supper, usually out of doors. At Schillbach's I was being badly or under-fed. Their table was of the normal North German kind—largely stuff that makes a modern *delicatessen* counter-attractive to homeless Americans. Ham, smoked meats, sour food of every kind, potato salads with much vinegar and little oil—food to which I had never accustomed my clamorous cavities either in France or America. Beer and coffee were the only beverages, and they harmonized fairly well

with all the salty, sour, sausagy stuff dear to the Vandal *hausfrau*. But I yearned for the nursery puddings, the wholesome joint and vegetables with plenty of gravy, and butter and bread, and raisin cake and jams, and the toothsome etceteras that filled our home larder. Such things were unknown or very scarce with Schillbach, and I must have made this manifest by the appetite I displayed when supping in the Sans Souci Park. Prince William called my attention to the excellent rice pudding —juicy and creamy. Had he stopped there I would have agreed with him that it was good. Indeed, the rapidity with which I took in cargo made any compliment of mine superfluous. But he boasted that his mother had made it, and added: "My mother makes the best puddings in the world!" To which I protested that *my* mother could make a rice pudding just as good—maybe better!" This important matter was never decided. Prince William apparently thought none the worse of me for championing my mother, and, for my part, I was delighted to learn incidentally that as a promoter of wholesome diet his mother was capable in more than mere theory.

The princesses and their little playmates had a separate table near ours, and though we never played together we could use our eyes. The Crown Princess always examined attentively each plate, and made sure that his or her napkin was properly fastened under the chin, and that the food was properly prepared. She had a word for the governesses, and in general acted in the business-like manner of one accustomed to hospital and nursery inspection. I noticed that the Crown Prince, though wearing the undress frock-coat of a general, permitted the front to be very informally unbuttoned. His wife resembled her mother, and always dressed and looked as though fresh from Balmoral or Windsor. In any large gathering one could always mark her for being conspicuously English.

From 1871 to 1896, years which included William II's first eight years on the throne, the late Empress Frederick was frequently in our conversation, but never on his part other than respectfully. There were many points on which, in later years, he and his parents held opposing political views; he was frankly an autocrat, whilst they were inclined towards parliamentary government with ministerial responsibility. They could never harmonize on that field. William II was to his father as the Emperor Frederick had been to the first Kaiser, and as he had been to his predecessor, Frederick William IV. Indeed, for the past century, at least, no Hohenzollern had ascended the throne without marking disapproval of him who had governed up to that moment—such is human nature: and who is more human than a king?

As kings, moreover, the Hohenzollerns of my lifetime have been singularly *un*human, in so far as history can find none of those extra-marital episodes that lend popularity to tales of the Tuileries and Versailles. The life of William II, of his father, and even his grandfather furnish but pleasing pictures of domestic respectability, and the same is even more true of Queen Louise's husband, this Kaiser's great-grandfather of blessed memory. Where amongst rulers can you find four generations whose home life would bear the scrutiny of a Pepys or Boswell. I heard George von Bunsen say that Napoleon III was much surprised, if not pained, because the future Emperor Frederick, on the occasion of his visit to the French capital, in 1867, would not receive into his bed an otherwise charming actress who had been provided for him at considerable expense. This tale has no importance other than what it gains from the character of him who told it; and the corollary thereto is that the gallant host of the Tuileries regarded it as a point of honour that his guests at the great exposition should pass not merely their days, but also their nights, in congenial occupation.

These fugitive memories of mine might be made more acceptable were it possible to relate of a now fallen monarch anecdotes that foreshadowed a cruel, war-loving, hypocritical and treaty-breaking tyrant. Alas, between 1871 and 1896, he showed me only an exceedingly manly and well-bred youth, ready to take his share of the rough and tumble, a good listener no less than a fluent and forcible talker—in short, such a one as the world had a right to expect from such parents. Nor was his younger brother behind him in these qualities, although by nature or education he appeared to always remember that William was the elder.

We separated in the summer of 1872: he to enter the school (*Gymnasium*) in Cassell, from which he was to matriculate at the Bonn University, whilst I sailed across the Atlantic to prepare for Yale at the Academy of Norwich on the Thames of New England. Neither of us imagined then that we would ever meet again.

CHAPTER X

The Spirit of Germany in 1872—How it changed to that of 1914—Schillbach takes me to Strassburg—French Sentiment there—Cathedral and Ruins—Châteaux d'Œx in 1872—Schillbach overeats—On German Table Manners—Anecdote of the Kaiser's Guests, and of Count Herbert Bismarck

Those German years are historically worth recalling, for they represent a short and brilliant moment in the life of a nation which not long before was a byword for political, social, and commercial helplessness, and which was destined in 1914 to be regarded throughout the world as a dangerous and ill-bred bully. Never again can we look for so strange a conjunction as raised the sandy Prussia of 1870 into an Empire whose war lord made every neighbour anxious. In 1872 scholarship still sat enthroned no less than monarchy. The soldiers who marched back from Paris were hailed as unifiers of the Fatherland, and there was a fraternal spirit between soldiers and civilians—that I could readily notice. It was a common sight to find bearded officers relating war experience to inquisitive strangers at the same beer table or *table d'hôte*. If ever we can speak of the Prussian Army as a popular or democratic institution, it is in that 1870 period, when all Germany was more inclined to thank God for their good luck than to encourage another war. It was then axiomatic that the German schoolmaster had crushed Napoleon. Germany put into the field not merely a vastly larger and better-equipped army than that of her enemy, but an army whose units were better educated. Whilst Napoleon had kept his people intellectually under the guidance of Roman

clericals, William I had so encouraged universal elementary education that in his army he found a host of non-coms. whose general knowledge almost doubled the efficiency of his total. The world is not likely again to see a great people betrayed as was France in 1870; nor a militaristic autocracy like that of Prussia so successfully masquerade as the champion of general *Kultur*. The Prussia of 1870 was poor in purse, but rich in families like the Schillbachs. The State was everything —the individual nothing. Taxes took every superfluous penny from the homes and made them over into warlike implements. Public servants, army officers, teachers, clergymen, led lives of almost ascetic parsimony—for men still spoke of the years when the great Napoleon dictated peace in Berlin, and when from the Baltic to the Alps French regiments marched and countermarched and lived on the fat of the land. The almost miraculous *débâcle* at Metz and Sedan sounded in Germany like that which crumbled the walls of Jericho.

A still greater miracle, however, was in store: Paris invested, civil war in France, volunteers rushing to enrol themselves in the new republican army, and order finally arising out of chaos, and the huge war indemnity paid to Prussia as fast as her patriotic peasantry could lay hands on their savings and deposit them on the altar of their new-made country. Here was an object-lesson to wise Germans. They had overthrown a Napoleon: they had not conquered the people. By brute force they had mutilated French territory, but they had at the same time awakened a patriotism amongst those whom they thought crushed, until finally all internal discord was hushed in anticipation of the grand sacrifice at Verdun.

My beloved master, the Herr Doktor, was engaged to escort me in 1872 from Potsdam to Switzerland, and there to continue coaching me until time for embarkation. We stopped at many interesting points—notably Strassburg. Now Schillbach was not merely of Saxon ancestry,

but could not possibly look other than German in either face, manner, or dress. He taught at the *Gymnasium* what, on the Spree and Havel, passed for the language of Lamartine and Fénélon, but in my ears it sounded no more like French than Hudson River Home-brew recalls Châteaux Yquem. The Prussian public had been Governmentally educated to expect a warm welcome in the newly annexed provinces, and my master promised me a rare treat.

He kept his promise!

We walked from the station towards our hotel, Schillbach discoursing on ancient Germanic history, the Holy Roman Empire, and the joy of knowing that Strassburg at last was united to the parent stock. Had Schillbach limited his talk to my discreet, even though sceptical, ears, he might have been spared. But no, he insisted on showing me how deeply rooted was love of Prussia in this ancient city. So he politely stopped a passing native, and most effusively inquired of him how he could most easily find our *Maison Rouge*.

Alas for my good master! Alas for his happy illusions! Alas for his prophetic instruction! The Strassburg pedestrian stared my master all over, then called him Hog of a Hun, a *sale Prussien*, and then turned his back on him—and so ended Schillbach's first lesson in Alsatian Prussianism.

The Cathedral had not been demolished, but heaps of debris lay about it as reminders of the bombardment. The public library was but a heap of ashes, and the public mind held Prussia responsible. My poor master never again told me anything about Strassburgers yearning to welcome visitors from Berlin. He did not breathe easily until he had crossed the Swiss frontier, for even on the train which carried us to Basel, the compartment was occupied by passengers who fiercely and volubly denounced Prussian barbarism, especially in Alsace. They looked as though they would gladly have

pitched my master out of the window, especially when in his mangled French he attempted to join their conversation. They overwhelmed him by loud and concentrated volleys of heated statements, which he could not have understood even if they had been emitted one at a time. He understood nothing of the words excepting the inevitable *sale Prussien* and *barbare*; but it required no linguistic proficiency on his part to discern that their observations were not intended to flatter either him or his Government.

Châteaux d'Œx was a charming unspoiled village in 1872. My parents were there, and the six of us children at the delightful *Pension Rosa*. Madame Rosa was kindness itself, and bountiful was her table. There were bowls of richest cream accessible to all, and apparently unlimited; also wild strawberries freshly picked every morning. Madame Rosa had a kindly family to help her—boys and girls of the clean, cheery, farmer type. The *pension* was like a big family, half English and half American. We youngsters enjoyed ourselves hugely, climbing about this beautiful Canton de Vaud, once more chattering French with chance acquaintance, and revelling in the frankness of manners, and above all in the abundance of good wholesome food.

My good master had probably never before in his life been trusted to enjoy food *à discrétion*, and soon advertised this plainly, though painfully, by erupting at various conspicuous places, notably his nose, which swelled red with pimples, boils, carbuncles, and other such outlets for overspiced blood. He had hitherto eaten a lean and limited ration in the home where a thrifty wife kept all good things under lock and key. The change from that regime to cream so rich that a spoon could stand erect therein was too much for my hitherto model master, who now exhibited the inevitable consequences of an education devoid of self-mastery, and nature did not suspend her laws on his account.

He suffered much, and Madame Rosa said it served him right. " C'est bien fait," said she, " c'est toujours les Allemands qui mangent comme des cochons, ça lui apprendra une autre fois ! " Madame Rosa was ordinarily the most motherly and obliging of matrons, and merited a houseful of grateful and well-behaved guests. Schillbach was the only German; and her dislike for his people was not diminished by the vigour of his attacks upon her savoury puddings, to say nothing of her strawberries and cream. The example of my learned master explained later on why in Germany not even bread and butter are served as a matter of course, why food is doled out and paid for as in a famine. It used to be a delight in England to enter the coffee-room of an inn, to find a cheery open fire and a side-board from which guests might cut a slice of ham or beef, however great or small. The loaf of bread and the butter and the cheese, all were handy as for those accustomed to satisfy a normal appetite. One felt in honour bound to behave as at the table of a friendly family. But such customs are the result of many generations in which the conditions of life have encouraged kindly manners. Prussia has not yet attained that desirable plane of civilization, nor is she likely to in our lifetime. I have it from the best living authority —a friend of many crossings, the chief steward of a crack pre-war *Norddeutscher Lloyd*—and, in parenthesis, pray remember that a gentleman cannot be regarded as such until he has been tested at a distance from home restraints. The veriest Puritan of Boston or Oklahoma may look like a libertine after a few nights of Budapest or Vienna; and the stanchest advocate of teetotalism should not be trusted after a first experience of real French wine. My venerable and philosophic chief steward used language like this: " The place to study international relativity is on this North American run, where passengers of every European country must be

cared for and humoured. Germans make us the most difficulty—particularly those who are not accustomed to luxury at home. English and Americans are the easiest, the least exacting, and the most liberal. They rarely quarrel, and are considerate of servants. My countrymen are incessantly having disputes, largely due to their overeating and thus becoming irritable. They are not educated to a liberal table, and that is why they make pigs of themselves."

This chief steward was commandeered for the opening of the Kiel Canal in 1895 on the ship chartered by the Kaiser for members of the German Parliament and other of his guests. He received reports from the members of his staff that Prussian legislators, not satisfied with drinking freely at the expense of their Kaiser, had ordered unopened bottles into their state-rooms and packed them away in their trunks and hand-luggage for future family use. I asked him if nothing could be done to protect the Kaiser in such an emergency, and he said No—that their orders were to supply anything the Imperial guests might call for—liqueurs, wine, cigars, and all was to be charged to their sovereign. "However," said he, "we did this much. One M.P. had both sides of his Gladstone bag stowed with champagne bottles—a full dozen. The bag was not closed when I made my inspection, so I ordered his room steward to carry them all back to the wine-bins, and I never heard from that Reichstag member!"

In 1889, when I was the guest of the Kaiser on a yachting cruise to the Near East, the great Herbert Bismarck, then Chief of the Foreign Office, took the head of our mess-table. The chief steward had provided the usual champagne glasses, and was about to fill the first and most important of them when Bismarck, junior, put this question: "Who is paying for this champagne?" "His Majesty the Kaiser," was the answer. "How dare you, then," roared the outraged guest, "put

such contemptibly diminutive glasses before me? Bring me at once a proper glass!" And then, having been duly provided with such a one as we associate with *long drinks*, he swallowed the Kaiser's best champagnes after the manner of a *corps student* with mugs of beer.

Bismarck, junior, was excellent company—drunk or sober. I saw much of him then, and marvelled that one of such manners could hold high office. But here I quote him only because he, in common with my fellow-guests of the Imperial German Parliament and my beloved master Schillbach, illustrated the broad but uncomplimentary observation of my friend, the chief steward, regarding Prussian manners. Let me not be suspected of commenting unkindly or generalizing unfairly. My task is merely to record; and by preference I select such isolated impressions as have been confirmed in later years, and may thus be deemed useful as warnings to my very young readers. Verily Brillat Savarin could never have earned his gastronomic fame in Berlin!

CHAPTER XI

I graduate at Norwich Academy and enter Yale—Contrast of Church Comforts in Potsdam and Norwich—Professor Hutchison's Sunday-school Class—Multiplication of Sects not harmful—As to Co-education in American Colleges—Women cannot meet the Competition of Men

In 1873 I graduated at the excellent Academy of Norwich, and entered the Freshman class at Yale. Norwich was then the home of David A. Wells, the Economist and Free Trader; of W. A. Buckingham, nine times re-elected Governor of Connecticut, a very dignified and kindly figure; and of Senator L. S. Foster, Chairman of the Foreign Affairs Committee, and for a short while, owing to the assassination of President Lincoln, Vice-President of the United States.

Here was another stroke of good fortune for me, as unexpected as it was welcome. My father had crossed the ocean for no other reason than to assure himself that my new departure in Connecticut should be made under propitious auspices, and his hopes were soon abundantly gratified. We lost no time in calling upon the Principal of the Academy and Mrs. Hutchison at their comfortable home. We fell in love with one another immediately, and a friendship was here formed which lasted until the noble Professor's death many years afterwards. He had been a missionary in Turkey, and had therefore seen something of the Old world, was a graduate of Yale, had rowed in his 'Varsity crew, and whilst I was inmate of his family never a holiday passed but we tramped every hour of it with dog and gun, out after quail, grouse, or woodcock. He handled his dog admirably,

and gave us good sport at least once a week. Norwich was then a small town with game on all sides in the woods and swamps. We usually hired a buggy in order to reach our hunting ground the sooner; and our lunch was invariably some sandwiches of brown bread plus a raw steak, which we bought *en route* at the butcher's, and roasted in the woods. Of course we were careful to beat down the cinders after our *al fresco* meal.

Professor Hutchison was a gentleman in and out, and graduates of to-day still refer to the "Hutchison era" as the alumni of Union speak of the time when Eliphalet Nott made law for Schenectady, or as old Rugby boys honour the name of Doctor Arnold, and as it is with Arnold, so it is with Hutchison—their fame rests less upon scholarship than upon intellectual honesty and a rare gift of winning the respect of those committed to their care.

There was land enough about the Hutchison home to permit of a cow and a vegetable garden. Hutchison himself milked the cow, and never shirked any manual work either at home or at the school. Boys and girls attended, but kept each their own side of the school both in recess and at all other times. There was one coal-black negress in the graduating class who could have posed for a Topsy from *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, and of course we exchanged photographs on graduating, according to custom. This girl cried bitterly because she did not win a prize for English composition, whilst in my heart I felt bitterness that she did not compete for some prize in the kitchen or laundry line, instead of reaching for fruit in the groves of Academe. We had an African servant at the Hutchisons', an excellent cook, who had her special seat in the gallery of our Congregational Church. The minister preached good sermons, but had to make many excuses for driving a fast horse in a racing buggy. He said that his doctor insisted upon this form of exercise for him, as his heart was weak. Doctor

Merriam was his name, and he was much consulted regarding the relative merit of new books. It is the custom in America for publishers to give a discount to men of the cloth—and no wonder!

In Potsdam I had attended the so-called Garrison Church (*Garnison Kirche*), where in winter we sat upon hard benches with our feet resting upon very cold stone. Sybarites carried little boxes of glowing charcoal, or a rug to wrap about their knees. We boys, of course, had no share in such decadent practices. Pews for civilians were on the stone flags, whilst the tiers of galleries were crowded with soldiers. It was to me a very cold service, in spite of the good music, and the coffin of the Great Frederick in the vaults below. The Norwich service was held in a furnace-heated space with heavily cushioned pews, and amongst clean people, who followed each step of the sermon with critical interest. A few hymns were sung, and a few prayers offered, but the *pièce de résistance* was the sermon. For that the first families of New England competed by offering higher and higher salaries to clergymen, who had achieved local fame as pulpit orators. The morning sermon was discussed at the noon meal, and the evening sermon before separating for the night. There was a third service called Sunday School, in which Bible verses were memorized, hard words explained, and books exchanged at the library. The teachers were mainly ladies of the congregation, and a very attractive service it was to young and old. Professor Hutchison taught a class of grown-up men, and I was very proud to be admitted as the youngest member. My honoured master having pressed the sacred soil of Palestine was naturally deemed a pundit in Old Testament exegesis, and bravely did he tackle the thorny chapters wherein Joshua does deeds that would have made even Don Quixote pause for breath. He could not dismiss as fabulous any chapter of Holy Writ, nor was he Swedenborgian enough to

regard miraculous tales as merely symbolic of a spiritual state. He was learned and he was pious; and he suffered much in heroic efforts to reconcile Hebrew atrocities with God's plan of doing to one another as we would be done by. But he shared with us his perplexities, and his learning, and we came away sometimes edified but always mystified.

His honesty and sincerity made a strong impression upon us, notably his total absence of the didactic. A catholic priest in such a class might smile and say: "How much wiser is *our* Church! We discuss nothing: we teach authoritatively: we consign to hell such as question." Who shall say whether one course is better than the other? I've tried both; indeed, I've worshipped under seven different systems of salvation. Each has a drop of good. As God made 85 per cent. of His creatures morons or mental defectives, He necessarily provided religions adapted to their capacities; and papacy persists because it is a product of human infirmity. Gaze, I beg of you, at a religious procession in Spain, or a St. Patrick's Day parade in America, and then ask yourself if such people be mentally or spiritually fitted for any other Church than that of Rome. True, that Bible discussion begets heresy and that few heretics think alike. But who cares so long as they *think*? God's law is not endangered by the man who thinks. Protestantism has produced a hundred sects, and may produce a thousand more: is not this a sign that men are thinking? Multiply sects until the limit is reached of one man one church; who is then the poorer? Assuredly not religion.

I appreciated later in life the secret of Hutchison's greatness as a teacher of youth, his Christ-like sympathy with others in their perplexity. He never made one feel that a question was puerile. Whatever our doubt he would apparently share it; consider it from our point of view, and then from another, and finally place it in

such a light that we could almost think that we had solved the problem ourselves. He laughed with us, never at us. He made the Norwich academy famous, he educated the sons of her merchant princes, he added spiritual wealth to the community, and, when he died, he left less money behind him than a thrifty bricklayer or kitchen-maid. Such are the anomalies of modern America! Verily, poverty must be a good thing or God would not have taken so much pains to distribute it copiously amongst the best of His creatures.

Co-education affected me no more at Norwich than at the Moses Brown school in Providence. In only one class did Professor Hutchison have girls, and that was the Shakespeare class, for seniors only. We were all over sixteen, and the girls of marriageable, not to say flirtatious, age. We had no bowdlerized edition, and many a passage caused hasty skipping when its thinly veiled meaning was appreciated. I did not like the theory or practice of co-education then; and now that I have made the acquaintance of nearly every important seat of learning east or west of the Mississippi, I like it even less. The theory is false, and the practice injurious to woman. The shallow minds that favour equality of the sexes assume that woman can be improved by competition with man. This is a cruel absurdity, leading a host of girls into careers that can end only in disappointment, if not in sexual debauchery. Woman is not nor ever has been man's equal. She is worshipped as the mother of his children. The moment she slips from that pedestal and enters the bloodstained arena where men determine which of them is fittest for survival she lays bare her inferiority. She has been dazzled by the example of a few very exceptional cases—frequently physiological freaks—a George Sand, a Rosa Bonheur, a Joan of Arc, a Grace Darling, a Madame de Staël, or du Châtelet. But these cases count for nothing

in a historic review covering thirty centuries or more.

Woman cannot compete successfully with man in anything save the amiable exercises patronized by the Goddess of Love. From that Olympic elevation she can gaze down superbly upon the men whom she has overcome. Her slaves gladly toil that she may be a queen, and her word is law in the home that she honours by her sway. On every other field she meets disaster. Man may make laws for her protection, and his gallantry may permit her to shine as an amusing member of Parliament, but this only marks a moment of temporary political decadence. There is to-day not a single trade, art or profession in which woman can meet man on equal terms. The Army and Navy; heavy manual work associated with bodily risk, such as lumbering, fishing, mining, ranching—so far even the most enthusiastic feminists have shown scant desire to pluck laurels in those fields. If wages are a norm of efficiency or dividends in stock companies, then has woman shown that she cannot meet man's competition in even such pursuits as those which we regard as peculiarly within her province—I refer to millinery, gowns, perfumery, the feminine fashion world Why are women inferior as tea-tasters, even as judges of colour? In music, in the writing of novels, in dramatic literature, in illustrating periodicals, in painting and sculpture, in architecture, even in hair-dressing, there are women; but the best are and ever have been men. We hear of a woman here and there as a second-rate surgeon, lawyer, dentist, and shall have them in ever-increasing numbers. The *rage de nombres* is fatal, and will prove so as more and more women abandon their nurseries in order to lead lives parallel to those of their sexual opposites. There are now more than ten millions of such careering women in America, and there may be twice as many before this book finds a publisher. They have achieved political equality through the blindness of man, but political

equality can no more make a woman into a man, than a man into a god.

Woman is a disturbing element in our schools and colleges. She is pre-occupied by externals and the ambition to excite homage from the other sex. Man seeks the training that fits him to meet man in the life struggle; and it is a struggle wherein brute forces play an important rôle. Boys normally fight and spill blood and break bones and tear their garments. A gallery of powdered and scented co-educational maidens is here out of place, for it produces unwomanly women and unmanly men. These lines are only in parenthesis, but they are the fruit of wide experience. What I say may not do other than add to the number of my enemies, but it is well that these lines remain as written for my grandchildren, who may realize in their day that no civilization is worth fighting for unless it be one in which the goddess of motherhood holds first place. Let me worship woman in her holy temple—not at the polling booth!

CHAPTER XII

I meet Yoshio Kusaka at Senator Foster's—My first Knowledge of Japan—Yale Freshman Year—An Attempt at hazing me—Freshmen and Savagery—Educational Methods at Yale—Pro-Germanism in America during the Great War—The Banger Rush at Yale—The Thanksgiving Jubilee—Secret Societies at Yale—College Presidents then and now—Sectarian Spirit wholesome in our Colleges

At the home of Senator Foster in Norwich I was a frequent guest. Mrs. Foster was beautiful and accomplished; her husband rich in good stories and good humour. There I made a friend whose death I now mourn after fifty years of uninterrupted intercourse: Yoshio Kusaka. He was much appreciated at the Fosters', and we frequently met there for Sunday supper. More often, however, we arranged for a walk into the country. He was curious as to Europe, and I even more so as to life in the Far East. Kusaka, like myself, lived in a local family, and busied himself mastering our language and our system of administration. He was of noble rank, as I later discovered; and when his death was announced in the year of the great earthquake, he was mourned as one of the main pillars in the temple of Japanese progress. I knew nothing of Kusaka then beyond what his conversation and admirable manners proclaimed. We parted in the spring of 1873, never to meet again, as I then thought! Japan was a far-away and very vague island; and we heard of it mainly from hostile pulpits that referred to its inhabitants as heathen idolators whom nothing could redeem save many missionaries. Verily there must be something wrong about a religion whose ministers must needs insult

their neighbours. Young as I was and inexperienced in theological propaganda, I felt by instinct that only a superior environment could produce a Yoshio Kusaka.

Norwich was my first normal contact with American everyday life. As member of the senior class at the academy, and candidate for Yale matriculation, I was master of my time outside of the classroom and therefore saw something of a typical New England town. Friends' School had not been typical of the country at large, much less my father's country place at Buttermilk Falls. But Norwich was of the standardized municipal type—the standard commercial hotel; the standard main street with telegraph and express offices just as in every other town; the standard post-office to which the whole population drifted daily in search of hypothetical mail matter; the loafers who chewed tobacco and sometimes hit the vast spittoons; the gaily dressed and very self-conscious young ladies who paraded the main shopping street; the expensive hacks which were used only for funerals and weddings; the ubiquitous "drug store" where soda-water fountains gurgled and sputtered; and above all, the ephemeral appearance of the very white and very new-looking dwellings. All these and much more made up the sum of my first impressions in 1872, and of course they would never have been made had I not for so long been accustomed to houses which lasted for centuries. Norwich was, however, comparatively rich in historic background. Uncas, the last of the Mohicans, lies buried here; and Benedict Arnold, the first of American traitors, called this his birthplace. Let me not sit in judgment on one who was a brave soldier; who was cruelly treated by Congress; who had a beautiful and expensive wife; who needed money; who was tempted by the offer of high rank in the British Army, and—who succumbed! His name now couples itself naturally with that of Judas Iscariot. Every year

Congressmen are offered temptation by the hands of experienced attorneys for vast industrial concerns. Do these attorneys waste their time? We hope so—for we are optimists.

At Yale, Sears and I came together again. There was no room for us in the college dormitories, and we therefore took rooms near by in the house of a very attractive widow of whom I saw less than my chum. He had much pocket money!

Three sophomores invaded the house one evening and, coming to my room first, which was on the ground floor, ordered me to come along with them to a basement resort, where it was necessary, they said, that I, being a Freshman, should quench their thirst. Two of them were of the 'Varsity crew, and I therefore edged into the corner prepared for a tussle. I called them offensive names, and offered to lick them individually when assured of fair play; dared them to take me by force, and warned them that even though they dragged me out naked, there would not be a single article of the room's furniture unbroken and the bill would go to them. Had I been in a college room with my own furniture, the fight would have been inevitable. Maybe Sears was the saviour of my bacon; for they knew him as a moneyed Freshman and feared he might escape during a row in my room. So they made exit, after a very sarcastic reference to a future meeting under happier circumstances, and I barricaded my door, and was never again disturbed in that manner. Sears was carried away to a sumptuous banquet at his expense, but he never spoke of this to me.

We Freshmen sank swiftly into savagery—man's natural state. We hated the Faculty and we hated the sophomores. We hated the daily grind of study and we hated the ignominy of our social status. No Freshman dared sport a cane or a high hat, no Freshman was permitted a seat on the college fence. We were academic

pariahs and butts for sophomore gibes whenever within range of their malevolent voices.

In class we came under tutors who heard us construe Greek or Latin, or expound algebra and geometry. My father had trained me to master one subject before taking up the next, and in my baggage he had placed Roman histories by Niebuhr, Mommsen and Merivale; but I found scant leisure for such digression. The college curriculum resembled the bill of fare of an American hotel. Variety was aimed at rather than quality. To Mr. Morrow, one of our tutors, I ventured to make representation that I found no time to read, and he answered with withering finality: "Young man, did you think that Yale College was a reading room?" We were marked after each reciting; and as we were about fifty in a class, only a few could be called upon each time. The tutors were selected less for their pedagogical gifts than their high standing in college: indeed there was little teaching in the true sense. Boys recited and tutors marked. It was not the tutor's business to explain, nor was it necessary that the student should know what he was reciting: he worked for marks, not for knowledge.

In languages, alive or dead, my labours were light; but in mathematics I was woefully befogged. The tutor in Potsdam who had pretended to coach me, had done so in a technical jargon that I did not understand, and showed annoyance when I asked for explanations. Robed in a quilted wrapper, with his feet in worked worsted slippers, he used to recline in a vast arm-chair, and smoke a long pipe. He was not a bad man, but merely mentally dishonest. He accepted my father's money and taught me nothing; for I merely memorized words without meaning. No doubt he argued that Americans had no need of knowledge, that I should soon be once more in my native jungles where the matter would cease to have any importance. His attitude was

that of many another Prussian; for much of the neutral, if not pro-German, sentiment that poisoned our political atmosphere during the Great War originated in the universities of the Vaterland. American students worked for the degree of Ph.D., and German professors were glad to have these baubles to give away. American college presidents thought it looked well on the annual catalogue to have a Faculty bristling with Jena, Göttingen or Leipzig titles. The German Government appreciated equally the potential power of these kulturized Yankee Herr Doktors! Hence American students were treated much as my mathematical Potsdamer treated me. The professor saw them in his lecture room; he saw their thesis; he signed their diploma; he created them Doctors of Philosophy. He did not inquire too closely about who wrote or translated a thesis; he was often gently indifferent as to whether the American candidate understood the lectures he attended! And thus it happens that I have met American Ph.Ds. who sang vigorously from the *Commerz Buch*; talked fluently on the relative merits of Augustiner and Hofbräu, but were dumb when Germans engaged them in general conversation.

Is it no wonder that we Freshmen reverted to savagery? With a few fellow-classmates we would start in an evening on the war-path, roaring college songs and emitting challenges under sophomore windows. Sometimes we returned home with our clothes on, but sometimes with so much mud and blood that we could not be sure. We wanted to fight somebody—sophomores by preference. Boating was my hobby at Yale, and Cooke and Collins my particular pals on these nocturnal prowls. Collins has passed to the other world, whilst E. C. Cooke is trustee for many educational and religious corporations, a giant in the plutocratic world of Minneapolis. Our parents did not send us—at great expense—to college for the purpose of leading the life

of a street arab or Stone Age man. Yet, after all, who can tell? Methinks the woozy-minded apostles of Pacifism and Evangelical Communism would have piped a different lay had they passed through Freshman year at Yale. Socialism and its cognate maladies germinate in sweet and simple souls that have never known man as he is, but rather as we would wish him to be. It is well to go to college in order to learn at least one valuable truth: we are born savage and are only kept from acting savagely by fear of punishment reinforced by the pressure of public opinion. Any soldier or sailor who has been in action can testify to the swiftness with which the red-blooded man sheds the collars and cuffs of Piccadilly and puts on the war-paint of Apaches.

One of us managed to fasten a flag with our class numerals to the lightning rod on the chapel steeple. [I refer to the old chapel of plain brick in the original row of dormitories, now, alas, torn down.] Our triumph was immediate, but of only twenty-four hours' duration. Next morning as we wended our way to the holy house the flag was gone, and our matin devotions were sadly diluted by thoughts of revenge upon the sophomores, whom we suspected of this outrage. They had a stronghold, a veritable Thermopylæ; for at that time the top story of the chapel building was cut up into sophomore bedrooms. Only one staircase, narrow and steep, gave access to this floor, and thence to the steeple. We stormed this entrance immediately after the last morning class, and a few reached the head of the stairs. But these were no match for the besieged. They had no boiling oil to pour upon us, but they pitched us one after the other down the declivity, in spite of constant reinforcement from below. To-day I can afford to smile indulgently at the fury with which we assaulted an edifice dedicated to religious exercise, and the readiness with which we bruised one another and exchanged rough words. The sophomores who then brutally beat me

became in later life my warm friends, and the only ones whom all regarded suspiciously were those who watched the fighting from a safe distance and escaped before any of the Faculty could identify them.

In those happy days it was customary for the Freshmen to defy the enemy by parading, on one day at least, with a monster cane, then called *banger*. This banger was entrusted to the tallest and sturdiest of the class—dear old Whitehead—since Lieutenant-Governor of Minnesota. Of course the sophomores were cognizant of this challenge, and waylaid our phalanx on a broad and lonesome avenue leading to the then athletic field. We were confident of ultimate victory and burning with a desire to make the sophs. pay dearly for their recent attack upon our chapel flag. The Freshmen of heavy and muscular quality were accorded the place of honour at the head of a vast wedge which we expected to drive clean through the sophomore body, to their confusion and our glory.

At Potsdam I had regularly joined the gymnastic drills commanded by my dear Professor Schillbach, and wrestling was one of the favourite exercises. There was one boy there, older than myself and bigger also, who was champion of the school. One day, however, he sought to extend his triumphs to the Western Hemisphere and yielded to the clamour of the boys near me that he should have a bout with the *Amerikaner*. I had from policy avoided everything that could awaken international rivalry, but this contest was one I could not well decline. So I heaved him over my hip and on to his back with a heavy thud, and he swaggered no more in my particular section of the *Turnanstalt*.

On the day of the banger rush I had linked myself with Collins and Cooke. We had sewn our jackets with strong thread across our breasts and had belted ourselves stoutly; we had, too, tied our trousers tightly about the ankles. It was a brisk, sharp, autumn day; the leaves

had commenced falling and made a pretty parterre between us and the enemy. We were soon, however, tramping in a cloud of dust, for New Haven is a sandy waste by nature, and in those days metalled roads were unknown and sprinkling carts rare.

The Freshman banger was defiantly waved like another Labarum under a Yankee Constantine. But at Yale miracles were less common than in early Christian times; and had a cross appeared in the heavens of Connecticut, we could not have seen it, not at least on that particularly dusty occasion. Our gallant wedge butted bravely into the sophomore mass, and one or two of our men fainted under the pressure; but there they remained with loosely hanging heads until the general scrimmage commenced. Then they were dragged out, laid on the edge of the road and probably carried home by one of the many speculative hackmen who hovered in the rear like unofficial ambulances. As we of the leading company were firmly squeezed up against the front of the sophomore band, we were for the moment helpless; and that was what the crafty enemy had planned; for while the Freshmen protagonists were thus condemned to inactivity, the captain of the 'Varsity eight, "Bob" Cook, led a gang of his trusty veterans round upon our flanks, where they dragged out and threw violently to the ground an incredibly large number of those who had added little more than avoirdupois to the contest. The best of the sophomores easily demoralized the feeblest of our valiant band; for they were unprepared for such crafty tactics. But, finally, we managed to make elbow-room for ourselves and rejoice in our individual triumphs however brief. We seized the nearest soph. and tumbled him down and out, and if he showed any other desire than to escape we stripped him so utterly that he had to hide or be arrested for indecent exposure.

It was joyous work with Collins, Cooke and Co., and we uttered yells of defiance and already swam in visions

of gloriously marching home across the college campus, waving our class banger in token that henceforth we recognized no other tyrants than the Faculty.

But our triumph was not to be!

"Bob" Cook and his crew, after a demoralizing onslaught on our feeble flanks, now worked their way to the apex of the Freshman wedge. Collins pointed out "Bob" Cook and called to me: "You—Big—take and sling that fellow there—he's about your size. I'll tackle the long-legged cuss!" So I rushed in for a hold, and knew no more. When I picked myself out from the dense dust and leg tangle, the day was not ours, nor was the banger. Whitehead had been borne down and the badge of our grandeur wrested from his fainting hands. Collins and Cooke were unrecognizable for the mess of rags and blood and dust and sweat that hung about them. The enemy was rending high heavens with a hoarse hymn of triumph as they marched away to their quarters, bearing aloft the evidence of our academic disaster. What cared we for any prizes within the gift of Alma Mater, so long as our banger was in hostile hands, and the campus ringing with sophomore yells at our expense!

The wise men of all time have ever spoken favourably of the blows that rain upon us and beat down our pride. Freshman year at Yale should produce a goodly crop of sages, if there be virtue in this time-honoured aphorism.

The so-called Thanksgiving Jubilee is a thing of the past, a victim to Puritanism. In our day it was regarded as the one occasion when undergraduates could enjoy complete liberty, and speak their minds freely on all things, even members of the Faculty. The old Alumni Hall was the scene of our Saturnalia, and here all had seats excepting the outcast Freshmen. We paid handsomely for admission, but found, after entering, that we were barely tolerated, and that only standing room was to be our lot. Seniors had the best seats; then the

Juniors. This brought the sophomores nearest their humiliated victims and the result was much interchange of opinions and—other things.

There was a stage at the upper end and exercises whose most prominent feature was the burlesquing of our professors. Tradition, however, demanded that the shortest and the longest of the Freshman body be passed up to the platform and there measured for some official post in the programme. The duty of selecting these prospective functionaries fell perforce upon the sophomores, who obeyed the order issued by the Master of the Revels. This meant a free fight in our arena. The body of the hall sang whilst we struggled against the sophomore kidnappers. But here again age and experience triumphed over enthusiasm and unpreparedness. One after the other of us was passed by a hundred hands over the heads of the several classes, and in the passage we were pinched and thumped and hauled and shoved with scandalous freedom, especially whilst over the sophomore benches. Fortunately for me I was accidentally dropped amid the Juniors, close to my cousin, Sam Isham, a rare good sort, an admirable mathematician, who subsequently achieved fame as one of the best portrait painters in the Century Club. Sam ended my troubles for that night, by casting his protecting mantle about me and letting me enjoy the last of the famous Yale Thanksgiving Jubilees, of blessed memory to the undergraduate, but damnably profane to the gods of our Olympus.

It was customary then to join some secret society symbolized by Greek letters. Of course I did likewise and was initiated with awful solemnities; blindfolded and warned to watch my step lest I fall over some precipice. The word "customary" at Yale silenced every inquiry, much as the words "heresy" or "blasphemy" forbid inquiry in matters canonical. From Freshman on to Senior year it was "customary"

from time immemorial for undergraduates to aspire to these honours whose principal value consisted in the power to exclude a majority of their classmates. In Freshman year the chief concern of our fraternity was to guard our stronghold from a sophomore invasion. We met in the top of some town building approached by several flights of stairs. Our portal was of iron, intended to resist battering rams. No one could enter without first giving the password; and yet one night the crafty enemy rushed the gate whilst it was being opened for an ostensible friend, and a free fight ensued. This time, however, it was our turn to send the enemy hurtling down the stairs in rout and amid our triumphant yells.

And thus we grew in academic wisdom at the expense of our parents, to say nothing of a very conscientious Faculty, who sincerely believed that they controlled the purest source from which was fed a Yankee substitute for the Pierian Springs.

But alas! New England was not Thessaly, and our college policemen would have arrested the very Muses had they come to dance on our campus.

Yet never was there nobler scholar or more gentle disciplinarian than the then President, Noah Porter. He was the last of the great presidents, and at some future day maybe another Raphael will arise to paint the golden age of America with a group of college chiefs at the centre: Elliott of Harvard, McCosh of Princeton; Andrew D. White of Cornell; Barnard of Columbia; Eliphalet Nott of Union; Howard Crosby of the new York University; and last but not least our scholarly Porter, author of a massive *Intellectual Philosophy*. We would gladly permit some anachronism in order to emphasize the glory of pre-Civil War presidents. The great Eliphalet Nott, for instance, was born before this country seceded from the great British Union, and he lived long enough to see the War of Secession in his own land, a life of ninety-three years, and this democracy

spend nearly twenty of those years in wars of different kinds and degrees.

The ruminative alumnus, if he be of sufficient age, notes with mixed feelings that the college presidents of to-day have been selected for their high offices on the same grounds that we elect presidents of banks, insurance companies, or a steel corporation. The college president of to-day may have written a book in his youth, and if he be otherwise a good man of business the board of trustees may forgive that indiscretion. But he is given distinctly to understand that they look to him not for the inexpensive laurels of Apollo, but a car-load of golden apples from the garden of the modern Hesperidæ; and verily, as it required a Hercules to cull these treasures in the ancient world, so in that of our time it is the task of giants to wheedle millions from cautious yet vainglorious merchant princes. Our college presidents to-day are primarily men of affairs, good organizers and good financiers. They must know superficially the work done in different departments in order to present before their trustees the needs of medical, forestry, law, and engineering departments. But they must be money-getters and be ever on the move in quest of rich old men and women. These they must flatter by the promise of a Jones Gymnasium or a Smith Laboratory or a Lizzie Robinson Library. This means much time spent for results mainly commercial. Of course the modern president must make a good after-dinner speech; be stocked with apt anecdotes and equipped with all the arts of an accomplished commercial traveller. He must know a little of everything—even of his own students. The published books of our latter-day heads of universities are always orthodox. They are usually speeches in praise of democracy, Americanism, Lincoln, world peace, or other such nebulous and patriotic themes.

Before 1860 men went to college in order to become

professionally equipped for the Bar, for teaching, for medicine, for theology. Colleges were small and poor but adequate. The Classics were solidly taught, and universally recognized as the basis of a gentleman's education. Mathematics, logic and rhetoric were also thoroughly taught, and little more. The bill of fare was meagre, but the appetites were good; students knew what they were after, and their parents made the great sacrifice only when convinced that their boy had a decided taste academically. My father's two elder brothers had no desire to enter college. To-day all go to college as all run a motor-car, and for much the same reason. This revolution commenced when the Civil War brought forward vast numbers of newly made rich —profiteers in military equipment; and was carried onward by the high protective tariff, the new mines out West, and the expansion of railways through virgin prairies. Of my college class, the bulk had no interest in their studies beyond passing the examinations and securing a degree. They clamoured for luxuries unknown to a past generation—bathrooms, steam-heating, carpets and window-hangings. Prior to the Civil War students fetched their own water from pumps on the campus, and split their own wood, and made their own fires and heated their kettles and scrubbed themselves from tin basins; and the exercise was good for the health and there were less absences on the score of colds. Men made sacrifices in order to get knowledge. It was our Golden Age.

Had we, as Freshmen, been compelled to saw and split and carry up our own wood, to say nothing of making our own beds, and hauling up the water, we would have learned much. Better still would it have been had we been formed into military companies and thoroughly drilled under West Pointers, and made to take long marches with full equipment. But the Faculty frowned on such things, and as a result we broke out

into undisciplined gymnastics. As treasurer and secretary of the (Dunham) Rowing Club I canvassed the college for new members, and learned that only 10 per cent. of students regularly indulged in any sport, whether tennis or baseball, boating or riding.

The Faculty never mingled in our social affairs; we never met save in classroom or chapel. In Germany I had seen professors and students at the same beer table discussing matters of common interest; and in England I had seen teachers and taught sweating in the same rough but wholesome games. There was then perhaps too much of theological bias, as now there is too much Socialistic, pacifistic and other morbid propaganda. In those days Princeton was Presbyterian, Haverford Quaker, Harvard Unitarian, Rutgers Lutheran, Columbia Episcopalian, Boston University Methodist, Amherst Baptist, Yale Congregational. So far as my experience is concerned, proselytizing was unknown, and no boy was compelled to attend chapel service if he preferred another church in town. Of course these observations are applicable only to New England or American institutions. Roman Catholics are excommunicated if they seek other than priestly instruction. Civilization to us meant New England, which had then almost a monopoly of educational institutions. If there was virtue in Pennsylvania, New York, or even Ohio, it was attributed less to its own merits than to the good fortune which made it geographically if not intellectually a neighbour to the land of Emerson, Prescott, Thoreau and the incomparable family of Adams.

CHAPTER XIII

I contemplate Suicide—Augustus A. Low and Seth Low—Free Trade and American Clippers—The *Surprise* in 1875—European Merchants in China—Howquah of Canton—Sailing Trip to Japan

In my twentieth year I contemplated suicide as the least expensive way of ending a life that had become burdensome to myself, and the source of anxiety to my parents. My health broke down—my eyes, my digestion. The springs that once were elastic now sagged flat upon the axle, and my progress promised to be henceforth a slow and costly one. Everything medical was tried in vain. The poor diet in Potsdam, the pressure of work incidental to entering Yale, and the subsequent strain of satisfying both sophomores and tutors—both at one time—these were all contributory causes to a complete exhaustion of my nervous batteries.

One of my father's friends was Mr. A. A. Low—famous in a world that knew no higher title than that of an upright and successful merchant. His son Seth gave a Library to Columbia University, became its President, and was also elected Mayor of New York. In those days American merchants owned good clipper ships, and freighted them for the East Indies or 'Frisco. They snapped their fingers at British competition, and asked of Congress no favour save that of being left "unprotected." The merchants who made of New York a great part were in blood British and Dutch. That stock stood for Free Trade, and opposed all forms of Government-meddling in the delicate adjustment of commercial values. Mr. Low's firm had owned many of the ships

whose names and records are preserved in the history of America's golden age—the generation which preceded our Civil War. During that war several had been captured and burned by cruisers of the Confederacy, but such losses were light compared with those inflicted by Congress in the name of "Protection" to American industries. So wise and venerable a philosopher as Anatole France has deliberately reached the conclusion that man is for the most part wicked and stupid, destructive and cruel. Where he made his anthropological studies he does not say, but a file of our Congressional Record suggests a possible source of his pessimism.

In 1875 Mr. Low had one ship left—the *Surprise*. She was the favourite and had just been completely overhauled. In pre-war days she had made marvellous runs to the China seas returning with tea. Now she was heavily handicapped by the so-called protective tariff—yet Mr. Low could not bear the thought of parting with her. I had broached the matter of a sailing voyage to my father, and Mr. Low did the rest—and so it happened that on a beautiful September morn of 1875—half a century ago—I stood on the poop of the *Surprise*, and was by its owner commended to the care of her captain in terms which ensured for me consideration such as might have been expected only by a member of the owner's family. My father and Mr. Low made a critical inspection, for both had had experience of sailing ships. Mr. Low had served a time in Canton and had there formed an acquaintance with a Chinese merchant named Howquah, whose name to-day is honoured in all the old Hongs between Singapore and Tientsin.

China, before the time of our Civil War, wished no intercourse with us. She tolerated Russian caravans from the north, because they did not proselytize. But it was otherwise with Christians who rarely operated far from gunboats. In the so-called Opium War (1840) a British fleet propelled by steam, and armed with long-

range guns, had smashed Chinese forts as though they had been macaroni targets, and in the joint French and British operations against Pekin in 1860, the Government of China once more had to experience the superiority of European methods of destruction and the inconveniences connected with Christian missions. Protest was vain. Buddhistic Pacifism had exposed them naked to the enemy, and at the cannon's mouth they granted free ingress to preachers of a subversive religion.

In the early years of Mr. Low's Chinese residence, foreigners had no legal recognition. They managed, however, to accomplish all that they came for by living on a little island separated from Canton by a carefully guarded bridge. Thus they were kept from polluting the sacred soil of the middle kingdom, and kept themselves free from pollution as well—for Canton then knew little of what we call sanitation. On this little island (Shameen) the Christians promptly built their palaces of commerce, a club-house and a church; they laid out spaces for sport and rowed races as though this were the Thames instead of a river dear to pirates. But the Pekin Government protected itself still further by compelling every foreigner to be inscribed as the ward of some Chinese merchant who in his turn was held responsible in case of trouble. The system worked fairly well. Howquah, like most Chinese merchants of the high class, was of a broadminded and kindly nature, who quickly appreciated the honesty, frankness and intelligence of those for whom he was held responsible. Each recognized the delicacy of the other's position—and it proved in all respects a *gentleman's agreement*. A lesser than Howquah might have killed the goose that laid him golden eggs—might have driven all foreigners from Canton. The young clerks in the great shipping houses were sport-loving and turbulent youngsters, and in their boating excursions they probably found it pleasant to go ashore on some shady slope with some sing-song girls

from a flower boat. At once a Government inspector would report these treaty breaches to Howquah; the inspector would have to be appeased; possibly the Mandarin as well; the young clerks would be summoned and spoken to; much tea would be drunk and promises made—and so the world wagged on as it always does when the law is bad and men are good. When Low had cargo space it was offered to Howquah. Howquah said *can do* or *no can do*. No lawyers were needed, and millions of dollars passed between them with never a legal paper. Such was the honour of the old-time merchant.

Mr. Low and my father left me as the tug hauled us from our berth along South Street, close to a pier of the first bridge ever thrown across East River. The decks were cluttered with loose rope and spars and bales and boxes. Half the crew were in a semi-stupor from drink, and we puffed our way past the two forts at the Narrows and so to the Sandy Hook lightship, whilst the three mates and the few men fit for work shook out the canvas, hoisted the fore topmast staysail and jib; set the courses and cross-jack, and then the upper and lower topsails. We had a fresh wind from the southerly and laid our course to eastward—just clearing Long Island; and so I turned in for the first of 132 nights aboard the good ship *Surprise*.

CHAPTER XIV

The Ship's Crew—An Improvised Orchestra—The First Mate and Spurgeon's Sermons—The Ship's Library—I become Ship's Doctor, Undertaker and Chaplain

Nothing afloat could surpass our craft for comfort in the after cabin. I had a port-hole and a dead light overhead, and a comfortable berth under which were two drawers. There was a bathroom filled from the deck by pumping sea water. This I seldom used, preferring to run out when the hose was working and get a strong spray straight from the nozzle. We had a very dignified steward with a head of grey kinky hair, bobbed in the manner of a Nubian chief. He was a West Indian Mulatto, and under him was a cabin-boy, also of African blood. The cook was jet black, and did his work well. The carpenter and sailmaker were masters in their way —and both English. They had come aboard very drunk, but next day were patterns of cleanliness and industry. The carpenter confessed that the moment he put his foot ashore he commenced a Bacchanalian orgy which ceased only when his money was gone and a ship ready; but he was a pattern to all the world when under sail, and especially when the rum was under lock and key. He was, moreover, friendly to the Muses; at least, I was vain enough to think so when he praised my banjo-picking.

The upshot of this talk was that he constructed two banjos and two tambourines. The banjo heads he made by sawing off the tops of butter firkins; and the steward made the tambourine jingles by aid of a can-opener. We had sheepskins aboard, to serve about the lower

rigging at chafing points, and these were soaked and cleverly stretched for our musical instruments. Cook provided two sets of " bones " from his meat supply and the mate authorized marline-spikes to serve as " triangles." We had now a ship's orchestra of eight pieces out of a total ship's company of twenty-five. In reality it was nine, for the third mate made an upturned bucket serve as drum with two belaying pins by way of sticks. Here, then, opened already a new vocation—bandmaster! There was keen competition for service under my *bâton*, and the dog-watches were largely occupied in banjo practice. Fortunately, I had laid in an ample supply of strings—the one thing which we could not have improvised. Our practice was intended to be secret in order to give the captain a serenade some quiet and warm evening off the African coast, but the strength of lung that was expended in our negro melody choruses made our pretences at mystery very hollow. The men before the mast entered into the game as joyfully as children hanging their Christmas stockings. They strummed and picked at the strings night after night, and memorized the words of *Way down upon the Swanee River*, *Nelly Gray*, *Uncle Ned*, and *Old Black Joe*.

The second mate was from Salem—that famous nursery of American seamen—whether smugglers, whalers, privateers, pirates, East Indiamen or Newfoundland Bank fishermen. Mr. Entwistle was his name. He was a powerful man, and expressed himself in powerful English. But he was a good sailor and never used his fists for bullying. There was one Irishman aboard who made more trouble than any three others. He had red hair and many freckles, and was given to quarrelling; and this ended in his drawing a knife by way of bluff. Mr. Entwistle gave him a blow on the jaw that sent him into the lee scuppers; and when he scrambled to his feet the mate gripped his arm and said softly but with Scriptural emphasis: " This time, you G——d d——d

son of a b——h, I only gave you a gentle tap! But if you do that again you —— —— son of a —— —— I should not wonder if I hit you!" The watch was an attentive and happy listener, and the red-haired Hibernian a wiser man. Mr. Entwistle had good lungs and was invaluable as bass in my chorus.

The first mate had no ear for music, but an insatiable appetite for the sermons of the Reverend Charles Spurgeon, and also for Manila cheroots. So we struck a bargain. He was to teach me the use of nautical instruments, whilst I was to read aloud to him two sermons each Sunday. I had with me Maury's *Physical Geography of the Sea*, and my college textbooks in trigonometry and algebra; and thus I worked out the ship's position by the use of logarithms to the mystification of the mate who had never before seen such magic. Soon he showed so much confidence in my results as to frequently adopt them for his own log. He encouraged me to follow the sea as a profession—in preference even to conducting an orchestra! And indeed, before the end of the voyage, the captain gave me a formal rating as second mate. He had concluded to get rid of his third mate, whom he regarded as worthless.

Mr. Erickson was a man of courage no less than piety. He never used a foul or profane word, and yet he was a master amongst the men. One day the *Surprise* was rolling heavily, the wind aft, and orders issued to spread studding sails. It was making easting off the Cape of Good Hope where the sea can almost justify the expression of "mountains high." The port boom had been successfully hauled out and made fast, when to the infinite chagrin of Mr. Erickson the sheet by which the sail was to be hauled out slipped in some way, and fell out of its block into the water. Here was calamity indeed! All our labour for nothing; the stun's'l boom nearly touching the waves at each roll, the sheet unrove, and the "old man" (as the skipper was called,

behind his back) cursing and shuffling on the poop.

Then spoke Mr. Erickson to his watch: "Now, boys, I don't order any man to do what I wouldn't do myself—and so if none of you feel for to reeve that sheet again, we'll haul in that stun's'l boom and do the whole thing over again."

The men looked at one another hesitatingly. And of course up stepped Olaf the Finn, who without a word took the end of the sheet between his teeth, straddled the long slender boom and, inch by inch, edged himself farther and farther out over the water. At last he reached the end—the critical moment—when he held on by one hand, and with the other took the rope's end from between his teeth and with admirable steadiness passed it through the block and once more up and between his teeth. Then commenced the edging backwards—inch by inch—oh! how long it seemed to us who watched anxiously this most critical part of the venture. But at last he was in our midst. Not a word was uttered; the sail was hauled out and the sheet made fast, and I then understood how Norsemen in open boats held the seas in every weather, and cruised the coasts of New England, and scourged the ports of Italy, Spain and Asia Minor long before Columbus ventured upon the sunny seas leading to the West Indies.

As a boy I read Marryat, and Dana's *Two Years Before the Mast*—books from which I had generalized that ships' officers were brutes as a matter of course, and that belaying pins had uses quite separate from the making fast of halyards.

Mr. Erickson was obviously of Scandinavian origin; of scant education, but loyal and helpful. He never thrust his views on others, but when Spurgeon time came and he lay in his bunk with a clean Sunday shirt on, his hair and beard carefully brushed, a cigar between his teeth and his eyes half closed, he never failed to extend a welcome to Mr. Entwistle, the carpenter, or sailmaker,

or steward, or apprentices. There was no room in his quarters on the after deck for more than himself in his berth and myself perched on his chart board. The spectators stood in his doorway or at his two windows. He always offered them a cheroot apiece—though I do not like to think that his audience was the larger on that account.

Spurgeon was the great Evangelical preacher of his time. He was not yet forty when I read his sermons to Mr. Erickson, but he had kept the largest audiences of London spellbound for the past dozen years or so. Each church in turn proved inadequate; no hall was large enough, and finally an immense "Tabernacle" was reared for him by his disciples and filled to overflowing whenever he preached. He was a plain man, devoid of what we call college or academic training. He did not write out sermons beforehand, but spoke with burning force, and every word was taken down stenographically and carried at once to the ends of the earth where millions waited eagerly for his message. I wonder if any man at any time ever gave religion to so many in such different parts of the world! He published more than fifty volumes of sermons, which were translated into many languages, and, in addition to this, he wrote other works. Let those who lament the loss of religious interest lament rather the lack of Spurgeons.

But to return to Mr. Erickson in his bunk. We had a ship's library; and now, in addition to being orchestra leader, log keeper and sermon reader to the first mate, I became librarian, and distributed books that had been entrusted to the *Surprise* by some charitable organization. Of these books the one volume of Spurgeon was a precious part. All the books came in for some good use, and all would have been returned in good shape and exchanged for others had we not been wrecked—but I am anticipating.

There was a medicine chest on board, and the captain

made a ship's doctor of me. Suicide was each day becoming less attractive; my main worry now was as to the relative merit of the different professions that seemed thrust upon me. My first patient was the one other passenger, and he died. Malicious folks charge me with having killed 50 per cent. of the first cabin, but this is obviously a half-truth. I knew nothing of this man, yet the captain assured me that he was one of the vast majority who come aboard sailing ships for their final cruise. He did not attract me; and, besides, every moment that I was not asleep or eating I was happily occupied in mastering one of my now many careers. Of course, I kept up my Greek, Latin and mathematics now that my health was daily returning, but at the same time I lost no opportunity of going aloft and helping at the reef points or overhauling the buntlines. The men looked favourably on my efforts—as I quickly discovered by the unostentatious manner in which they would quietly push the correct rope into my hesitating hand. Of course I was glad to tail off at the topsail halyards and join in the "shantys" when it was a matter of making sail and shortening the voyage. The captain tolerated the shanty, but swore freely during its continuance. It was to him a waste of time, and, moreover, it imperilled the premium that would be his in case of a record journey. But to have stopped the shanty would have been to rob the ship of half its traditional sentiment. It was an old man-o'-war's-man who had served under Farragutt that was ever leader in this exhilarating exercise, and of his nautical hymns I recall only that they dealt with an erotic heroine who welcomed sailors to her home in a great English port:

"We're all aboard for Liverpool town,
(*Chorus*) Yo ho, and roll a man down:
And there I'll see my Sally Brown—
(*Chorus*) O give me some time to roll a man down.

"We'll roll her up and we'll roll her down,
(*Chorus*) Yo ho, roll a man down:
We'll roll her all around the town—
(*Chorus*) Then give me some time to roll a man down."

What else happened to the complaisant damsel varies in different ships, for there are thirty odd more verses, each framed with a view to facility in singing rather than condensation of thought. The master mind of the fo'c'sle is, of course, he who can graft new words upon this parent stem—a stem that was hardy when Hackluyt sang of British adventure, and is now nearly dead, thanks to machinery and oil wells.

But we were speaking of suicide and medicine chests. I had with me a homœopathic pharmacopœia and a bulky book treating of diet and symptoms and doses after the doctrine of Hahnemann. The captain, however, preferred the treatment that could be promptly seen and felt—when calomel, quinine and Epsom salts battled amongst the alimentary canals and manifested themselves by volcanic eruptions. My patient said he had heart disease—and who has not! So I ransacked the books of each school and consulted the captain and—well—the patient died. But he died consoled by the thought that his family would be at no charge either for funeral or medical expenses. He lingered for several weeks, bed-ridden during the latter half, growing thinner and feebler from day to day. And the more I dosed the feebler did he become. At night I fastened a string to my big toe with one end around his wrist—an easy matter since our state-rooms were contiguous. Thus he could signal to me when he was thirsty by night, or to take him the medicine which the book prescribed each two hours. I soon grew accustomed to these nocturnal interruptions—as all do in any service calling for short shifts at night. I might have continued at this for the rest of the voyage, with no bad effects upon my own health, but that the string remained idle

one whole night. At the other end was a corpse!

And this brings me to my next career—undertaker! Up to that moment I had known death only when raising my hat at the passing of a hearse, but in this emergency I turned-to, with sleeves rolled up, and a pantry apron about me. The venerable coloured steward had seen such cases before, and, so soon as breakfast was over and the pantry cleaned, he came to my assistance. But not even he was prepared for the sight that shocked my senses when the corpse was laid bare of clothing. He was eaten up by syphilis—not only his genitals but much of his torso. The hip bones almost protruded through flesh that was black with corruption, and his ribs appeared imbedded in a body almost gone. Even the veteran steward could not stand it. The washing of such a mass was impossible, and so we wrapped about him tightly both bedsheets and blanket—lashing the whole by means of tarred seizing. The carpenter meanwhile made ready a broad plank on supports in the waist of the ship, whilst the sailmaker provided a piece of canvas and sewed it about him according to custom. Then he was laid honourably on the improvised bier, the whole being covered by the national ensign—and a watch set throughout that day and night. Meanwhile the steward threw overboard all his bedding and clothing, hauled out his chest and proceeded to seal up the room and burn sulphur therein. The chest was formally entrusted to me by the skipper.

And now I entered upon yet another career—not so lucrative as that of undertaker, yet equally interesting. I refer to that of ship's chaplain. The captain compelled me to accept this post, for the reason that he spoke English very badly and read it even worse. So he had the watch called, the yards put aback in token of respect, and the fo'c'sle bell tolled in the usual Christian fashion. The men stood with uncovered heads on two sides of the bier, and looked grave as I read the beautiful words

of our Church of England service. The carpenter and the sailmaker knew their job, so that when I reached the portion where we " consign the body of our shipmate to the deep," the plank was slowly raised until its burden slid silently over the bulwarks and amid the sharks of the South Atlantic. Our late fellow-shipmate had spoken to no one aboard, save in perfunctory salutation, on the few days that he had sat on the deck. Yet sorrow was on every face and there was unwonted silence throughout the dog-watches. His chest contained spare clothing and a lot of pornographic stuff too filthy to mention. And in the midst of it all, suggesting the miraculous flowers found sometimes on a dunghill, I picked up a Bible, inscribed lovingly by the hands of a mother on the eve of his embarkation. The dirty books and papers went overboard after his infected mattress; the rest was carefully catalogued and reached his mother, though the chest lies now at the bottom of Yeddo Bay along with every other chest on board. That mother came to me so soon as she heard of my return home—and she travelled 400 miles in order to thank me for the letter I had written her. And she wept as she poured out to me the noble qualities of her lost child, and what a splendid influence he was in her home-town, and how could she ever live without him!

To tell the truth is a grand achievement, but what is grandeur at such a moment! I would have had to break a mother's heart had I told her the truth.

CHAPTER XV

Crossing the Equator—Catching Albatross—A Digression—John Burroughs—His *Wake Robin*—Adirondack Life Half a Century Ago—Henry Ford and his Gift to Burroughs—Making a Camp in the Wilderness—The *Surprise* is covered with Sand from the Sahara—We sight Fernando de Noronha—Tristan da Cunha—Land of Happiness—Frank Wild and Sir Ernest Shackleton—Maury's *Physical Geography of the Sea*—Futility of our Halls of Fame—The Grave of Maury—" Pig Latitudes "—Cockroaches and Molasses—We prepare to repel Pirates between Java and Guinea—We are surrounded by Catamarans from Papua—Papuan Girls offered me at $5 apiece—German Missions in New Guinea, 1905—Massacre at Siar—My Canoe *Caribee* in Papua—Cannibalism ethically considered—Snake Story from Borneo—English Language in Papua—German Colonization in Papua—The Plenty God and Idolatry—Christian and Heathen Hagiology—Phallic Worship—Contrast with Christian Celibacy—I escape from Siar to my Ship—Escape of the *Surprise* from Catamarans

Of course we twice crossed the Equator, first in the Atlantic and then in the Pacific; but the crew manifested no interest in an event which orthodox writers of sea stories magnify into a lurid nautical drama. Moreover, I caught many albatross with hook and line, and never a man of the crew either crossed himself or pleaded with me for its life. On the contrary, I skinned them and stuffed them for my ornithological museum, not merely these but many another of those which circled in our wake on the long leg off the Cape of Good Hope.

I had read with delight John Burroughs' *Wake Robin*, or rather it was read aloud to me and to Professor Hutchison in the then forest wilderness of the Adirondacks. The reader of John Burroughs was my professor

of mathematics at Yale, E. L. Richards. He was a terror to slackers, but infinitely patient in explaining to such as came for knowledge. You may imagine my pride when invited to form the third in such a party! Richards had also rowed in the 'Varsity boat of his day, but owing to an accident in the gymnasium he had been compelled to renounce every form of heavy lifting, indeed to spend much of his time flat on his back. But like Hutchison, he was of grand moral stuff and continued his teaching by the mere force of spirit. He adored John Burroughs and we read *Wake Robin* over and over; and incidentally he awakened my interest in birds, and who knows but that in time I might have become curator in a museum of natural history!

John Burroughs had been master of the little school in Buttermilk Falls, and he wrote *Wake Robin* in the cellar of the U.S. Treasury in Washington, where his duties consisted in checking off the number of bags entering or issuing from the vaults he guarded. At Buttermilk Falls he gathered the material for his great book, sustaining life the while on a dole about equal to that of a farm hand or assistant mechanic. His books are known wherever our language is spoken, but he lived and died a poor man. Had he received but one penny from each of the millions whom his lines have cheered, he would not in his old age have been compelled to do his own chores and worry over the future of his grandchildren. Rich men acquired merit by having themselves pictured at the side of this illustrious author; and Roosevelt sought the reflected glory of his name, as Philip of Macedon sought that of Aristotle for his Alexander. But the rich and the Roosevelts did nothing for Burroughs beyond standing in his light and wasting his time. Henry Ford burdened him with one of his cars. The illustrious manufacturer did not intend murder. On the contrary, he wished the world to know that America's famous writer on birds had been inspired

by a *Tin Lizzie*. Burroughs accepted the machine, and the result was that soon afterwards a gang of workmen returning home near West Park had their attention drawn to a Ford car upside down on the side of the road. That alone would not have caused them to stop—we do not delay our home-coming for commonplaces! But from beneath issued the groans of a dying man. They sprang to his aid, lifted the car from his oppressed chest and carried him to his nearby home. All this and much more John Burroughs told me himself, for he was a brother farmer of my neighbourhood. He told me that when those men miraculously appeared, he was almost exhausted.

But to return to our camp in the Adirondacks. We were not in the Adirondacks to get lost and be eaten by bears, and so we never moved on a foraging trip without blazing the trees, chipping off a slice of bark with our hatchet, in order to have a quasi-Ariadne thread for the return journey. Our guide was a philosopher and soon became a friend, a venerable Natty Bumpo. He had a little home and farm land on the fringes of the forest, and knew the ways of the wilderness. He despised the amateur sportsman; he was cautious and took no needless risks. For Professor Richards he had a friendship of long standing, but I was a stranger, and a youngster; so he watched me suspiciously at the beginning.

First of all we felled a massive trunk in order to make the back of our shelter. This shelter was wide enough for us four to sleep comfortably with our heads against the huge pine log, and our feet near the fire; it may have been 10 feet wide. Two pine logs were used, one on top of the other, and were held in position by big stakes driven into the ground. Next came the roof—two uprights about 6 feet in height. These were connected by a cross-piece about the same length as the big pine logs. Then for the roof we cut many saplings,

over which we laid, like vast shingles, huge slabs of bark. These we kept in position by other saplings on the outer side. Then we felled a mighty hardwood tree—oak or hickory—by way of backlog, against which we kindled a fire for cooking, and for evening cheeriness. This fire never wholly went out, and in its embers we occasionally buried a pot of beans along with a piece of pork. A night of such simmering made a splendid meal for the next day.

When our venerable guide had slowly convinced himself that I was eager to help him and learn from him, he unbent, especially when he discovered me tossing slap-jacks in the pan and serving them well browned and tender. He was of the primitive New England breed, brought up in pioneer ways to regard the axe and the rifle as the only indispensables. He resented all modern machinery. Our beds were balsam boughs on which we slept for thirty nights consecutively, and fragrant nights they were. We were near the Great Windfall, where was a tangle of trees knocked flat by a hurricane, amid and about which grew wild raspberry bushes that gave us abundant fruit for the picking. And here for a whole month we never saw any human face or any sign of so-called civilization. The woods were, of course, full of mosquitoes, gnats and deer-flies, but they did not annoy any of us because we smeared our faces and hands in a mixture of tar and oil.

And thus I learned much that was not in the Yale curriculum. Our Nestor never wet his feet needlessly, never slept in his boots, and always carefully changed his socks before settling himself to sleep. Our premises were kept sanitary, a trench dug at some distance by way of latrine, and each day covered with soil. No refuse was left about, all was burned or buried. One night I felt my blanket being pulled from off my feet and woke to see a big brown bear. But he trotted away when I threw at him a shoe that was handy.

My love of birds was inherited from my father, though Burroughs taught me to study them; and the more I have done so the more do I marvel at their wisdom and that of the Creator. Indeed I cannot conceive of an atheist amongst those who have studied even one bird.

But this is a far digression from the *Surprise*.

Our course round the Cape of Good Hope would have suggested a crazy captain to such as were not familiar with Maury and his valuable work in meteorology. We headed first for the westernmost corner of Africa, and so close in shore that our decks were covered with fine sand from the great Sahara. Yet no land was in sight. This was my first object-lesson in the mysterious methods of the Creator, Who raises rocks from the bottom of the sea, crumbles them by the action of air, and fertilizes them by means of life germs blown throughout the world.

Our first far-away land sighted was the Brazilian penal colony, Fernando de Noronha, south-west from the mouth of the Niger and a few degrees below the Equator. From here we made a long leg south-east that carried us between St. Helena and Tristan da Cunha, until below forty south latitude, when we were favoured by westerly winds that carried us to near Australia, where we had to sheer off and make northing towards the Malay Islands.

Tristan da Cunha is dear to my soul as the only spot on earth as yet untainted by the poison of commercialism. There is not a road or a bridge or a drain or a school or a jail or a church or a lawyer or an editor or a tax-collector or a vaccinating inquisitor or a politician on the island. There are about one hundred respectable and hardy inhabitants of English speech, who marry and have children, and administer justice after the manner of Sancho Panza in his Island of Barataria, for the only law is that of the Patriarch. The climate is gentle; food is abundant for that population; tobacco

and fire-water are unknown, likewise money. No ships ever seek this lonely spot, for whaling and sealing have had their day; and steamers are in a hurry and need no Maury charts to guide them. Of course there is no postal service, nor any visible sign of government. By moral right the island is the property of Uncle Sam, for Americans were cast away here at the beginning of the nineteenth century, and exercised sovereign rights. But our Government did not back them up; and when St. Helena became the home of Napoleon, Tristan da Cunha received a British garrison by way of discouraging such Frenchmen as might wish to make it the base for a relief expedition. When Commander Frank Wild brought home the *Quest* from the Antarctic, after the death of Sir Ernest Shackleton, he made a careful study of this island; and maybe before the year is out some palace hotel will deface its rugged tops, and tourists in hydroplane will include it as a resting spot between Buenos Ayres and Melbourne. So make haste, ye who would see the only spot on earth where men marry and live peaceably without such disturbing elements as priests and censors!

My father had added Maury's *Physical Geography of the Sea* to the goodly number of books that accompanied me, and I soon shared our skipper's enthusiasm for this inspiring work. Some day the United States may rear a monument in honour of Mat. Maury, who searched the secrets of the sea, and showed mariners how to shorten their voyages. He was the father of modern meteorology, and also of our national hydrographic bureau. The skippers of every nation, but especially British and American, helped in the cause of science, by sending him their observations from every sea. And thus was he able to work out the probable winds for the different months on the great ocean routes. He first brought the maritime Governments together at an international conference in

order to adopt a uniform log-book as the basis of subsequent statistical deduction, and when, in 1855, his *magnum opus* appeared, it was a revelation acclaimed throughout the world, as was later the *Influence of Sea Power*, by Mahan. Both these books were promptly translated into the principal foreign languages, and both were first honoured outside America. Maury's book was published first in London, and I have it from Captain Mahan's own lips that his chief work was rejected by many New York publishers before one was finally found willing to risk the printing.

Valhallas and Halls of Fame do not seem to suit the soil where English institutions flourish. The great Ratisbon repository of Teuton glory excludes Europe's arch-liberator, Martin Luther. How many monuments are there in America to Maury? Gaze at our monuments and seek the reason for their existence! Consult a jury of men superior to party, to theology or social prejudice, and let them select candidates! But you answer that no such jury is conceivable, and it is that answer that makes our Halls of Fame ridiculous! Maury lived poor and died poor. The world hails him as one of its benefactors, yet his own country would not know his name but for the fame he enjoys amongst very old sailors. He died in harness, as an instructor at the Virginia Military Institute, and there, not many months ago, I stood bareheaded before his modest grave, fitly placed in the sacred soil of the state that gave him birth, and for which he sacrificed his all.

The *Surprise* had its fair share of storms, hurricanes, and even cyclones. Once our pig-pen was beaten from her lashings and smashed against the bulwarks by a heavy sea. The main deck was awash, and the men had plenty to do, but all discipline ceased until the piggies had been rescued. Blocks might smash through the deck, and sails rip to flinders, but so long as fresh pork was the prize, each man recklessly threw himself

waist deep amid emancipated timbers with a single eye to folding a squealing pig to his bosom, and bearing it safely to the paint-locker. It was hilarious pandemonium whilst yet a pig remained unsaved, and all hands joined in the game regardless of bruises. The captain had promised fresh pig all round, and to men who so far had known only salt meat there was deep yearning for the moment when we should be officially declared in *Pig Latitudes*. The hen-coop held fast, and we had occasionally a fresh egg, and, at rare intervals, a chicken stewed in rice.

My state-room was at one time sought after by cockroaches—a matter I should not have noticed had they not awakened me by walking over my face at night—and they were big ones. Steward let me have a basin of molasses: this I placed in the middle of my room when I turned in for the night, previously placing a species of gang-plank from the floor to the edge of the basin and smearing it a bit with an alluring trail of treacle. Next morning the basin was piled high with cockroaches that had fallen victims to their appetites. We let the chickens out upon the deck, and they revelled in this new dainty and never did hens lay more liberally than in the days thereafter. But it was too much for the rooster: the molasses went to his conceited crest, he flew to the top of the lee bulwark, a puff of wind caught him, he flapped his wings, made a desperate effort in the crowing line, and the circling Cape hens attended his funeral. But henceforward the chicks were kept in their coop.

We ran parallel with Western Australia, and amongst the unlighted, uncharted and very unfriendly islands lying between the Moslem Empire of Malaya and the vast untrodden jungle of New Guinea. Here was the place for adventure, a wilderness of pirates, amongst whom have perished many a white ship's crew. We were several weeks in this tropical paradise, for the

winds were light and fitful, and the skipper slept little. We had a stand of arms in the cabin—cutlasses, pistols, and rifles, and as soon as we neared this territory all hands were set to work putting our weapons into shape against emergencies. Cutlasses were ground, and I was appointed fencing-master to each watch in turn. We practised the simple broadsword movements of cutting and warding off, my only experience having been gained by lessons in German duelling. The carpenter provided wooden swords, and we made fair progress, and many bruises. On board were two muzzle-loading pieces of marine artillery made fast at ports in the ship's waist by ring-bolts. Our ex-man-of-war's-man and *chanty* maker was made commander of this battery. In those days American ships did not have to ask permission in order to defend themselves against pirates; indeed, not until the administration of Woodrow Wilson did pacifism take so malignant a turn as to permit German submarines to attack and sink our merchantmen with impunity.

One morning we sighted a dozen or more native sails—some from New Guinea, some from the west. There was barely steerage way on the ship—just the right weather for a native attack from both sides at once. The two guns were loaded and ready, cutlasses strapped on, all ready for a warm reception. Soon we made out the catamaran bodies, the innumerable paddles, the brown warriors with startling headgear, and the chief or *mandor* giving orders from a raised platform, and evidently encouraging his men.

We were lost!

At least so it seemed. For the grandest of tea clippers can do nothing in a calm when assailed by a swarm of naked and well-oiled athletes making a simultaneous attack at a dozen different parts of the ship. We might sink a few canoes, and also kill a few dozen savages, but our whole ship's company was but

twenty-five, not enough to adequately man the bulwarks.

Miracles, however, are happening daily, even amongst the heathen, for when within a mile of us, the flotilla on our port or western beam suddenly ceased paddling, went about, and headed for the Malay Islands, whence they had emerged.

Now on board the *Surprise* was a very small, very swarthy, very straight-haired, very active, very docile, and altogether lovable A.B. called José. The captain called him a *Chilalean*, but he was from the Philippines, and had much Moro blood mixed with Castilian or Chilean. I had nursed him in the fo'c'sle, when he had been laid up with some sort of rheumatic lumbago, and I had also provided him with a Testament in Spanish, which he read with huge interest for the first time. José knew the lingua franca of this great archipelago—a jargon of Malay and *pidgin*-English, and he also knew the ways of this watery wilderness. He was relieved at seeing the port-side flotilla retire, and explained that they were Mohammedan Malays, and were at war with Papuans, whom they regarded as heretic. But the Papuans were in greater force, and so they retired for a better occasion—possibly to seek reinforcements.

The Papuans meanwhile made friendly signs, and shouted loudly that they were *bagoose*, *muchee bagoose*, which meant that they were good people come only for trade. The skipper forbade any coming aboard save one, who had been deeply wounded in the flesh near the shoulder. Evidently he had been hit by a poisoned arrow, and had immediately cut the barbed head out and a good bit of the flesh with it. This wound must have been cleverly cauterized or sterilized in some way, for the patient seemed unconscious of it, where under normal conditions he must have died, for the wound was almost deep enough to hold a glass alley with ease. We wished this man to note our stand of arms and big bits of artillery, which José showed him with gusto, and the

native shouted some words to his canoe colleagues which put an end to any thought they may have entertained of capturing us at that particular moment. José told me afterwards that he had described our cabin as containing a hundred armed men in reserve, and that our cargo was only coal!! I cannot do more here than Herodotus, when he repeats what he heard and accepts no further responsibility in the matter! José lied in a good cause.

Trading now became brisk and vociferous: the Papuans reached up to us mother-of-pearl, turtles, birds of Paradise, fruit, shells, feathers, mats, and baskets. We offered plug tobacco, bottles, tin cans, gay-coloured rags, old neckties, knives—nothing seemed valueless at this point of the Equator. The *mandor* of one boat had as part of his cargo some twenty piccaninnies each about three years old—little girls with bright big eyes who laughed and chewed vigorously at sticks of what looked like sugar-cane. These babes he offered me at $5 per head, American money, a reasonable price from the carnivorous point of view, and even cheaper from the standpoint of a zealous missionary, for where else in the world could $50 guarantee ten *conversions*! I had read Wallace's book on New Guinea, and knew that it was a grand field for soul-saving. Already I saw myself surrounded by a troop of dusky Papuans repeating texts of Scripture or doing my house and garden work. Already I saw the fame of a second Livingstone or Xavier, and a grand lecture tour throughout the United States accompanied by a Papuan family in war-paint. But my dream was interrupted by Mr. Entwistle, who was kicking our one Papuan guest over the side amid stormy expletives. It seems that this native had been given some ointment, and told to spread it on his wounds, but there was evidently some hitch in the language, for Mr. Entwistle found him rummaging in his locker. We Christians naturally

thought him a thief, but maybe his object was only to satisfy his thirst for knowledge, and thus are many travellers' tales concocted from ignorance and suspicion.

About the time of the Russo-Japanese War I made a point of re-visiting these waters, and spent a day or two at each station, where there was a German flag, a German Governor, a German jail, a German missionary, and a German trading station. The officials received me with formal courtesy, and spoke with one voice as to the wretchedness of their lives, the vileness of the climate, the laziness of the natives, and, in short, the complete failure of their colonial programme. This programme was made in Prussia for Prussians, and not fitted to Papuans in the Pacific. At each successive German station I was told of native mutiny and punitive expeditions, and especially warned against risking myself outside the range of German guns. The trading community worked plantations by forced labour, which was a system having most of the evils attributed to slavery with few or none of its humane features. The chiefs were ordered to supply each a quota of plantation hands for a term of years at a wage which amounted merely to a few trinkets and pieces of coloured cotton. The missionaries had also military authority, for they compelled native children to come and learn German and sing *Die Wacht am Rhein*. Prussian education appealed to Papuans less even than Christian theology; and the Prussian police had therefore to scour the jungle and seize by force and flog youngsters who deeply resented such treatment. The flogging sometimes fell upon the back of a Papuan prince, a serious offence in native eyes.

Near Friedrichwilhelmshaven, on the Island of Siar, there had been missionary trouble. The island had been consequently shelled by a German gunboat. The native huts had been destroyed in large measure, a party of bluejackets had been landed, and thirteen Papuan men

had been executed. The Governor told me a terrible tale of Papuan horror, how the Herr Pastor had been forced to fly, his home ravaged, his life barely saved. He warned me not to go near the place—I would be killed. And when I questioned him about native religion he said they had no religion of any kind whatever: they were the lowest and most hopeless humans on earth, hardly humans, mere two-legged anthropoids. Had I not known my Prussia, this warning, in harmony with so many others of like portent, would have discouraged me. Fortunately for me, the arrival of a mail steamer meant for the whole official staff crowded hours of reading letters and preparing answers. I was therefore able to move about in my own way, which was in my canoe *Caribee*, a most useful companion in waters where one wished no police escort. This boat weighed but sixty pounds when stripped, and never a steamer in the Far East but gladly let me have it along as part of my hand baggage. The quartermaster at the gangway would take one end and I the other, and berth it on the spar deck lashed in or under a lifeboat.

I paddled away from the Governor's landing-stage as though intending to enter a lagoon famous for crocodiles, but a little of that soon satisfied me. The water was glassy and blue and transparent, and way down at the bottom lay the wreck of some great ship that may have been captured by native craft many years ago and sunk here. The ports yawned wide open and strange fish played in and out of them. I watched this marine museum with delight until from an open hatch outstreamed a crocodile with eyes and teeth looking towards me!

Maybe his purposes were friendly; maybe curiosity alone drew him to inspect the graceful form of *Caribee*. I knew only this, that one swing of his tail would have made an end of any canoe; and therefore I gripped my double-bladed paddle and stretched away towards the

cannibal Island of Siar. I use the word *cannibal*, as it was used by German officials, but personally the word means little more to me than the other much-abused one of atheist, godless, or heathen. All men—white, black or yellow—have, under certain conditions of either famine or fanaticism, sustained themselves by eating human flesh. I have never consciously eaten of my fellow, though I have sucked human blood, in case of a cut, and, when at Chinese inns, have eaten messes about which I could only surmise.

The archipelago about Siar is not unlike a tropical replica of the famous island complex in the St. Lawrence River, but instead of oak, pine and birch, we must imagine huge palms and other tropical trees with branches reaching far out over the water, and creeping vines hanging therefrom. These make shady resting spots for the canoeist, provided he keep his eyes open for catlike animals that sometimes doze in the crotch of a tree, to say nothing of snakes. Alfred Wallace, in his delightful book about these islands, tells of a snake which took a fancy to the very hut in which he himself was to be quartered. The snake was a little in the lead, but his black servants caught it by the tail when it had already concealed some twenty feet of itself under the thatched roof. They tugged and they lugged, and finally dragged it out, when they swung it steadily and with increasing speed round and round until at the right moment they smashed his head against a tree. Wallace, being with Darwin joint parent of the once fashionable creed called Evolution, we quote a snake story from his lips with all the respect we owe to a man of science, even though the picture in his famous book makes the snake look at least thirty feet long. To be sure there are pythons reported as of that length, and fishes near fifty feet long, but they are scarce.

When I was in Borneo I was awakened one night by a python thirty feet long, but I would have kept the

matter to myself had not the venerable Wallace made me feel that such episodes should be accorded a place in serious books. It was a warm, sultry, drizzly, and uncanny night in the jungles of the Kenibatang River. We had been for two days on the trail of elephants, but had not seen any other animals than leeches. Our eleven Malay comrades paused every half-hour to scrape the blood and sweat each from the next man's back, for all were naked save for a breech-cloth. It was wearisome travel, for the trail overgrows with luxuriant bamboo and grass unless kept down by continual tramping; and our men had to take turns in mowing a path by means of their scimitars or creese. We completely lost our way; there was no sun, and at six we were in darkness—hungry and homeless. The gentle drizzle continued, and so we made ourselves comfortable for the night. A species of stretcher, suggestive of a bier, was improvised as my bed. Four stakes were driven into the ground beneath a fragrant nutmeg tree, and a bamboo gridiron was thus raised two feet from the ground—my bed. There was no need of clothing. My shoes did well enough as pillow, and I fell asleep under the combined influence of bodily weariness and the medicinal virtues of trees which God always plants in places where they may do the most good.

How long my fragrant sleep lasted I cannot say, but when I awoke my first thought was of my barn lantern which I had hung on the limb of a huge camphor tree hard by. The light was brightly burning, to my great joy, for in case animals should come prowling about, the light would attract them first. The gentle drizzle persisted, and mist was all about me, suggestive of swampy vapours. Here, however, we were in a paradise where the very flora formed a pharmacopœia for our protection. How marvellous, I thought, is that law of creation which places a remedy close to every disease, that permits me to sleep comfortably on slats of bamboo,

over swampy soil and in wet clothing. Verily here have I found the one paradise with never a serpent!

But just as I was drawing the one long breath of contentment which always precedes the mystery of sleep, my eyes were struck by three lanterns instead of one. Then, as I gazed more intently, what was my horror to see that two of the lights were the gleaming eyes of a black python. He hung from an upper branch in the vast camphor tree, and his tongue flashed in and out as he marvelled at my barn lantern in Borneo. I cannot now explain why I did not immediately call for help. I seemed to be under a hypnotic spell, and curiosity bound me with force equal to fear. The great snake opened its mouth, and in a flash the lantern was inside of him. The monster gulped and gulped and gulped, and with each jugular constriction the inner light rose higher and higher, causing him evidently more and more discomfort. Soon the monster writhed in pain, for the lantern capsized, the oil dripped out, and the flame spread up and down his now transparent cavities. I could see the lantern as it rose and fell and gyrated in savage circles, until the whole inner beast was ablaze and the heavens red with light from that conflagration. I seized my rifle and fired a dozen times. The sound reverberated in the forest like salvos of artillery, and my arm and shoulder were sore, when suddenly the monster sprang at me, and I knew no more. But my friends far away had seen the blaze in the heavens; they had rightly surmised that it was a signal of distress, and a relief party started immediately in our direction, and here I am.

Some were sceptical, yet there was the barn lantern with every drop of oil exhausted. Of course I could not produce the incinerated python—not even his ashes. If dreams were excluded from the Bible, would not much of its moral value be impaired! When Wallace and myself meet in heaven—provided there is a heaven for

Darwinians—I shall tax him with his python tale, and if he abjure his then, I also will take off a few yards of mine!

It was only five miles in direct line from Friedrich-wilhelmshaven to Siar, but it seemed longer because of the uncertainties that hemmed me in; the strange islands that deflected me, and the fear lest a hostile catamaran cross my bow and mistake me for a German. My cargo was light—some biscuit and bananas by way of lunch, and a trading supply of knives and hatchets for the men, and Chinese jade bangles (made of glass, in Germany) for the women. I had good luck, and finally rested on my paddles just out of arrow shot, for on the beach stood two naked Papuans armed as man was armed in Homer's time. They had huge heads of hair such as I had noticed amongst those who came off to the *Surprise* thirty years before. Splendid in muscle and war-paint were these two young men; but evidently suspicious, if not hostile. So we parleyed, and you who have trained dogs and horses and children need not be told that they are poor indeed who have not patience in such a game.

Of course I affected the utmost indifference, though careful to keep beyond arrow range. Such a craft as mine had never been seen in these waters, and I found, after many years of experience, that amongst waterside people no passport is more useful than a well-built and well-handled boat. And so, as I anticipated, the two warriors blended their ferocity with curiosity. They had known hitherto only German men-of-war boats, for in these parts even the German missionary dresses after the manner of the semi-military official, and steers his godly gig after the manner of an orthodox Herr Assessor.

A century prior to German occupation, English and American Protestants had maintained missionaries in these waters, and had endeared themselves to the natives. This they were able to do because they received ample

salary from home: they had no interest in exploiting the natives, but on the contrary, protected them against piratical scoundrels of the Christian white world—mostly deserters or escaped criminals, who made a living by cheating any who trusted them. We called them *beach-combers*. The natives naturally leaned towards those who spoke English, for from that quarter came the honest ships and trafficking adventurers. The Malay language was to them a useful medium, because of trade from the Dutch East Indies. Then there was the ubiquitous Chinaman, the indispensable middleman of the Orient, who brought his pidgin-English and Malay into a goodly blend for commercial purposes. The Papuan inherited therefore good feelings towards those whom he called *Inglese*. But for the German, his language, his missionaries and his method, she had but fear and hatred.

After I had given the two young warriors of Siar time to discuss me, I shouted to them that I was *Inglese* and *Bagoose*. Their faces lighted up, and the rest of my day was as a sweet song. I demanded the head-man of the village, the *mandor*, and my tones were now those of assurance. I said that I would wait for him where I was, knowing that neither of the young men could be *mandors*, and that unless the head of the tribe paid me honour my visit would not be a success. The warriors disappeared as behind a leafy curtain, so thick was the jungle here; and I waited on the long low swell that rolled in from the Pacific. The *mandor* came, and with him a swarm of children, clean, curious, loquacious, and adequately dressed in their beautiful skins plus a few adornments. The *mandor* was an old man, and the two young warriors proved to be his sons. He walked gravely to the edge of the water, and we exchanged amicable greetings. The magic word *Inglese* had evidently been passed round the village, for he treated me as one meriting confidence; and this feeling

I reciprocated by tossing to him from the water my long double-bladed paddle.

I was now wholly in his power: no one on earth knew of my whereabouts; he might easily have avenged on me the wrongs his people had suffered at the white man's hands, but the signs of the savage are simple, and I felt at that moment no more anxiety for my life than I did at home with my dogs and horses. So soon as the chief accepted my paddle he became sponsor for me, and the children then flocked about the boat each eager to carry something. To one I gave my camera, to another my jacket, to another a handkerchief or a notebook or watch or compass—it was hard to supply objects enough. Then we marched through the jungle in single file to what was once a prosperous village, now depopulated save for babes, their mothers, and some decrepit old ones. The women were at domestic occupations in the open space—or should we say the public square—and I was particularly impressed by the cleanliness, and the absence of unpleasant odour. This *patio* or *plaza* was the village place of recreation, and so smooth and neat as to suggest its frequent use as dancing floor. Around this were the big native houses, raised somewhat from the soil for health reasons. I did not inquire then into the matter of latrines, but that feature must have been well attended to, or the results would have been otherwise.

I was shown the spot where the thirteen prisoners had been executed and buried by the German punitive expedition; and then taken to the shore opposite the one where I had landed. Here I counted more than one hundred catamarans hauled up and abandoned by their owners. The *mandor* said that they had been surprised by the German punitive party, and all had thrown themselves into the water and swam to the next island, leaving their boats, and everything they possessed. The two warrior sons were the only able-bodied men on

the island, and evidently held some priestly office under their father, who was the island's *pontifex maximus*.

As the German Governor had made me a gruesome picture of savages raiding the missionary compound and wrecking it, I naturally looked here for such desolation as Vandals are wont to leave in their wake. But the Governor must have listened to fear more than to reason, for we passed through a garden where nothing had been injured, and into the deserted parsonage where everything was as it had been left some days before. The German pastor probably knew neither English nor Malay, and could not therefore talk with his flock. Had there been any general desire to kill him, the matter would have been easy enough—a volley of noiseless arrows from the surrounding foliage would have disposed of the missionary question in five minutes, and of his wife also! And as to the house, a little kindling would have quickly reduced that to ashes. It was to me a regrettable picture of colonial blundering, arising from official stupidity and ignorance of the language. The mere fact of the missionary family escaping seemed to me evidence that the natives did not mean them harm; and of course had there been such intentions, the premises would not have been respected! The Governor's tale became less and less trustworthy as I proceeded, and from subsequent inquiry I learned that this was but one of many instances in which a high official has acted before knowing more than one side of a case—the side on which he may look for a red eagle decoration, if not some promotion. In this case he had listened to a malicious tale concocted by a tribe hostile to Siar, and had ordered the punitive expedition against a people wholly innocent, as he discovered when it was too late. And of course he wished the matter hushed up and no report rendered, save his own official one, to the Berlin *Kolonialamt*.

So careful of property were these Papuans that when

I told a youngster to fetch me some luscious fruit from a neighbouring tree, he hesitated until I spoke to the *mandor* and he authorized it. Then half a dozen sprang like cats into the branches, and we had a refreshing feast. Then I examined the children and found that they could sing one verse of *Die Wacht am Rhein*, and could count up to ten, but otherwise knew no German.

Finally, I was shown the municipal temple—a vast native hut in which religious and political pow-wows were held. Here were priestly adornments, big drums —pounded on sacred occasions—and several wooden images of their gods. It was a counterpart of a Roman Catholic building, dedicated to miracle-working gods and semi-gods. Men and women will do as they have ever done—honour the god who helps them, and curse him when he fails to answer. Whether at miracle-working Lourdes or the Quebec shrine of St. Anne de Beaupré, or the wonder house of the Papuan priest in Siar, the machinery is ever the same. The decoration differs according to the talent of the artist or the taste of the worshippers. Madonnas by Titian, Murillo and Raphael are more easy for me to enjoy than those done in holier though ruder days. Yet who would pretend that the virgins of Cimabue and Giotto were less miraculous than those painted by later masters.

And so in the holy house of Siar I paid homage to a wooden image of the Papuan plenty-god. He is not lovely to look upon, for now he grins down upon me as I write, a vast, self-satisfied grin reaching from ear to ear. His image is elaborately carved in wood from a log nearly ten feet high and a foot or more in diameter. Doubtless a Grinling Gibbons or a Cellini would have satisfied our æsthetic side more perfectly, but I doubt if their work would have appealed more strongly to the theological emotions of Papua. The plenty-god occupies the upper end, whilst at the very bottom is the devil, who in this case is shaped like a wild boar, because

that beast is the enemy to plenty. He roots up the young banana trees and otherwise makes gardening difficult. This devil has huge tusks and fiercely gleaming eyes made of a flashing and shiny greenish pebble called a New Zealand stone. The least reflective of pious Christians cannot fail to note the affinity between this god and ours, for each wears a mighty crown, each has difficulty in downing the devil, and, finally, each is provided with an Archangel Michael, who is commander of the celestial forces against the wicked angels and their satanic leader. In the case of my Papuan plenty-god, the archangel is vigorously trampling down the head of a discomfited wild boar, and his grin is equal to that of Jehovah. The Papuan may have derived his archangel cult from the Ethiopian Christians, who made much of this holy warrior. Indeed, those of my readers who are versed in Roman hagiology need not be told that St. Michael is the only saint officially recognized on the calendar of the Latin Church. The Lord's Prayer in Papua makes much of "Give us this day our daily bread," for about this plenty-god are many bananas and fat little parrots or parakeets to symbolize food abundance. These are well carved—considering the primitive instruments at the workers' command—and they tell the story of universal religion with distinctness if not elegance.

Both Michael and his Master are provided with organs of generation reaching to the ground, leaving no doubt as to the sex of a Papuan angel, to say nothing of his plenty-god. In Australasia we have the easternmost manifestation of the phallus as an object of worship, linking the Papuan with Ancient Greece and Rome, and especially with Brahminical India. But let us beware of associating immorality with religious acts of devotion. The Oriental worships the god of procreation: sterility in woman is deemed a calamity. Christianity, on the contrary, glorifies virginity and celibacy—virtues which

lead to the extinction of humanity. The Oriental woman is disgraced if she have no children; she wears the phallus as a charm, and rubs herself against the *Lingam*, and prays for maternity. We of the Puritan school remove every symbol of sex from our statues, paintings, and books; nay, we even encourage literature which leads towards bachelor maids and childless homes.

When the shadows commenced warning me of approaching sunset, I told the high-priest that I would tell my people about the havoc which Germans had wrought in his island, but that they would not believe that I had been here unless I brought home some token of my visit, their plenty-god, for instance. The old man looked perplexed: he feared for his life in case the god were missed, yet at the same time he had the Eastern wish to load his departing guest with costly gifts. I took him to the beach and showed him what I had brought as an offering, and also I hinted that, had the Germans known of this plenty-god, they surely would have carried it away! He pondered, he hesitated, and then disappeared whilst I stepped into the canoe and waited. Nor was I disappointed; for soon the jungle parted once more, and out peered the high-priestly *mandor*, and behind him were his two warrior sons, each bearing up one end of the long wooden image. They waded to where I floated, laid the image carefully in front of me athwart-ships, bade me a safe journey home, warned me against hostile catamarans from neighbouring islands, loaded themselves with knives, tomahawks, and bangles, and away I paddled in the darkness, guided only by the stars.

It was no easy task to balance a ten-foot log across a canoe whose beam was only thirty inches, especially over a long ground swell. But it was an easier task than escaping from a native craft whose mat sail I could just make out on my starboard. It was another

miracle in my favour done doubtless at the intercession of St. Michael of Ethiopia, for I put my best back into the strokes, and the sweat streamed from every pore as *Caribee* skimmed away from the enemy. No doubt I owed my escape to the silence of my strokes, and the stowing of my masts and sails. Had I been followed, I should have been compelled to jettison my plenty-god and race for my life.

Never did ship look lovelier in my eyes than the mail-boat anchored off the Governor's residence. A quarter-master was at the gangway, and he helped me to carry the plenty-god to the upper deck, where I lashed it beside a spare spar. When we had carried up the canoe, I stripped and had a refreshing salt bath, and after a goodly supper, slept the sleep of a happy man.

The steamer was far from Friedrichwilhelmshaven and its mendacious Governor when I joined the captain at breakfast next morning. He said that my absence had been commented on by the officials, but as I had been last seen paddling up the Crocodile River, they were satisfied. He had the image well cased by the ship's carpenter, and now it guards my front door. There are images of a similar nature in the Natural History Museum of New York, but compared with mine they are as the dunes of Holland to the snow-peaks of Switzerland!

But I was telling of the *Surprise* and our long day of exciting barter with canoe loads of naked Papuans. Nothing of ours but had a value in their eyes, even strips of worn-out bunting from one of our tattered ensigns, though tin cans, pickle jars and plug tobacco formed the popular staple. I did not buy the ten attractive little piccaninnies, much as I longed to do so. But a writer with an eye to prospective complications might readily relate the adventures of a home-coming prodigal seeking to explain the paternity of a large nursery whose only English word was papa!

Towards sunset, a westerly breeze caught our sails, and gave us a good slant northwards towards Japan. This also was miraculous, for from the same direction we descried a flotilla of hostile catamarans larger than the one which had alarmed us at daybreak.

CHAPTER XVI

We sight Fuji Yama—Enter Yeddo Bay—Wreck of our Ship

José was convinced that they meant mischief, but the *Surprise* moved away at a rate that soon left all of them far behind. We saw no more land until the majestic snow-peak of holy Fuji Yama greeted us on the first day of February, 1876. The air was very clear, the weather bitterly cold, the wind almost a gale from out of the Arctic as we approached the entrance to Yeddo Bay. All that night we tacked and the men worked with a will, for it seemed but a matter of hours when we should be in Yokohama, the sailors' paradise—all things abundant, everybody with open arms for Jack ashore, and girls galore, weak, warm, and willing.

Next morning the captain came on deck in frock-coat, massive cravat and high silk hat, ready for going ashore and paying the formal call upon the ship's agents. No one else wore other than working clothes. I myself had on my heaviest sea boots that reached far above the knees, a much-frayed flannel shirt with no cravat, and a pair of trousers whose rear exposure I had myself mended by applying two square patches of sail-cloth. My peajacket was very tarry and weather-beaten, and as all my caps had flown overboard when aloft, all I had for headgear was one of my own making whose lines were those rather of comfort than fashion.

We had beaten so far into the bay as to make out a lighthouse on our port far ahead, when—crash—the skipper and I felt the ship suddenly grind upon a sunken rock, then slowly settle down by the stern, and then heel over to port so sharply that we could hardly

walk. All this happened immediately after our early breakfast. The *Surprise* was a wreck, and, as it proved, a total wreck. She had run upon a point of submerged rock with deep water about it, and the ship kept afloat only through the wind pressure upon her sails.

The captain was the first to leave his ship: he who had for thirty years been a respected sailor and boasted of never having had an accident, now lost all sense of moral obligation, ordered his gig to be lowered, and shouted that he was going in search of help. The last we saw of him that day, he was baling by means of his high hat: the seas were breaking against his starboard gunwale, his coat tails were flapping madly, and the crew cursed him.

But at the same time as the captain was escaping on one side, the third officer, carpenter, sailmaker, and two others had lowered on the port side the only other boat hung at davits, and thus with only half the ship's company we had a serious task before us, and we realized it.

For myself I could not see any way out of our difficulties. We were about five miles from shore; we had no boats but the two huge ones that rested keel up over the after waist; the country-side was all snow, and if ever we reached it, the natives were of course waiting with knives and axes in order to dispatch us and probably eat us.

Of Japan in general the world at large knew worse than nothing, for the little that we did know was distorted. American shipwrecked crews had been reported as ill-treated and sometimes murdered. These tales were exaggerated, and maybe our own men had commenced the quarrel by first getting drunk, and then getting women whose husbands objected. Be that as it may, in February of 1876, our ship's company knew only this much, that between going ashore and going under the difference could be but slight.

Mr. Erickson took charge and Mr. Entwistle seconded him splendidly. The men acted loyally, for we had now the better half of the crew. One of the cutters was finally righted and slipped over the side by clever use of block and tackle, and here, under a lea formed by the well heeled-over ship, we fastened her by the painter, with cook and steward at bow and stern to keep her fended off. José had cut his foot badly whilst chopping away some wreckage, and I hurried to my state-room in search of a towel to use as bandage. There I found my big trunk afloat, but the top tray not yet wet. The water had risen to the level of my bunk, and I had to wade in up to my waist, and the water was cold. It was only the sight of my trunk afloat that reminded me of certain personal papers which would prove important—if ever I saw Yokohama—notably my letter of credit, my diary, and my letters of introduction. These I extracted from the trunk and buttoned inside my shirt. I wasted no time, for the ship heaved up and down ominously at the stern, and at each heavy heave some Cassandra voice would shout: "Hurry up down there—she's sinking!"

No one thought of saving more than his life that day, but as I turned to leave the room I knocked against the wooden half-model of the *Surprise*, which was floating in and out of the doorway. This had been made and given to me by two Finn A.B.'s, and I prized it hugely, though some laughed as I clambered out upon the sloping deck with a towel in one hand and a ship's model in the other. José's wound I bandaged tightly, and thanks to the antiseptic merits of salt water, it healed well, as I learned from his own lips at a later date.

The second cutter was more difficult to launch than the first, owing to the increasing slope of the deck and the consequent difficulty of getting a good footing. As she was being edged stern on over the bulwarks there was a sudden lurch of the ship that drove the cutter against a port davit so violently as to smash a hole

almost on her water-line—a fact readily recalled because it was my knee that was jammed through that hole all the way to shore. We were in profuse perspiration, despite the water and the cold north wind; and we forgot our hunger in eagerness to launch both cutters before dark. Every man did well, though at one time the second mate drew a revolver and reminded the two Africans in the first cutter that he would shoot any who attempted to get her away before the second was also launched. Orthodox nautical yarns deal much in thrilling episodes, violence, blasphemy, death struggles, heroic leaps and the like. Our men worked steadily. Yet none of us knew at what moment the last lurch would come. It was growing dusk when we finally pushed off and rowed with a sharp wind on our beam and short waves that smashed up and over us. We pulled with little enthusiasm; the excitement seemed over; all were wet and hungry; straight, flat, angry clouds looked wind-whipped in the northern horizon. Neither the mates, nor any of us, knew our whereabouts or how we were likely to spend the night or find a crust of bread. On the thwart ahead of me rowed a Maltese. Manuel was his name. He had but one eye, a big strong body, and perpetual good humour. To him I observed that shipwrecks were a poor ending after such a voyage. And he answered that this one was pleasant enough; that his last shipwreck had been on the Cape Horn coast, where they had spent several months feeding on what they could catch in the way of gulls or fish. And so I felt ashamed for having noticed the temporary discomforts of our present little accident.

When we were within a few hundred yards of the shore, we saw a swarm of semi-naked savages brandishing tomahawks and bounding down upon us from the precipitous heights that ringed this little bay. But the mate shouted to us to row steadily on, and each man take his oar with him on landing, and to keep enough

distance from one another so that each might swing the handle end in self-defence. His notion was to sell our lives dearly—and possibly gain time for another miracle. We formed a rough ring about the stems of our two cutters, with our hands clenched about the oars, just above the blade, and we awaited the attack.

The savages glared at us and we saw their grinning teeth and the whites of their eyes. They had bands of cloth about their shaven heads, and no clothing save what seemed to us the skin of some shaggy beast wrapped about their shoulders. And, of course, we thought that our end had come.

All this I relate not because it happened to me, but because it is typical of what happens every day in our discussion of people whom we do not know. Our own Press is but a catalogue of our daily crimes—robbery, murder, domestic and political scandal. We do not note these things, for they are of our own making. But when we read of other countries, we gladly dwell on their shortcomings and assume that they are in sore need of an American to teach them all things—from feeding babies to reaching heaven. Consequently we prepared to kill every Japanese who ventured within reach of our ponderous clubs, unconscious that we would then have had upon our conscience the blood of benevolent Buddhists who were vainly seeking to offer us the shelter of their homes. And thus we stood in the howling storm—shivering with cold, glaring murder at our only friends.

Then happened the miracle! Round the northern corner of our little bay came a well-manned surf-boat and a shout in English from the stern sheets. The shouter was one of the newly organized lighthouse service; he had seen the wreck, and had finally reached us after a hard pull. He ordered us to follow him, which we did with alacrity, and he piloted us along shore behind rocks until again we beached at a fishing village which he called Uraga. The lights in the houses made us think

of home, and still more the kindliness with which the inhabitants turned everything upside down in order to make us comfortable; and yet these were all kin to those whom we would have murdered at our first landing! The good women of my house took every stitch of clothing off me, shoved a brazier between my legs, and rubbed and pinched me vigorously, after which I was provided with a well-warmed quilted kimono. Christian women would have let me die of pneumonia rather than have applied such heroic treatment, but these were pure-minded Buddhists who look but see no wrong. Verily they saved my life, for I had been all day in wet clothing and a cold wind, and had not our miracle happened from the lighthouse that night would probably have been my last.

We were generously fed with bowls of rice and no end of grateful tea, and then I rolled off to sleep like a baby.

CHAPTER XVII

First Night in Japan—Reach Yokohama in Sailor Dress—Our Yokohama Picnic and the Paymaster of the U.S.S. *Tennessee*

Next morning I found my clothes carefully dried, even my long sea boots. The kindly women dressed me, and smiled much, and talked musically one to the other, and then gave me breakfast, and a lesson in the manipulation of chop-sticks. No New England home could have provided more modesty or more elegance in manner than this fishing family of Uraga. Nor was there any suspicion of mercenary motive! I was in distress and they comforted me. They knew not the parables of our New Testament, but they worshipped the Japanese goddess of mercy, tutelary deity of those who fish and those who till the soil—Quannon Sama.

Another miracle cheered me then—the appearance of an admirable Scot—and is any Scot other than admirable! This one had not come on my account, but as representing Lloyd's Marine Insurance to learn something of our ship. However, he kindly took me along to Yokohama, after satisfying himself on the score of my identity by a glance at my letter of credit. It was a hard journey through heavy snow alternating with mud and slush. I secured a jinricksha and four stout coolies, but even then the work was hard and the journey so slow that we did not reach the hotel of Yokohama until long after dark, and when the dinner was already under way. And pray note that the so-called *Treaty ports* of those happy days were filled with Christian palaces wherein dwelt merchant princes with wives or concubines. Free Trade and Free Love meant rapid fortunes

and populous graveyards. Everybody was rich and there was no sin but stinginess. The man who could keep sober until tiffin-time was deemed austere, and Mrs. Potiphar would have snapped her fingers at such as Joseph.

It was all French, this hotel, save the service, which was done by admirably attentive Japanese in picturesque uniform. To me, fresh from the *Surprise*, this hotel restaurant was in every way equal to the best that Paris could have shown. Evening dress was *de rigueur*; ladies exposed their charms to great advantage; the best of wines flowed freely and the cuisine was perfect. Into this dazzling saloon I followed my Scot, who, being an important habitué, had his own corner table and could be pardoned for entering in working clothes! But when Monsieur le Patron perceived the long muddy boots and the patched trousers, and the tarry peajacket, and the stubbly beard and frayed flannel collar of him who followed: "Mon Dieu—mais, monsieur!—mais c'est impossible! Ah non!" He would have said more, but my Scot whispered in his ear, and I retired that night with a heart full of gratitude, and the rest of me glowing with good champagne and the contagion of cheery company.

Verily clothes make the man—at certain moments; although that aphorism is true only when the pockets are empty or the credit exhausted. I had no money on me, but the French hôtelier learned of my credit. Hence on the morning following, he greeted me effusively: "Mais, Monsieur,—mais, comment—qu'est ce que cela peut faire?" etc., etc.

It was a Saturday evening that I reached the hotel. Sunday was, of course, a *dies non* for banks and shops. On Monday I was measured at the tailor's (Japanese); on Tuesday I was "tried on," and at last on Wednesday, after nearly five days of prowling about the back streets, I was permitted to emerge after the manner of other

men, was put up at the club, was handled beautifully by the barber, presented a few letters of introduction, and before another day had closed was booked for a fashionable water picnic.

The company assembled at the *Bund* and climbed aboard a chartered harbour tug whose main saloon was adorned by a huge punch-bowl. I was presented right and left, and all were merry. Six Christian ladies from San Francisco were of the party, and one of them invited me to sit on her lap and share her punch. She started a song, the refrain of which was:

"I love my cocktail strong—
I love my cocktail long:
I love my cock,
I love my tail,
I love my cocktail strong!":

All joined heartily in the chorus and all grew more and more merry as we coasted the now quiet and sun-lit shore towards the naval station of Yokuska. Our host was the paymaster of our Flagship then stationed here, and he was evidently overflowing with love of his neighbour—and thirst. The six ladies from California made no concealment of their kindly disposition, or of their charms, for, as we made up to the landing stage of this naval port, they took post in the lower rigging, waving their nether limbs freely, to the surprise of the Japanese officers and others not familiar with Christian modes and manners.

The captain of the launch, seeing that his party had become demoralized, agreed with me to give them the slip so soon as they should have all entered the house of entertainment, and this we did to my infinite relief. The paymaster host I saw only once after that—in Tokyo—in a jinricksha, with a Japanese public woman on each knee—very happy and very drunk. Unfortunately for him, however, he happened to meet his Admiral, who, with some high Japanese officials, were paying

ceremonial calls in full dress. A court-martial followed —not his first.

Ah, but those were spacious days in the Treaty ports, when a mail came once a month, and when cables and commercial travellers were unknown; when all white men spoke English, and there was but one club, and he who was not thereof might better be dead.

CHAPTER XVIII

Judge Bingham of Ohio—Wilkes Booth and the killing of Lincoln—Edwin Booth—Commodore Perry—His Treaty starts Trouble for Japan—The late Count Okuma—Waseda University—My Talk with him on Colonial Expansion—Okuma draws a Parallel between Puritans of New England and Samurai of Japan—His last Public Function—Tobacco-chewing at the American Embassy

If I am religious beyond most, pray set it down to the succession of miracles that have stepped in to save me at critical moments. One of these was a cordial note from the then American Ambassador, always referred to as Judge Bingham of Ohio. It was he who had represented our Government legally when Wilkes Booth was convicted of murdering President Lincoln in 1865. The Booth murder was more than a crime; it was a political blunder; for it raised a wave of resentment throughout the Northern States which for a time discouraged those who would have laboured for a cordial reconciliation. The Press and many ultra-Northerners pretended that Wilkes Booth was but one in a wide conspiracy to achieve by assassins what the Confederate Army had failed to do in the field; and this doubtless hardened the hearts of those who permitted Jefferson Davis to be manacled in prison. Most cruelly did the crime of Wilkes affect his noble and gifted brother, the great Shakespearean actor, Edwin Booth. He could not change his name; he could not hide himself; but after this tragedy he never again appeared in the Southern States. Many of my Maryland kin lived near the plantation in Harford County, where he was born, but which, on the occasion of my visit in 1867, looked like a

cursed and haunted habitation. Verily the ways of God are inscrutable, for the insane Wilkes Booth released Abraham Lincoln from an overburdened life, whilst he added misery upon misery to thousands of his compatriots, notably his own brother.

We who fill the earth with praise of democracy might well pause when reflecting on the number of our presidents who have died by violence, to say nothing of those whose lives have been attempted; nor is there much comfort in the thought that our assassins have been for the most part unbalanced mentally. The assassin of William the Silent was rewarded for his crime, and his family raised to noble rank, because he acted in the name of religion. Charlotte Corday is a popular heroine because her fanaticism had a purer source. Wilkes Booth acted as an enthusiast, hypnotized maybe by the example of Brutus, and easily persuaded that Lincoln was an American Cæsar. The father, Brutus Booth, was an Englishman, and one of the great actors of his day. The mother, also English, enriched him by a nursery of ten children. If ever fortune might be said to have smiled upon a family it was upon that of the great Brutus Booth: crowned by dramatic success, blessed with a large family, honoured at home and abroad, and the father of one whose fame was destined soon to fill not merely England and America, but every capital of Continental Europe.

Judge Bingham became a very father to me at a moment when I felt very lonesome. Indeed, he went so far as to offer me a table in his office where I might write and read undisturbed; and this was a blessing, for in those days foreigners were not allowed to spend the night in Tokyo. The pretext for this rule was that the Government feared local disorders and subsequent complications. So I found a room in the quarter set aside for aliens—a ghetto, but a very pleasant one called Tsukidji, where was a semi-European hotel. It was not easy for

me to foresee that in the year following Japan would be furiously engaged in Civil War, and that the calm in which I lived was but premonitory to the storm impending. Japan had enjoyed more than two centuries of internal peace and social development along lines of cleanliness, courtesy, and arts that make life agreeable. Commodore Perry put an end to this paradisaical state of Utopian pacifism by forcibly securing signature to a treaty between Japan and the United States. This treaty was notice to the world that henceforward Japan would conform to international custom and become as an equal in the family of nations. It was we and not Japan who sought the treaty; and it is we who now are violating the spirit thereof and fomenting war.

Judge Bingham asked me to a formal dinner, and my seat was next to a gorgeously robed Samurai named Okuma. On his other side sat his interpreter. There were other Japanese notables in their silk gowns and some of our higher naval officers in full uniform, but no one there interested me so much as Okuma, who then was 37 years of age, and already marked for the great rôle he was destined to play as tribune of the people, prime minister and founder of Waseda University. Our conversation was formal to begin with, and may be as representative of the Mikado's Government he marvelled that next him should be seated a young collegian of no importance. And verily, as I look back upon that diplomatic dinner, I can appreciate my exceptional fortune; for had Judge Bingham been as punctilious in diplomacy as in law, he would have reserved me for a less formal occasion. Okuma, however, manifested then the quality of his nature which lifted him in after years above party interests and placed him amongst the nation's heroes. He was dignified, kindly and tolerant. He won me from the first, and the friendship thus begun ended only when he died in 1921, aged 83, and ranked as the *Grand Old Man* of Japan.

He told me of the historic monuments that I should visit, and treated me as though he could have no graver concern than satisfying my infantile curiosity. Incidentally, I told him of having known in America one Yoshio Kusaka, and at this his face lighted up as he told me that my friend of Norwich days was much esteemed, that he was at that moment in the Treasury Department of the Government and lived in Tokyo.

And so here was another miracle!

Okuma and the other Japanese officials left so soon after dinner as etiquette permitted. (No Japanese ladies had come.) Indeed, at that moment, whilst the party of progress was momentarily in the ascendance, that of conservatism had strong support also, and swords were loosened in many a scabbard.

But the swords of the Mikado Government were better disciplined than those of the protesting rebels. Young as Japan then was in modern ways, she had already equipped a naval expedition to Korea, and compelled that country to respect the flag of the Rising Sun. She had also sent an expedition to Formosa, and received satisfaction for the murder of a Japanese crew that had been wrecked there. Korea and Formosa now belong to Japan, but their fate was decided the moment that our Perry Expedition forced Japan from out of her peaceful isolation. The Mikado's Government yielded, when foreign governments protested; but each year Japan grew in wealth, and each year the protests of Europe took on milder and ever milder form. English officers had organized the navy of Japan, and French officers their army, whilst America as a presumably pacific if not pacifistic neighbour, was largely drawn on for educational machinery. After the triumph of Prussia over France in 1870, Berlin became the military Mecca instead of Paris; and in recent years I found that with even medical officers of the army I had to speak to them German rather than English or French.

I did not see Okuma again for twenty years, but this time he was wholly in European dress and Tokyo was free to all as any other great capital. He invited me to his home on the outskirts of the city where he indulged his leading hobby—gardening; and even in the land of great gardeners he was honoured as a leader in that craft. His talk avoided "shop"—which to him was politics—but he spoke lovingly of chrysanthemums. His head gardener looked like an ascetic philosopher—if there ever are such!—and he showed us a chrysanthemum plant with 300 flowers on the one stalk.

"I have not counted them," he said with a smile, "but my gardener is here my master and I believe whatever he tells me!"

Am I dwelling too much on Okuma? I hope not, for he epitomizes in his own career the noblest side of modern Japan. He was a Samurai by heredity and predilection; he threw himself heart and soul into the great revolutionary movement whose chief was the Mikado, but he never sought office nor shirked its responsibilities when forced upon him. He was ever the *Grand Seigneur*, and cared little whether the mob cheered or howled. He was made a count, and a grateful sovereign added to this honour a handsome purse. The title he accepted because it came from the hand of his sovereign, but every penny from the purse he devoted to founding what is now the Waseda University of Tokyo.

Again must I record a miracle!

Okuma was 37 years old when first we met at the American Embassy; in 1921, when last I had the honour of meeting him, he was 83. It was the last year of his crowded life—a life that closed a turbulent chapter in Japanese history. He had invited me to his University for the purpose of addressing the Faculty and students on Colonial Expansion, and a half-holiday had been given for this purpose. Thus I lived to see Okuma at his best—as Chancellor of Waseda—as head of a great

seat of learning comprising the recognized Faculties—standing erect in the midst of a student body that honoured him as their academical patron and loved him as their friend. Okuma this time was dressed in the wholly European fashion—frock-coat and silk hat. His leg had been amputated close to the hip owing to a bomb thrown by a fanatical patriot, and he had to be helped to his feet, but once erect he was every inch a soldierly specimen of commanding manhood.

This proved to be his last public function. I had been warned that he might not come, because he had latterly felt unequal to such effort, and so there was immense delight manifested by the vast auditorium when he rose to speak. It is not easy to measure the relative quality of orators, but I venture to think that most great men and all babies, whatever be their tongue, tribe or training, have in common the inestimable charm of simplicity. Okuma spoke naturally—making scarce a gesture. His voice had abundant range from grave to gay, but never went beyond the conversational quality. Anyone familiar with such frenzied bombast as emitted by the gods of our democracy from the stump, and even from the pulpit, would have been agreeably disappointed by the gently modulated periods of Okuma. It was as though one stepped from a hall where our ears had been deafened by the rantings of a Roosevelt, a Bryan, or a Billy Sunday into the House of Commons when a Gladstone, a Balfour, or a John Bright were charming its members. Of course I'm speaking of times long past—times in which I listened with ecstasy to Charles Sumner, Beecher, Evarts, Choate and such. Those men were great in their simplicity, and Okuma was of this fraternity.

He spoke of America and my first visit to Japan and kept the eyes of his audience dancing with pleasant anticipation—no one dreaming how soon we would all be mourning his death.

In a long talk we had at his home he volunteered an

interesting parallel between the Samurai class of Japan and the English founders of New England who had left the Old World in 1620 in order to exercise their Puritan form of worship without episcopal interference. He praised the men who bravely faced the angry seas in a very small ship; who faced poverty and hardship on a coast where forest and rock were conspicuous, to say nothing of wolves and red savages. He praised a community that worshipped without ostentatious priestly machinery, and acted always in obedience to constituted authority.

"That is in harmony with *Samurai* ethics," said he. "The Samurai despises money and worships the God of Truth, and the virtues of his ancestors. He cheerfully renounces luxury, but hardens himself in the exercises that make him the champion of what he deems duty. He never draws his sword save to defend the honour of his Lord; he is a protector of the weak—a terror to the wicked."

The venerable Okuma spoke long and sympathetically to me on American history as moulded by Puritans, and expressed a hope that Japan and America might grow side by side in friendly co-operation, in spite of occasional sources of irritation.

Okuma passed away from this world only a few months after expressing these sentiments, and after more than half a century given unselfishly to the spread of progressive doctrine amongst his people. He cordially welcomed the Treaty of Perry in 1854, and lived, alas! long enough to see that compact repudiated by the very nation that had framed it. And so I bless Judge Bingham of Ohio, for without him I had never known Okuma.

Judge Bingham relished tobacco, not for smoking or snuffing, but chewing. Odd that I should have had to come so far in order to see so simple a thing! Of course I was familiar with such practice amongst sailors and the less polished orders of society, but I had never seen

it amongst my kin or under my parents' roof. Okuma watched Judge Bingham furtively as he squirted his amber juice with varying accuracy towards a majestic spittoon at some distance from his chair. Had I asked Okuma his impressions regarding this exercise he would probably have concluded that His Excellency was performing some strange rite of hospitality, seeing that no one else used this conspicuous cuspidor. Of course Okuma knew that chewing of the betel-nut was the practice of savages in remote islands of the Pacific Ocean, and possibly amongst coolies on the East Indian mainland, but amongst the various Excellencies representing France, England and other great Powers, Judge Bingham was probably unique in this observance.

And after all how small a matter—from a purely American point of view.

My very wise and venerable cousin of Harford County, Henry Fernandis, had many slaves on his large Maryland plantation, and one day as he drove his rounds in a light buggy he spoke to me of chewing tobacco, and from that on to sumptuary legislation. My cousin was not only wise but one of the foremost barristers of his time.

He spoke words like these:

"To-day gentlemen do not chew, yet a few years ago that habit was all but universal. We are the same people, the law has not interfered, and chewing has passed out of American life much as the taking of snuff has become obsolete in Europe."

Whilst penning these pages I cannot but regret that our various legislatures had not shown some of the wisdom of my Maryland kinsman, and refrained from declaring war on the genial god Bacchus. Drinking to excess was becoming unfashionable when Congress restored it once more to public favour. Drinking to drunkenness was frequent enough in fashionable England of the past century; yet for the past fifty years it would have been deemed shocking to find a gentleman tipsy in

either a regimental mess, a ward room or a Pall Mall club, and *a fortiori* in the presence of ladies.

Who has made this tremendous revolution in the social world ?

Nothing but common sense untainted by hysterical clamouring.

Judge Bingham was perhaps the last American Excellency to include cuspidors in his diplomatic baggage. His name is honoured to-day amongst the American friends of Japan because he was frank in the advice he gave, because he was learned in the law, because he had no ulterior selfish diplomacy to serve as had the representatives of other Powers. But his greatness would not have been impaired had his chewing been less in evidence.

CHAPTER XIX

I call on Yoshio Kusaka—Shiro Shiba and his Brother—All-day Theatricals—Shakespeare Spirit in Japan—Sada Yakko and Kawakami compared with Ellen Terry and Henry Irving—Wagner in Munich—The Prince Regent of Bavaria makes me his Theatrical Guest—Possart and Cosima Wagner

Next day I called on Yoshio Kusaka. Judge Bingham secured his address, and also a jinricksha and two gorgeously tattooed athletes who wore nothing but what seemed like running-trunks, and who sped me mile after mile through crowded streets, never jostling anyone but most artfully dodging the many pedestrians who knew no side walks. Never a Christian or Anglo-Saxon face did I see on that long journey, for the foreigners then in Japan were limited to the so-called *Treaty* ports, where they lived under Consular jurisdiction, and had no access to Japanese society. Tokyo itself had but a handful, mostly in the Diplomatic body. But even then Tokyo to me seemed as one of the great world capitals, if only because of the immense area covered by its dwellings, the intelligent character of its inhabitants, and the infinite variety of handicraft and commerce that was patent along the many canals no less than in workshops open to the street. Canton suggests Tokyo in these respects, so does New York. But neither is the seat of Government. Tokyo was chosen by the great Iyeyasu for being near the centre and also for being commercially to Japan what London is to England or Paris to France. It is unrivalled as the strategic point where all roads meet the extremes of the great island, and it is also on a good waterway, the Sumida-gawa, and, above all, has

at its circumference the best of soil for growing everything dear to an epicure.

Kusaka entered the room gravely, extended his hand, and said slowly, "How do you do?" He was in Japanese dress, though his hair was as it had been at Norwich. He had in one room of his house two armchairs of European pattern, and having waved me ceremoniously to one, he seated himself in the other, whilst some pretty little maids in very becoming kimonos and white sandals fetched cups of tea and sweetmeats. He asked such questions as royalty and other much-bored people are versed in asking:

"Did you have a pleasant voyage?

"How long have you been here?

"Are you having an interesting time?

"How long shall you remain?" etc., etc., etc.

It was to me a profoundly disappointing experience to have come 10,000 miles, to have called upon the only Japanese I knew in the whole world, and to be received with a formality that chilled me to the bone.

It was my own fault, however—my ignorance of Japanese custom. Suspicion was abroad. Kusaka was now an official of the Mikado's Government, and he needs must be discreet. But as soon as the smiling maids had disappeared, and the stern major-domo also, Kusaka became at once his old self. We exchanged experiences, and from that moment he seemed to have one only ambition—to make me understand Japan as no American up to that moment had ever been permitted to. He took me to see his friend, Shiro Shiba, who later became known as an eminent author and statesman. His brother became Japanese military attaché in London where first I met him; and he will ever be gratefully remembered by English and Americans as the saviour of all their lives in Pekin during the Boxer days of 1900.

Shiro Shiba came to me each morning and we exchanged ideas. He taught me Japanese and I taught

him English, and a rare treat were these mornings to me. Shiro Shiba was of the aristocracy, with excellent manners, a keen thirst for knowledge and full of good humour. We three visited theatres together where the drama commenced in the morning and ran for seven or eight hours. A hint here and there given by Kusaka was enough to explain an obscure point, and I soon found myself absorbed in the plot and the movement, so much so, that the time passed as easily as when one is absorbed in a stimulating book. There were then only theatres after the old pattern—no chairs, no scenery as we know it. It was Shakespearean in its appeal to the mind rather than to the eye, and Shakespearean was the audience that could follow intently the unfolding of some heroic episode in history. Imagine if you can an American audience crowding together for seven hours whilst a chapter in the life of Washington is being dramatically narrated! To-day Tokyo has a theatre on modern lines, as of London or New York, but in 1876 the whole parterre was divided into squares just large enough to accommodate a small family, who sat after the manner of their ancestors. These little boxes, if I may use the word in a double sense, were divided by wooden partitions a foot or two in height, and along this narrow barrier attendants managed to walk as on a tight rope, bearing luncheon trays or programmes for the occupants. All this was done in silence, for here, as in all other Japanese houses, clogs, pattens and the like were checked at the main entrance, and no mud or dust allowed to enter. The audience was either in socks or very light straw sandals.

During the long noon *entr'acte* we all adjourned to an excellent restaurant for lunch and then returned to the auditorium for the rest of the play.

It puzzled me, when first reading of the Elizabethan stage, to think that crowds of Englishmen could appreciate the lofty language of Shakespeare, and even more

was I puzzled at a stage on which there was little of what we moderns call scenery. But after a succession of dramatic treats in Tokyo I am inclined to think that, in the sixteenth century at least, Japanese and English theatre-goers had much in common. Firstly, in matters of battle and bloodshed—we had here cavalry simulated by one man mounted on another, and fierce fencing, and the stage littered with dead and dying, and much blood made by crimson floss-silk. We who find fun in so-called comic-supplements might giggle at this archaic machinery because we only see with material eyes. But the Japanese audience had eyes for the author's intent, and therefore was never disturbed by the merely accidental concomitants. Thus the stage had to be occasionally cleared of corpses; and so, mutes, in dark dresses, crept softly in and pulled out the superfluous dead without disturbing the rest of the performance. No one snickered; no one had eyes but for the important actors. The mutes gave notice of their purpose by holding before them a square black flag or screen, and as they trod softly in socks, I soon felt laudably Elizabethan and paid no attention to them. When a warrior was killed the conventional manner of signifying this to the audience was for the warrior to throw a hand spring backwards and remain flat on the floor until a mute dragged him away.

All stage work is conventional to some extent, and we only notice this when on other stages than our own. In real life the cowboy is dirty and unkempt, but on the stage his hair must glisten with fragrant oil, his face must be smooth from that very evening's shave, his boots must be resplendent, and his flowing tie fresh from the most fashionable haberdasher. Our heroines may be described in print as outcasts or gipsies, but the American theatre-goer expects to see her in costly kid slippers, flashing diamonds and open-work silk stockings. If she be in the spasms of uncontrollable grief, she decorates

her bejewelled hand by a lace handkerchief no larger than an envelope, and takes great care not to rub off any of her face-paint. We are used to our own conventions and therefore notice only those of other stages.

In one Japanese play was a heroine fleeing from wicked pursuers, and the book said that she had to cross a river. The mutes provided the river. It was only a strip of cloth about the breadth of a stair carpet, but on it was cleverly painted the effect of rapid water over large stones. Everyone was satisfied, and the heroine made us all shiver with anxiety as she poised upon one painted stone after the other, whilst the sound of a pursuing host made her glance anxiously behind her.

Many years later I met with a notable actor named Kawakami and had a long talk with him in London regarding stage conventions. He and his wife (Sada Yakko) were to Japan what Henry Irving and Ellen Terry were to Anglo-American audiences. The Japanese couple admitted to me that they had been compelled to drop or modify many conventions which appeared comical in European eyes whilst proper in those of Japan. Here, for instance, if a matinée idol were ordered to shoot himself or turn hermit, he would take two tottering steps backward, clasp his forehead with one hand and with his other one feel for a table or chair-back. His face would express despair and his lips enunciate the useful phrase, "My God!"

Not so the Japanese. He squats on the stage, draws his sword, hums a pleasant bar of music, crosses his eyes to indicate a heroic resolve, and commits *hara-kiri*—of which the audience is made aware by a quantity of floss-silk that surrounds the spot where the sword presumably searched for his inner cavities. Japanese meet us on equal terms in rowing, baseball, tennis, and a dozen other Olympian sports, and it's now the turn of their stage folk. Kawakami told me that *King Lear* and *Othello* were favourites in his repertoire, and that there was good

reason for thinking that in time European companies might exchange with Japanese companies, after the manner of exchange professors at universities.

In Munich, where I assiduously sought to understand if not enjoy the Wagnerian method of entertainment, I pined for the simplicity of the Tokyo stage. It was the hey-day of the Bavarian Wagner Cult (1900–6), and since the Prince Regent had honoured me by a grant of royal courtesy at his different theatres, I took a serious course in this wholly Germanic theme. Of course, I sat through but one act per diem—a longer session than that would have impaired my health, for I was then engaged upon my History. Those were unforgettable days: when Cosima Wagner was Queen of Bayreuth, and the majestic Possart ruled in rival splendour at the royal theatres of the Isar Athens. The rivalry was keen, and the Prince Regent generous, so that Wagnerians from every corner of the world came here to saturate their parched souls at the fountain-head.

Wagner is great as a master of magnificent harmonies; he deserves his rank amongst the great composers. Also he did much to propagate pan-Germanism by awakening unbounded pride in Siegfrieds, and other mythical heroes of herculean strength and valour. But as a dramatist he was prolix and wearisome, as often happens in Germany when an author is also an impresario. In the *Flying Dutchman* a whole hour passes whilst one man bellows at one woman—to whom he does not even offer a seat. Meanwhile, the mind is distracted by a crazy ship that pounds up and down like a huge rocking-horse. Japan would have indicated this noisy craft by a painting on some signboard, and the audience would have been spared this clumsy interruption. In the *Meistersinger* is a mechanical moon that delighted Munich, but would have bored Tokyo, for it kept rising with astronomical jerks, and had the effect on me of a bumble-bee that once buzzed about the pulpit when I was very young.

Then what rubbish had I to put up with in the shape of carpenter-made monsters, horses and mermaids, dragons and demons—all things that drew the mind away from the central theme and compelled the auditor to wonder whether the mechanism were in good order, and would the horses back into the orchestra!

CHAPTER XX

Japan in 1876—A Debating Society—Sexual Morality in Japan—Honesty of the People—On my first Japanese Mail Steamer to China—I am in the Japanese Postal Service—First European to land at Simonoseki—Monroe Doctrine—My Alarm and Escape

Those were happy weeks in the opening spring of 1876, when the cherry blossoms were making the landscape all ablaze, when the world seemed young, when my health was once more in its normal vigorous condition, and when every hour was filled by novel and interesting experience. Kusaka introduced me to many of his friends. One evening I was his guest at a literary society composed of young men obviously keen on modern or "Western" thought, for I heard many references to Herbert Spencer, Huxley, Cobden, Darwin and Tyndall —names that sounded odd at that time and in such a place. But we were all youngsters and students and idealists, and, as is proper in youth, we challenged past experience and worshipped many a god merely because he bore a name new to us.

Of course, I was taken the round of the usual sights, but I would not weight this book with matter merely personal. If my intrusion can be pardoned, it must be because what happened illustrates Japanese character or national customs.

I was much struck by the high plane of cleanliness, courtesy, and sexual morality on which my friends moved. I mean my Japanese friends. In Christian countries I would at some time have been brought in contact with women who make up the main attraction of the *Folies Bergères* in Paris, and the public dance halls of New

York; but in my various visits to Japan I have never had to know that there were such things as brothels or that Japanese gentlemen maintained other women than those of their household. There are in Japan, as in all other lands, the orthodox proportion of unfortunates—defectives, orphans, paupers, and prostitutes. The State counts upon these elements as the war authority anticipates the number of wounded in battle. Japan is wise, and moderates an evil that cannot be eradicated. All prostitutes, therefore, confine their activities to a specific section of the city, so that respectable families may walk the main avenues, and not have to rub shoulders with women who ply their trade offensively. The Government does not forbid prostitution because that would be an attack on the liberty of the person, but it protects those who purchase at the stalls of Eros by insisting that the wares be as advertised. Thus, after fifty years of intercourse with Japan and her people, I confess to ignorance on the one theme dear to the majority of my travelling friends—the theme that fascinates our popular novelist, the theme that is made into grand opera, the theme that I never heard referred to in Japan. When the journalist from the next planet comes to this earth for copy he will send home word that the foulest minds he met were those of Christian missionaries, and the purest were those of Japan, where women may bathe in public and no man dream of noticing. When we reach so high a plane in social ethics it will be time enough to discuss the reform of other countries.

In 1876 there were no railways in Japan, unless we count the short stretch between Tokyo and its port, Yokohama—a short eighteen miles. Man-wagons, jinrickshas, were inexpensive and abundant, and pleasant lanes made travel everywhere agreeable. From Kobe I took two jinrickshas to Kyoto, one with my baggage and two men to each wagon. Thence I went about Lake Biwa—a paradise of water and gardens and tea-houses

and temples, with glorious mountains for background—and afterwards I took boat on the little river from Kyoto to Osaka and many excursions inland. I was alone; I knew no Japanese but what the good Shiro Shiba had taught me in a few weeks; I never saw another of my speech or blood as soon as I had passed the edges of our Treaty ports; I seemed eternally in converse with Japanese whom I met; it seemed all a very pleasant dream, so far was I in body as in spirit from the world of New York or Connecticut. No one offered me a scowl; on the contrary, I felt as though I could have made a walk from one end of the country to the other, and experienced only cleanliness, courtesy, and welcome. In my many purchases I held out my hand with coin and was never cheated. At native inns I found no locks or bolts, and never missed anything.

Does this prove anything?

No—it proves nothing.

But still I write it, because my experience then, and on each of my subsequent visits, makes me incredulous when those who claim to be authorities loudly proclaim their belief that all Japanese are immoral, all dishonest, all—all—in short, that we must exclude them! I need not be told that wicked Japanese exist. Were this not so there would be no jails or police. But we do not denounce West Point and Annapolis because of an occasional court-martial; nor do we question the Supreme Author of our being because in His Name are many ministers who smell more of money than of holiness.

Already in 1876 Japan had established steamship lines along her coasts and to China. Kusaka said that the fare to Shanghai was just then remarkably low, and for two important reasons. The Central Government wished the people at remote points to familiarize themselves with modern machinery, to acquire a taste for travel, and to feel proud at the sight of their national ensign flying on

an equality with flags of foreigners. Already had the Tokyo Government had experience of chartering alien ships for military expeditions to Formosa and Korea; and no doubt they had a premonition that troops would soon again have to be moved against some of their own rebellious islands. And so they looked ahead and bought steamers and ran them under their own flag in order to have a supply of transports when the alarm sounded.

Kusaka and a few of our mutual friends came to see me off at Yokohama, for in that year a voyage to China was a matter of much time, great discomfort, and sometimes danger. The bulk of the passengers were Japanese, but there was a sprinkling of Anglo-Americans full of Treaty port gossip. The table and service generally was after European fashion, and it was obviously the policy to attract international custom. The Japanese for the most part were making their first journey from curiosity, and examined everything as might one of us when first aboard a junk or in a native house. But courtesy and cleanliness ruled. The Japanese passengers left their clogs at the gangway, and moved about in their dainty slippers. We Christians of the cruder habits tramped about as we would have done at home, though the ship's company spread many mats for our boots.

Kusaka was a friend of the Japanese purser, and commended me to him with much warmth. The result was that when our ship anchored off Simonoseki, at the western entrance of the Inland Sea, he made me a momentary member of the Japanese Government in order that I might land with him at a port forbidden to foreigners. I was proclaimed assistant deputy postal agent, the mail pouch was proudly slung over one shoulder and held fast under my left arm, whilst my right hand helped me down the starboard gangway into the Governmental sampan. I was nominally secretary to my friend the purser, and naturally much envied by all those compelled to remain aboard. So soon as our

boat beached the local postmaster appeared; I was relieved of my burden, and told that I might roam about at pleasure for some hours or until the ship's whistle made signal.

So I climbed the stiff slopes back of the little town, and clambered along the lines of the fortifications whence but a few years before the Prince of this district had fired upon some alien craft that had contested his local Monroe Doctrine. The ramparts remained in ruins as eloquent witness to the drastic vengeance taken by Christian Powers. On that occasion we not merely killed and maimed many of the townspeople, but sank all the native craft of the port, besides wrecking the forts and scattering its garrison. Nor was this all. We added to our turpitude by exacting a money indemnity—and it was paid.

And now that the matter is as ancient history, let us imagine the United States proclaiming Long Island Sound an inland sea closed to foreign flags—this may give us a rough analogy to Japan's jealousy of Uitlanders forcing the straits of Simonoseki in 1863.

A less generous people would have seen in the acts of our war vessels merely reasons for petty reprisal. Not so Japan. She was quick to learn the lessons of international intercourse as practised by the Great Powers of Christendom. She knew that Portugal once claimed all trade on the African shores and those of India, and that her claim had been recognized by all nations weaker than herself.

She knew that Spain claimed at one time the monopoly of trade on the Western Continent, and roasted any heretic found poaching in these preserves.

She knew that Great Britain at one time claimed hegemony in the narrow seas, and that she had made many wars to prove that the law was on her side.

The United States deeply resented the searching of her ships for British deserters, and in 1812 a war ensued.

To-day England resents the American claim to search British craft for contrabrand wine. All the world resents our so-called Monroe Doctrine, and if all the world could ever unite in smashing its paragraphs, it might benefit Uncle Sam himself just as the wrecking of Simonoseki proved of indirect value to Japan.

But in my own case, being the only foreigner within many miles, being amongst a people who had seen of Christianity only destructive war vessels, a people, moreover, who had had to mourn many of their own kindred slain by our artillery only a dozen years ago—these thoughts intruded themselves as I sat sketching amid these ruins. There had been latterly instances of zealous patriots running amok, and cutting to pieces any haphazard foreigner.

Just then the long foghorn blast reverberated amidst the hills—the ship would sail without me! Obviously the Japanese purser had forgotten me, or—could he have been treacherous!

But I was young and tough, and practised in mountaineering, and I rushed from rock to rock, through and over bushes and wattle fencing, maddened by the thought of being abandoned here, baffled by soon losing sight of the roadstead and following furiously the direction whence I had last heard the ominous whistle.

Soon I found myself at the town fringe, amid little gardens guarded by frail bamboo fencing. Through them I crashed and dodged between bungalows—reckless of the damage I was inflicting. Mothers clutched their children, men backed horrified into doorways; I was to them as a mad bull fighting for space on a Spanish market day. The main avenue was finally reached, and along this I sprinted through a double row of amazed Japanese of every age and occupation. I was ready to drop from exhaustion: it was as a nightmare, in which to stop was to have a sword swished across one's neck. That main street seemed interminable—would it never

end?—and then—suddenly—I caught sight of the water and our steamer still at anchor and, Heaven be praised, the patient and kindly purser, who asked me if I was fond of running foot-races! And so aboard and up anchor.

CHAPTER XXI

China—First Impressions—Taip-ing Rebellion and Shanghai—Murder of Marjary in 1875—Neutrality of England—General Ward, saviour of Shanghai, denounced by the London *Times*—Wells Williams, the Missionary—St. Francis Xavier—Christian Missionaries in China

China in 1876 had not one mile of railway; she had not even one mile of passable wagon road. In the Treaty ports lived wealthy white men who maintained a model municipal organization, excellently swept roads and side walks, model policemen, fire company, harbour patrol, and the inevitable Anglo-American Club. All decent folk were presumably to be met at the club. When a man's name was not on the club list, he did not exist! Anglo-American was the club tone, as English was the language, and full dress for dinner was universal. Shanghai was the most important entrepôt then between Calcutta and Yokohama; it had the grandest of hotels, and earned the sobriquet of the Oriental Chicago. The Treaty ports gave raw Americans what was better than a college education, for they brought them in contact with men of every European state, men, moreover, above the average in physique and brains. Any man is good enough at home where he is watched and shielded from temptation, where he is nursed through a cold, and runs to the Riviera for a rest cure.

But throw a hundred such youngsters into a free-and-easy bachelor community 10,000 miles from their Sunday School, where clubs are built around a dazzling bar, where the most expert of drink mixers prescribe for an endless procession of naval officers on shore leave, where

a winsome young Chinese housekeeper can be bought for the price of a suit of clothes, where men are masters of much time and money—tell me, you who know human nature, how many of that hundred are likely to survive? But the prize is great for him who can resist the incidental temptations. In such a community the American quickly drops his home-town conceits, and ranges himself cheerfully in an international democracy where there is no mob, no demagogue, no axe to grind, but a very obvious task to be done—a task that may be summarized in the word *self-preservation*.

There was no Chinese Government then: some say there is worse than none now! The little foreign enclaves ruled themselves, punished offenders, had their own postal arrangements, and, in case of native insurrection, formed themselves into a military organization, and trusted to luck. Americans and British being of self-governing habits, necessarily took the lead in all matters of local organization, whether for sport meetings, park music, or war preparedness. There were good Swiss, Scandinavians, French, Italians, Germans, and Russians, but as they all came to speak English and adopt English ways, they made little difference beyond adding variety to conversation. Of course the trader is necessarily a pacifist. He lives for money, and hates to waste his time in drill. If war must be, he hopes to buy off the recruiting sergeant, and Shanghai was nothing if not a trading community.

When I landed there the ashes of the Tai-ping Rebellion were still hot. Men shivered at every rumour of native unrest, and consequently the local rifle companies drilled with commendable zeal. Had they done so before the enemy threatened their gates, they would have eventually saved many lives. The Tai-ping Rebellion raged for a dozen years or more, and ten million Chinese were killed before this one raid ended. When I received my pass or permit for travelling in the

Chinese interior I had to swear that I would not visit that part of China occupied by the rebels. Moreover, my dragoman was at the same time compelled to burn candles (called joss-sticks), and swear by all he held sacred that he would bring my corpse back with him, but preferably my kicking body. In the previous year a British party of diplomatic sort had been attacked by Chinese emissaries, and the head of the mission (Marjary) had been killed. This led to vigorous protest and subsequent indemnity, and on this very account I felt that I had chosen a propitious moment for my venture.

When the Tai-ping movement started, somewhere near the headwaters of the Yangtse, it was lauded by many of our missionaries because its leaders had professed moral maxims looking like a diluted form of Christianity. And as the world of Europe learned of China largely through missionary reports, the Great Powers, notably England, refused assistance in checking this campaign of butchery, and smugly remained neutral in the hope that a Tai-ping triumph would mean a renovated China with a Constantine on the Pekin throne. And so it came about that a British squadron lay idle in the Shanghai roadstead when the horde of rebels planted their flag over Nanking, and were wasting the towns within a day's march of China's chief port of commerce.

In this crisis God raised up a saviour in the person of General Ward, a son of Salem, an American, born of New England seafaring ancestors; a man of clean record, a born leader of men, a despiser of money, and a fit member of our Hall of Fame. But look not in the daily Press for news of him. He had enemies in the London *Times*, because he was a Yankee; and that paper had private, if not pecuniary reasons, for siding with Jefferson Davis rather than Abraham Lincoln in our Civil War. He had enemies amongst the missionaries, because he was happily married to a Chinese lady

of rank, and regarded himself as a naturalized subject of the middle kingdom. The London *Times* never mentioned him save disparagingly as a semi-pirate; and the missionaries who fed our Press echoed only evil report.

At Yale we had the illustrious Sinologue S. W. Williams as Professor of Chinese. A learned man was he, also dignified and courtly. But, alas, a missionary! When I had the honour of meeting him, in Tokyo, he had been more than forty years at the task of converting, or I should say perverting, Chinamen from ancestral ways. He had never enjoyed a liberal university or even theological education, but had been shipped when a youngster to Canton, where all foreigners were confined on the small island of Shameen. His duties were those of a printer for the Board of Missions; but he utilized every spare moment in study and thus ultimately ranked as an authority on matters Chinese. I'm not aware that in his forty years he ever made forty converts or preached forty times to forty Chinamen; but as in the case of Xavero, commonly called St. Francis Xavier, pious Christians ascribe to him the gift of tongues, if not miraculous powers in other directions. Williams had been twenty years in China (the Canton River!) before he ever set foot on the sacred soil of Cathay. This was to me a startling revelation, for at college all assumed that he had spent a lifetime preaching the Gospel to thirsting millions. He would probably have died as did the Jesuit saint in or near the Canton River, had not Commodore Perry drafted him as interpreter for the Japan expedition of 1853.

This proved an interesting holiday to the missionary, though his knowledge of Japanese proved on trial to be unequal to the strain of conversation. Imagine a college boy trying to talk in the Elysian fields with Cicero, and you have our S. W. Williams looking blank at the first sentence from a cultivated Japanese. Yet

from being officially rated as interpreter on the Perry Expedition, Mr. Williams found ever-increasing demand upon his time, notably so soon as he was permitted to take up residence in Pekin after the Treaty of 1858. Henceforth indeed his work was rather for the Department of State in Washington, than for his theological sponsors; and of course China resented inwardly the presence of a diplomatic agent who was at the same time undermining institutions held sacred from time immemorial.

When Frederick Townsend Ward of Salem as general commanding the imperial forces of China finally stemmed the forward movement of the Tai-ping army, there was gratitude in the Pekin palace, and cordial thanks from Li Hung Chang. Europeans breathed more easily, and the commanders of war-ships, French and English, now formally consulted this Yankee saviour whom, but a short while before, they had treated as an outlaw. The tide had now turned; he had triumphed over the Tai-ping hosts; he had triumphed over his European slanderers. His army was known as the Ever Victorious, and he was organizing the great offensive when (in 1862) he was killed. The great work he had planned was finally finished by another hero, destined to fall also by rebel hands at Khartoum. *Chinese* Gordon and General Ward of Salem deserve a lofty bronze monument somewhere near the mouth of the Yangtse River, a monument telling at the ends of the earth that the Yankee and the Briton can clasp hands and work together whenever the cause is clean and the danger great.

China honoured Ward of Salem by building in his honour a shrine on the spot where he fell near Shanghai. Each year prayers are offered here for this noble warrior, and the Government maintains the premises—or did. In Pekin a shrine was also projected, a most admirable move on the part of the Foreign Office, and warmly urged by Li Hung Chang. But our missionary interpreter

Williams objected formally on the ground that heathen temples were not suitable in the case of a New England corpse. The Chinese Government received the rebuff with Oriental serenity, and the missionary's tactlessness was never noticed by our State Department. Li Hung Chang had intended to have a monument in the Chinese capital commemorating America's aid; but the whole matter was promptly dropped, and few to-day know even Ward's name. The moral Chinaman meets gladly the moral merchant, and talks freely with such as are in quest of knowledge. But the missionary has no access to Chinese homes or the Chinese heart, for the business of a salaried missionary is to turn Chinese children into renegades, to loosen filial bonds, to undermine what China regards as fundamental ethics. Christianity has existed in China for as many years as it has in much of Europe; its priests have been tolerated so long as they played theology and left politics alone. Chinese dislike of Christianity commenced when Christian emissaries called Jesuits set up the claim that a so-called Pope on the Tiber was a more important ruler than His Majesty in Pekin, and from that day to this the Christian missionary in Chinese eyes is little more than a salaried spy, an enemy in disguise, a broadcaster of immorality.

CHAPTER XXII

I leave Shanghai for the Peiho—A Cabin full of Chinese *Literati*—Opium-smoking—Lincoln and Negro Emancipation—Growth of Bureaucracy in America

From Shanghai the paddle-wheel American *Shing-king* took me all the way to Tientsin, where but a few years before some Roman Catholic missionaries had been killed by an angry mob. Every Treaty port was ringing with tales of Chinese atrocities.

We travelled in luxury; the boat had an excellent cuisine, and a Chinese crew, and seemed more like a yacht than a regular trader. Moreover, it flew the Stars and Stripes, and the skipper was a well-bred Yankee. It was the first steamer to enter the Peiho after the long hard winter; and we carried hundreds of *literati* going to the capital in order to pass examinations. China was then still slumbering contentedly in the venerable past, and selecting officials according to their knowledge of the classical books. These passengers despised foreigners, and none of them came to our table or entered our saloon. They had a broad lower deck to themselves where they spread each his private mat and had their meals apart. Captain Hawes took me on a tour of inspection, and the moment we entered the Chinese quarter, hundreds of little opium lights were extinguished because of the Company rules. But the captain winked at this, though he could not fail to notice, as I did, the atmosphere of this pleasing narcotic. He spoke in praise of Chinese passengers, their cleanliness, courtesy, quietness, and honesty. He said that a thousand such made him less trouble than a dozen

quarrelsome Christians. As to opium in general, my own personal experience is nil, having never had a poppy pipe between my lips. But in such matters I feel that it is well to listen to men of long experience who have looked into the matter, who have no axe to grind, and who have every reason for promoting the health and efficiency of their Chinese employees.

Wise men would control a vice when they know that it cannot be eradicated. But the vast unthinking mob, whether priestly, political or proletarian, listens impatiently to a moderate man. The hero in their eyes is he who stands for eradication. Lincoln was a good politician when he proclaimed that three millions of African slaves should by a stroke of his pen become full-fledged American citizens. A statesman would have let the negroes earn this privilege by a few years of probation. Our electorate has degraded the American woman by repealing laws which formerly granted her special immunities. She now can fill any function from policeman to president—or pugilist; and soon there will be but one career closed to her—motherhood.

And corollary to the abolition of slavery and motherhood is the suppression of Bacchus, at least *pro forma*. Wine is enjoyed all over these United States, now as before the ridiculous Dry Law. It costs a trifle more, and the Government loses a large revenue. The nation regards wine-smuggling as Chinamen regard opium-smoking. Had Congress been wise the evils of drink would have been moderated; the *saloons* would have been controlled, and punishment meted out against the intemperate. There is no loyal American who is not compelled to violate the law every day in the mere course of his legitimate business. A loyal American grows up in a tangle of legal inhibitions, contradictory and ridiculous. He has only a choice between the breaking of one law or another. Let us hope that he selects the lesser evil.

As I write, a bottle of Canadian whisky reposes on a near-by shelf. It is part of my pharmacopœia, in case of colic in my stable. On this account I might be taken to jail. As owner of deadly weapons I may also be imprisoned. Also I'm a criminal in having some excellent editions of Rabelais, Voltaire, and Boccaccio, all of whom are on the index of our purity police. New laws are made yearly, ordering farmers to plant or not to plant; new diseases are discovered on trees or bushes or humans, and new serums are prescribed with reckless fluency by boards of health. Cattle are daily slaughtered by law which on *post mortem* prove to have been free of disease. A farmer cannot send a bush or a leg of mutton to a friend in a neighbouring State without some certificate by some political inspector who charges more than the article is worth. We are devoured by an officialdom that is draining the economic forces of America to-day as theological parasites drained France before the great revolution.

CHAPTER XXIII

Tientsin—Chinese Roads in the time of Marco Polo—Present bad Government—Contrast of China and Japan—Pekin and the American Legation—No hotels—German Golden Age—Growth of German Chauvinism—The Archimandrite Palladius in Pekin—I visit him in Company with Comte de Rochechouart, French Acting Minister—Palladius claims Three Converts in Thirty Years—The Origin of Russian Influence in Pekin

From Tientsin I made my way to Pekin in a two-wheeled springless cart. The road would have been eighty or ninety miles long had there been one. There had been one some centuries ago, and it was a magnificent one. Marco Polo described it long before Columbus discovered America. In his day post horses and chaises carried messages and passengers with a degree of luxury and speed unequalled by Imperial Rome or even by England under His Majesty George IV. Heavy traffic used a central paved way, whilst equestrians and light roadsters trotted or galloped on a bed more congenial to horses' feet. The avenues had on either side a double row of shade trees; and at regular intervals the traveller found a rest-house where fresh horses might be obtained, to say nothing of night quarters. Oh for the good old times when the great Venetian travelled the highways of Cathay! How talk of evolution in a country where everything human has retrograded.

My two-wheeled cart thumped and bumped me from long before sunrise to some time after sunset. I had an excellent dragoman, an excellent coachman, and also an excellent groom, who had charge of a Manchurian polo "Griffin," which I rode when the cart-

bumping became unendurable. We saw the neglected remnants of Marco Polo's grand highway, splendid blocks of stone, but they were worse than useless to us, although occasionally of service to foot-passengers in wet weather. My cart was drawn by a horse as wheeler and a sturdy mule harnessed tandem. The Chinese coachman had no box, but perched upon the near shaft close to the wheel, and had never an idle moment, for he too was interested in reaching Pekin within the stipulated two days. My cavalcade had therefore three animals, one cart, three servants and my weary self. The coachman picked his way amid many ruts over the flat alluvial plains of Pechili province, and these ruts led us to trespass much on adjoining fields, for in wet weather the wheels cut deeply into this bottomless plain. Not a tree or shrub cheered us all the way. The wind blew pitilessly in our faces, cold and parching. Clouds of dust stormed over and through us, dust that felt as though it were first raised in Siberia and then whirled across the desert of Gobi for the discouragement of travellers to Pekin. My bones were sore with pounding from side to side in the cart; my muscles ached from being perpetual shock-absorbers. I held on to the sides, for it was a covered cart. My eyes ached from the dust. There was little relief in my saddle-pony, for I could but bow my head to the dirty wind and move as one blind and chilled. What a contrast to the smiling gardens and groves and lanes about the inland sea of Japan! And this was a pleasure trip!

At night we reached an inn, of which I could make out only the massive gateway in the high wall that formed its defence. Travellers have told me for half a century that all Chinese are honest and all Japanese are dishonest, much as they classify all French as frivolous and all English as reliable. Generalizations of this kind save much thinking and they are easily remembered. But one is as absurd as the other. Were all Japanese

dishonest they would not feel safe in paper houses; and were there no wicked Chinese, why barricade one's home after the manner of a mediæval castle? We were closely scrutinized before the heavy gateway was unbarred, and my dragoman did some energetic talking, no doubt boasting of his master's importance after the manner of all good servants. The inn yard was filled with carts and animals. Those who guarded them slept as best they could—as men have ever slept when there was no roof but heaven and no bed but a bunch of straw. China may have 99 per cent. of honest folk, but the balance of her population seems to live by brigandage on land and piracy at the mouths of her mighty streams. The executioner is busy cutting off heads; and those who know tell me that the judges are busy condemning brother Chinamen guilty of theft.

One day, later in that year, not far from the Great Wall, I rested at noon on a bench in the sun. The cattle were being baited, and the dragoman brought me a porcelain bowl containing my meal. It was a soup, with pieces of meat and much rice at the bottom. In those days we caricatured Chinese as eating rats and puppy dogs, for it is our way to believe the worst of those whom we do not know. What meat I was eating I know not, nor ever knew; for as I stirred the steaming dish with my porcelain spoon there fell into it a heavy lump which tinted my soup to a deep red. My back was resting against a post, similar to those which in English inns would sustain a swinging signboard. In this case it was a gibbet, and a human head was at the top. It was grinning down at me from between the bars of a light bamboo crate. The eyes were staring and the mouth open, evidently fresh from the chopping block.

For the rest of that day I fasted.

Incidentally, it may be worth recording that during the month or two of such travelling in the interior of

what is now the Chinese Republic, I ate whatever my dragoman brought me; I ate very little; many dishes were gritty with dust and dirt; once I saw the Chinese cook feeding her fire from cattle-dung and handling my own food immediately thereafter. Yet never did I enjoy better health, and never thereafter was I inclined to regard as unclean any food however conventionally repulsive to the town-bred European.

We managed, by shortening our sleep and much urging of our sturdy beasts, to enter Pekin before the closing of her gates. By this time I was battered into indifference, for I had had a fourteen-hour day. Of course I noted the vast walls of the Manchu capital, but was no more impressed than when gazing on a forty-storied office building or any other monstrosity of man's contrivance. The huge walls of Pekin in 1876 merely advertised China's incapacity to protect her capital save by the methods of a pacifistic people.

China is now a Republic, and an evil-smelling one. Japan is a monarchy, and pleasant as a place to travel in. We helped to convert Russia into an administrative hell; we shall next reach out for a Cape to Cairo democracy that shall commence by a massacre of whites and end in making Africa what it was in the days of Mungo Park and Livingstone. China was bad half a century ago; she is even worse at the moment of penning these lines. Brigandage has become an almost national industry, and wherever the Japanese have retired, civilization has been extinguished.

Pekin was a dreary waste of walls, walls, walls, dust-coloured and uninviting. Between the walls were so-called streets into which the adjacent people emptied that which agricultural folk wisely spread over their fields by way of soil restorative. The smell from these pools of human waste was pungent, and both dragoman and coachman drew high their feet as our beasts dragged us through Pekin's grandest avenues. I had but one

letter of introduction, but on it I had builded magnificent dreams, for it was addressed to our then plenipotentiary, whose name now escapes me. Moreover, it was written by no less a personage than the famous Poet of the Sierras, once the darling of London drawing-rooms, the intimate friend of Lord Houghton—I refer, of course, to Joaquin Miller, of California.

Joaquin (pronounced Walk-een by the initiate) had rented a cottage on my father's place near West Point, and acted the part of an interesting savage slowly accommodating himself to the ways of the white man. In the afternoons, when company was apt to gather for tea on the lawn, Joaquin might be espied approaching through the woods and clambering down the rocks as one whose Indian affiliations made a gravel path or drive-way distasteful. On his head was a picturesque Mexican sombrero, beneath whose broad brim flowed a massive mane after the fashion of Buffalo Bill, and other heroes of the Far West. City men thought Joaquin a splendid frontiersman. Cowboys regarded him as the greatest of poets. We of the Eastern States thought little on the subject until the daily Press announced that he had carried London society by storm. Then, of course, we discovered his merits. Joaquin preached the gospel of Indian home life, and whilst we degenerates used camp chairs, his way was to spread a Mexican blanket and recline thereon in picturesque majesty. We took many a long ride together amid the mountains which surround our military academy, and when he learned of my starting for the Far East he gave me a line to his Californian friend in Pekin.

But when my bruised and dust-blinded body halted before the Legation, what was my chagrin on learning that Joaquin's friend was dead, and a missionary in charge. On him I made evidently an indifferent impression, for he showed no further interest in my miserable state beyond telling me that there was no

European hotel in Pekin, but that I might be taken in by a German who formerly valeted the Prussian minister Von Brandt. And thus ended the radiant Oriental dreams woven for me by the Poet of the Sierras. An ill-natured critic later told me that this poet owed his fame less to his verses than to his long hair and sombrero. Mayfair *Joaquin* sounded exotic and evoked visions of Cactus, Eucalyptus, bronchos and serapes. If the butler should have announced his real name, Cincinnatus Heine Müller—perish the thought!

The German and his excellent wife made me very comfortable, for I talked their vernacular, and, moreover, I was the first guest of that year. They gave me hot water and I scrubbed off the dust, and changed from the skin out and then sat down in their company to the most luxurious meal imaginable—plain, well-stewed vegetables, a soothing thick soup, and finally a nursery pudding. I had been starved no less than beaten sore on that journey from the sea to the capital, and my stomach yearned for things of my nursery days. Moreover, the German couple also were homesick, and we talked of things we had felt: Saxony, the Rhine, Berlin, Dresden, Munich beer, Weimar. They knew as little of me as I of them, but we spoke a common language in word and spirit. On their well-worn piano I played accompaniments, and we sang the *Loreley* and other *volk* songs, and grew more and more homesick; and parted for the night as though I had been the fabled prodigal child. It is well to recall the Germans of pre-Hohenzollern days, when the spirit of academic liberty brooded benevolently over several dozens of principalities, all pleasant ones for sojourn or study. There were soldiers also, but they were not offensive. People honoured their Goethe and their Schiller, their Virchow and their Niebuhr, their Mommsen and their Gebrüder Grimm. The *Hymn of Hate* had not yet been conceived, and Chauvinists went no further than to defend the

line of the Rhine as the natural boundary of a pan-Germanic federation of sovereign states. Now, all is changed, under the poisonous influence of a propaganda that has educated a whole generation of schoolchildren to hate England as the one obstacle to a " Deutschland über Alles—Ueber Alles in der Welt! "

On board the *Surprise* I had read two heavy volumes by an Archimandrite of the Greek Church named Palladius. These volumes had been translated into German by the learned Karl Abel of Berlin, and my father had added them to my ship's library. They contained the reports of the Russian Mission in Pekin, and treated of many things Chinese, from tea culture to Buddhistic rites. No doubt the St. Petersburg Foreign Office had expurgated these reports by keeping secret what referred to political sentiment or military preparations; but beyond that field was a vast scientific, economic and geographical one of immense interest. Those volumes were lost in the wreck, but the mere fact of having read them made me remarkable to the Chargé d'Affaires of the French Legation, who was fellow-passenger on the *Shingking*. Indeed, he assured me that I was the only one who had ever had the courage to read a report of Palladius, let alone two big octavo volumes containing dozens of them.

A kindly diplomate of the eighteenth-century stamp was this Comte de Rochechouart, a survival from Napoleonic times. He showed me much politeness, asked me if *par hazard* I was related to one whom he had much admired in Paris, and finally crowned my happiness by going with me to visit the famous Archimandrite. The avenues were much encumbered by long trains of camels out of Mongolia and Siberia, and the mission station of the venerable Russian was at the extreme angle of the city wall nearest the gate opening towards Irkutsk and Moscow. From the vast extent of the Pekin walls one is led to think that here might

once have lived a million or more people, but no trace of them is now seen. On the contrary, one finds vast open spaces across which one can with difficulty make out a man, a horse, or even a camel. It was odd to be in the capital of a people numbering more than the whole of Europe, and yet see nothing suggesting the civilization and power which was theirs when Marco Polo walked these avenues.

Monsieur de Rochechouart told me that Palladius had been in Pekin for about forty years and knew China as no other white man. Russia, moreover, has had happy missionaries in China for two or three centuries, whereas ours, and those of the Roman communion, were sulkily admitted during my own short lifetime. Palladius told me the story over a bottle of delicious Château-Yquem and some fragrant cigarettes. It is then that my smoke circled like incense, and my golden wine looked sacramental. The past few days of torture seemed but a horrid nightmare, and the mud hut of this venerable hermit was a palace of epicurean happiness.

Count Rochechouart and the Archimandrite were evidently warm friends; and when I had been introduced as a young American pundit who had made this pilgrimage in order to honour the illustrious author of the Russian Mission Report, bottle succeeded bottle, and only the acting French ambassador knows how I reached my German lodgings that night.

The tactful Count later told me that his Russian friend was immensely impressed by the idea that his ponderous volumes had been read in America, and by young men! He himself had not seen the tomes in question and marvelled at my erudition—for Dumas and Le Cocq were more likely to be found on the Rochechouart shelves than Adam Smith, Bastiat or Huxley.

The venerable hermit dressed in Chinese manner and wore his beard untrimmed. His hair was thin and grey,

and he just succeeded in forming a quasi hitching-post for the then universal *queue*. The abundant wrinkles on his kindly face proclaimed a long and arduous career. We spoke only French, and that of Palladius was excellent, owing doubtless to almost continuous intercourse with Europeans of the Diplomatic body.

In America I had met many missionaries from whom I had received the notion that in the Far East were many millions who needed only the gentle jog of a New England preacher in order to abjure Buddhism. I assumed that Palladius would boast of numerous conversions. And so I broached the burning question. He looked at me with kindly eyes.

"Mon cher Monsieur," said he. "You have been correctly informed when you say that I have been successful as a missionary. I have lived here more than thirty years and my friends assure me that I have three converts to my credit, but I think that they exaggerate."

Xavier, who knew neither Chinese nor Japanese, claimed converts by the hundred thousand; and if half the missionary bulletins were true, Buddha would be by this time of no more than æsthetic interest. Palladius knew Chinese thoroughly, and knew more of Chinese mentality perhaps than the total of all other Christians in the middle kingdom. He smiled at the infantile zeal of our scantily equipped emissaries. No English or American missionary could have endured the life of Palladius. It was far too primitive and ascetic. Only twice had he been home—each time by the overland camel caravan—a matter of weary and sometimes dangerous months.

Palladius was the only Christian missionary in the Far East whose presence was not resented by the people. He told me much, and he knew much more than he told. His mission has more than two centuries of tradition, running back to 1689, when Russia was the only

European Power whose traders were permitted to move about in the Celestial Empire. Moreover, it is of international, if not psychological, interest that from 1689 until the disastrous Japanese War of 1905, Russia matched her diplomatic wits against those of Cathay, and persistently encroached upon that country's territory without ever having to incur the cost of a war. Whilst my Puritan ancestors were struggling for a foothold amongst the forests and swamps of the Pequots and Mohicans, Russian Cossacks were already in Eastern Siberia and seeking trouble with China on the Amur. At last came the inevitable shock of arms; a treaty was the result (in 1689), and by this Russia was permitted to maintain a mission in Pekin. Theoretically, this was merely for the spiritual comfort of certain Cossack prisoners then in Pekin; but, as time wore on, and official China learned little by little that these Greek Churchmen minded their own business, their position became the more secure. In the mob movements that periodically wrecked Christian establishments, no notice was taken of the Russian Church, for it did not proselytize.

Our friend the Herr Doktor Karl Abel told me some years later that these reports of the Russian Mission owed their value to the fact that in this nominally theological body were always a goodly number of scientists who made it their business to report on whatever could assist Russian commerce with China. And so, when the venerable Palladius admitted that he had been accused of causing three Chinese to become converts, or, as they would call it, *renegades*, he was glad to think that a report so damaging to his honour might prove an exaggeration.

CHAPTER XXIV

Chinese Wall and Protectionism—Tax on Books and Art—Chinese Troops armed with Bows and Arrows—Kalmuk Bedfellows—A Boat Journey from Pekin—A Mob threatens me—I visit the Jesuit Mission at Zikawei, in Company with Count Rochechouart—Labour Competition under Cloak of Religion—More of the Rochechouart Family—General MacMahon—China revisited in 1898—Admiral Sir Edward Seymour at Wei-hai-wei—His Views on the Pekin Government—The Germans in Kiao-chow—Notes on German and British Methods

Of course I made a pilgrimage to the Great Wall, an ugly and futile thing like that which Congress has built in order to protect Americans from foreign competition. Each of these walls has done harm to the builders, and neither has fulfilled the hopes of those who conceived them. The Chinese wall that snakes its grey thousand miles on China's northern boundary has not shielded her from Russian or even Mongolian raiders; and the customs regulations of the United States have but made life more costly and more uncomfortable than it was a century ago. If my English friend send me a book I must pay customs tax thereon which sometimes equals the value of the book itself. I am starved for good books because they are not procurable save at protective or prohibitive prices. When I say good books I mean books that are good for me, and that consequently are not republished in America. Of such is Yule's and Henri Cordier's edition of *Marco Polo*, on which I had to pay five dollars in duties. Another such book indispensable to me is Murdoch and Yamagata's *History of Japan*, a large and necessarily costly work appealing only to very few scholars, and such are always poor in

purse. The American artist is even worse off on account of our Chinese wall of Protection, for his expenses in America are nearly four times what they would be if he lived in Paris or London rather than Chicago or New York. We are the only country that places a tax on art and literature. As a result we are to-day just as helpless in those fields as when the United States had but a farmer population of ten million. We tax heavily now even Huntley and Palmer's biscuit, the one which I daily call for as I do for a good book. That biscuit is made from American wheat and sugar, yet it is shut out by our Chinese wall in order that I may be compelled to buy from an American company whose products are a windy and watery imitation.

The Chinese wall injured China in so far as it encouraged the idea that behind it they were secure from northern and western invasion. In Pekin I saw many of the Manchu troops, all of them armed with pikes, bows and arrows, as might have been the case under Genghis Khan. Of discipline, in our sense, I saw none; on the contrary, those who stood sentry about the palace acted as mere loungers, their weapons leaning against a neighbouring house. Here was the ideal of those who preached Pacifism when William II launched his vandal hordes against an astonished and unready world. On and about the great wall I stumbled against many pieces of mediæval artillery, which indicated marvellous honesty in the circumjacent population or else ignorance of their market value. I would gladly have brought one home with me, but the narrow trail over which I had come permitted only sure-footed pack animals, and I had none in my company that could have carried so heavy a souvenir. Even the bricks, beautifully glazed, would have made each a sufficient load for my little donkey. Besides, I confess reluctantly that I was born with no mania for collecting mere things. The Wall of China is more impressive on paper than when seen from the

saddle, especially in a cold north-west wind. The naked eye can see but a few miles of this world's wonder, but the mind recoils in amazement on reading in elementary geography of its enormous height and breadth and length, and of the millions who contributed and who gave rise to the legend that a corpse lies buried beneath each brick.

To-day the Great Wall is pierced for a railway, but when I was there it was as inaccessible as the remotest sections of the Rocky Mountains. No sign of trees could I see, nothing but interminable hills over which howled the winds of Siberia with nothing to temper their harshness. So cold was it that I could not keep more than tolerably warm when afoot and scrambling up and down the stony path. A train of loaded donkeys was travelling north as we headed south, and we drew to one side of the rocky shores of a stream we had just forded. When in the midst of the turbulent water one donkey in the train fell and rolled on to his back. His nose just reached above the water; and he would soon have drowned had not several of that pack-train sprung bravely into the icy rapids, righted the little beast and helped him to reach solid ground. I carried no thermometer, but when I saw icicles forming beneath his belly whilst his pack was being readjusted, I had no difficulty in presuming that the weather was of the zero Fahrenheit kind, and rather below than above.

The caravanserai of that night differed from the one between the capital and Tientsin in that there was no separate room for me. Of course I was very hungry and tired, having been all day either in the saddle or afoot, climbing about in a searching wind. I threw myself down upon the *kang*, a raised brick platform. This is the public bed of all wandering humanity between the Yellow Sea and the shores of the Volga. This brick bed was agreeably heated; indeed it was primarily the kitchen stove whose controlling factor was a kindly

faced Chinese woman who was just then feeding her fire with camel-dung and faggot-wood resembling stubble. She made me a hot mess, and I was too hungry and tired to care whether she ever washed her hands. Let us call her dish *pot-au-feu* or *olla podrida* : it was hot and solid, and five minutes thereafter I was asleep. All night I slept, warmly and happily, and was awakened to discover that soon after us had come a camel train with a goodly number of Kalmuk drivers, and that all in turn had lain down, each in his great fur coat and each snuggling against the other. And thus no animal heat was wasted. On their lofty swinging beasts they looked ferocious, with fur bonnets that concealed all but the tip of the nose. But then we are apt to call everything ferocious that we do not know, and now that I have had Kalmuks for bedfellows, I cannot ever again think them other than courteous humans, for they made no unnecessary noise and kept me warm. With some such caravan must the venerable Palladius have travelled; and, indeed, the temptation was mighty within me to reach Europe by this route. I would have yielded to the lure of the Kalmuk, but for the mad ambition to secure a Yale bachelor degree.

My journey to Pekin from Tientsin had been so hard a one that on the return journey I chartered a boat with an enclosed space wherein I might sleep and have my meals. The start was to have been made in the evening, but so fierce was the wind from north and west that the sampan men feared an accident, and the skipper wished me to wait until daylight. In this emergency I was unreasonable, for I did not know the upper part of the Peiho nor the danger from collision. I insisted on starting, and pushed overboard the sailor who was hesitating about casting off. He was fished out somewhere and somehow, but our bow was violently swung against a neighbouring sampan, and the whistle of the dust-storm was momentarily drowned in shrill Chinese

clamour from every boat in that crowded port. What was uttered I know not, but a mob is a mob, and the night was dark, and I was the only European, and at the mercy of a water-side population. My dragoman spoke very earnestly to me on the danger of proceeding. That the danger was real I did not doubt after seeing his eyes and hearing the quaver in his voice. So I told him to give a lump of silver to the sailor whom I had pushed overboard, and the clamour slowly quieted down. In general, however, I am inclined to think that so-called adventures in foreign lands are a sign that the traveller is ignorant and reckless. Men of experience should have no adventures: such things should happen only in boys' books.

To-day China wears European dress, and her politicians talk the jargon of democracy. This does not apply to all China. Far from it! But it does apply to an infinitesimally small though noisy minority which makes up for its insignificance at home by applause in the Press of Europe and America. Thus live many Chinese who themselves know their own people only in books. They are usually products of missionary colleges which teach the doctrine that liberty and equality are twin props of Christianity. Yet wise men have long since learned that inequality is the law of God, and service the surest way to spiritual serenity.

The good Count de Rochechouart was on the same boat, returning from Tientsin to Shanghai, and invited me to accompany him on his official visit to the Jesuit missionary establishment at Zikawei. Nothing more agreeable to me could have been suggested. His Excellency de Rochechouart did not ask if I was of his creed, and the Jesuit chief accepted me as a protégé of his embassy. French was the only language spoken and the wines we drank were of the choicest. We were now amongst men accustomed to the drawing-rooms of Paris no less than the privations of travel in China. Zikawei

is on the great water complex characteristic of the territory about the Yangtse mouth. It is a well-selected spot strategically, for the missionary can enter a covered sampan after nightfall and glide through this well-canalized country without exciting the suspicions of any native. He can receive at Zikawei Chinese converts or emissaries who arrive in the same silent manner without leaving any clue as to whence they came, or how many might be concealed behind the house boat's curtains.

One might have lived a lifetime in Shanghai and never have seen a Jesuit, much less tasted their exquisite wine. Their mission is vast and complex, their lives are full of inspiring occupation, they have no wives or children to distract them, and, above all, they are not concerned with mercantile miseries which drive to bankruptcy or suicide many of our less fortunate adventurers in the Far East. The Jesuits of Zikawei speculate only in spiritual stocks, and these never interfere with good sleep at night and good meals by day. They are in China ostensibly for the purpose of wrecking the religion of Buddha and achieving the triumph of Roman Christianity.

China knows all this, and in proportion as China honours Confucius and Buddha, it fears and hates the machinery of Papal propaganda. Napoleon III gained glory in Rome because his wars had a flavour suggestive of Christian crusades. The Crimean War was for the purpose of placing the tomb of Jesus in French Catholic hands. No one to-day knows where that sepulchre is or was, yet the credulous are contented. The disastrous Mexican Expedition was warmly applauded by Rome because it promised to restore Papal rule in that chaotic State. The Chinese wars were justified on the ground that a Catholic missionary was to be avenged; and even the war of 1870 earned for Napoleon the sympathy of the Catholic world merely because the Hohenzollern was Protestant.

Just before the 1870 war, a Tientsin mob wrecked a Catholic mission and killed several inmates. Of course the Chinese Government ultimately paid an indemnity; but such outbursts of popular violence are symptomatic.

Some years later (1898) I was shown in Canton a Chinese pamphlet with illustrations describing the abominations practised by Christians. This work I was assured had been circulated throughout the Empire in order to encourage the anti-foreign sentiment which culminated in the Boxer movement of 1900.

But amongst the entertaining Jesuits of Zikawei, no such thoughts intruded; the amiable Count gave them the gossip of Pekin, and in return had some good laughs over episodes in up-country travel. One Jesuit was a Bavarian and with him I chatted of things German in his native tongue. He took me over the vast establishment, which in some respects resembles an industrial school. Here Chinese youngsters are trained in a variety of useful handicrafts. There was a printing establishment where every sort of job work was being done, to say nothing of excellent lithography and colour printing. The carpentering and wood-carving impressed me much; and my Bavarian friend told me that they carved all sorts of designs in wood, notably altar-pieces and other church furniture. Of course I did not inquire, nor was information volunteered, as to the budget of this extraordinary institution. The Roman Church claims many converts in China, and converts must do as they are bid. Therefore a factory crowded with clever operatives, and crowded also with orders from clients who pay in cash, should make a good return on the capital invested, and in addition send an annual Peter's Pence to the Saint Siège on the Tiber.

Secrecy is a Jesuit virtue, and the public is not invited to weigh or measure the goods that are silently floated away in the missionary sampans for shipment beyond the seas. Much less are we permitted to inspect the

ledgers of this great commercial corporation which for many centuries has courageously established mission stations in far-away countries, and at the same time grown rich in purse no less than in saintliness. History may repeat itself, and the Jesuits may once more be expelled from every Catholic state, and their books may be seized, and then the world may learn the means by which Christian theology has been reconciled with counting-house methods. The United States has dozens of Roman Catholic corporations doing a profitable business, thanks to immunity from taxation. They compete successfully in our labour market for they command the service of zealous acolytes, whose vows of poverty are no bar to earning money for their superiors.

The Bavarian brother showed me up into the astronomical tower and explained how they were able to anticipate the typhoons and thus warn ships in Shanghai. From this tower was a wide prospect over the flat Yangtse plain where but a few years before the gallant General Ward found his death by a Tai-ping bullet. My eye was caught by a mound on top of which was a structure of European character, and my Bavarian brother explained that it was the shrine of some saintly Chinese martyr.

ME. But was there ever any Christian Chinaman martyred hereabouts?

BAVARIUS. Mein Gott! What would you? The Chinaman must have a pilgrimage! It is our duty to furnish one. Each year we have a procession, with banners and music and feasting! All this helps, and who is the worse?

Twenty years later I launched my Rob Roy canoe at the headwaters of the Elbe in Bohemia and paddled or sailed my way to Hamburg and so on to the opening of the Kiel Canal. At every bridge I found myself under the protection of the Jesuit saint, Nepomuk, who throughout this general neighbourhood has displaced

John Huss as an object of popular veneration. Nepomuk is mythical, whilst John Huss is a living reality. But such trifles were no discouragement then. In Prague a pundit of the university took me to the famous bridge, and showed me the spot whence Nepomuk had been cast headlong into the turbulent stream. Here is his version of the famous tale:

There was a Jesuit in Prague who was confessor to the wife of Bohemia's ruler. This ruler was a jealous man. He suspected his beautiful wife of infidelity, and therefore he commanded the Jesuit confessor to find out the name of her lover. But the man of theology answered that he could not betray the secrets of the confessional, no, not if he were to incur death. And therefore the jealous prince had him bound hand and foot, and tossed into the Moldau, from the very bridge on which we then stood, close to his monument.

Had this happened to John Huss, he would probably have drowned; but John Nepomuk was invented for ulterior and superior purposes. Therefore his body floated on the surface, and his head was illumined by seven candles as he swiftly passed the many villages and cities of this beautiful stream and then on past Dresden and Magdeburg. And lest he should bump against bridges, two angels watched over him throughout his miraculous journey, and thousands of pious peasants fell on their knees and renounced the heresies of Luther and came back to the fold of the true church! There never was a Nepomuk any more than a Holy Chinese Martyr of the Zikawei Mission, but if an invention of this kind can bring consolation to yearning hearts, who would be so cruel as to spoil a good story!

That was indeed a happy day amongst the scholarly and entertaining Jesuit padres. They proved most logically that when souls were at stake all means were legitimate in order to save them from the devil. In ordinary life we censure those who lie; but how find

fault with such as dedicate their lives to poverty? It is with soldiers of the Cross as with all soldiers—they would each win a medal however great the risk. Voltaire said somewhere that in his time so great was the Christian zeal that he had known of priests abandoning their mistresses in the middle of the night in order to convert a heretic at the other end of Paris. Jesuits have braved the faggots and tomahawks of Red Indians on the St. Lawrence, and their zeal is no less to-day than when Guy Fawkes tried to blow up the British House of Commons or Louis XIV expelled every Huguenot from France.

The Comte de Rochechouart is no more. Democracy dislikes aristocracy, and so must it ever be, for so has it ever been. The house of Rochechouart was a power in France more than ten centuries ago. In Shanghai the story was current that the first syllable of his name indicated the original *Roche* of St. Peter, on which our Saviour founded His Church. We must not be critical in christological genealogy, nor need we be; for, if ever a handsome and gallant Frenchman carried in his bearing and speech the attributes of high caste and courtly ways, it was this last representative of a glorious family. The Rochechouarts had ruled their princely estates as autocrats, as benevolent princes; it was in their tradition, in their blood. To them there was no good government save that of God on earth, and, of course, God had created kings to execute His temporal edicts, and Popes to determine whatever was ambiguous in the written Word. Monarchy was inconceivable to Rochechouart save as the protector of papacy, for no monarch was legitimate save by pontifical pronunciamento. To him the German Emperor and the Queen of England were usurpers because their coronations had been consummated without consulting the Pope. Louis XIV was, in the eyes of the good Rochechouart, a pious child of the Church because he did what the Holy Father

commanded and revoked the Edict of Nantes. He nearly wrecked his country by wasteful wars, and he drove away more than a million subjects whose only crime was to worship God according to conscience.

Louis XIV was not merely the most pious monarch of his time, but also the most prolific from the nursery point of view. The beautiful Marquise de Montespan was of the illustrious Rochechouart family, and she had eight children, seven of which called Louis XIV papa. She was a most orthodox lady, educated by convent nuns, and retiring at the close of her erotic life to the sweet society of a sanctified sisterhood in Paris, in the rue Saint Dominique. A Rochechouart is inconceivable to-day in the Paris that celebrates the centenary of Ernest Renan and insists on liberty of university instruction.

But in 1876 the Maréchal MacMahon, Duc de Magenta, ruled if he did not reign in the Elysées Palace. He was primarily a soldier, a brave and honest man, a loyal champion of legally constituted authority, but in his heart hated the Republic. He had earned honourably his title of an honest and fearless general. He had saved France from Communistic rioters who in 1871 had wrecked many magnificent monuments in Paris, and were once more exhibiting their humanitarian aims by murdering all who held less enlightened views regarding property.

The Duc de Magenta served seven years as President, and France honours his memory. He is a shining example to American rulers, for whilst in office he pandered to no political group, but did his duty in spite of the clamour of Socialists, Liberals, Royalists, even Roman clericals. Like Washington, he was assailed by every party which desired radical measures, and like our national hero he proved a valuable moderator during the critical period of transition from monarchy to republicanism. The rule of MacMahon was moderate

and semi-monarchical, not to say semi-clerical. He accepted the machinery of Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité, but, like many another wise Frenchman, hoped in his heart for some legitimate pretender about whose name a stand might be made for constitutional monarchy.

And this explains why so perfect a specimen of the old regime as the mediævally minded Comte de Rochechouart gave me joyous hours in the Shanghai of 1876.

Twenty-two years later I found myself once more in the Yangtse metropolis, and verily China seemed to have made gigantic strides. Lofty factory chimneys lined the banks of the Wosung, and railway engineers were intriguing for concessions. The Press talked glibly of partitioning China as if it were another dark continent. In that year (1898) a powerful British fleet was anchored at Wei-hai-wei under Admiral Sir Edward Seymour, whose guest I was aboard the flagship. He spoke of the governmental chaos in Pekin, and summarized it by the statement that he at that moment had no idea who was on the Chinese throne—nor had he any means of knowing. Across the Gulf of Pecheli, at Port Arthur, Russia had concentrated her war vessels in anticipation of some complication, and only a hundred miles in the opposite direction, the German Kaiser also held a powerful naval contingent in Kiao-chow bay.

Those who live in China from day to day see no more progress than does one who plants a tree and expects to measure it from hour to hour; but I who knew the China of 1876 without one mile of railway, or even one machine of importance, could not but feel that the molluscuous mass was moving when in 1898 every Treaty port showed the externals of modern progress—even to the building of steam launches and running of cotton factories. In my third visit (1904), I registered more material progress; on my fourth (1910), yet more; and on my last (1921), yet a little more in spite of almost chronic brigandage.

Sir Edward Seymour is now between eighty and ninety years of age—a knightly character and a shining link in England's chain of naval commanders. It was he who led the allied column of troops to the relief of Pekin at the beginning of the Boxer trouble in 1900; and it was over a road which he already knew from having fought in earlier Chinese campaigns (1857–62). The British fleet had been but six months in Wei-hai-wei, when Admiral Seymour sent a torpedo-chaser to fetch me from Chefoo, forty miles away. I had visited Kiao-chow and been received by the German Governor and entertained at mess by the officers of the garrison. Rarely have I seen so discouraged a body of men as this conquering host—from the Commander-in-Chief to the least important recruit. The Kaiser had been one year in undisputed authority, and I was curious to compare his work with that of his British rivals on the same coast of the same Shantung in practically the same climate and under the same sociological conditions. The German work was a mess, because it was directed by Berlin Bureaucracy. The British work at Wei-hai-wei went smoothly from the start, because it was in the hands of administrators who knew China, and were gentlemen into the bargain; which refers particularly to the Admiral and to Sir Stewart Lockhart, who had charge of the civilian government.

In Kiao-chow the first care of the Berlin Government was to insist on German as the only language, and insult was added to injury by plastering the place with signs in Gothic script, forbidding many things under heavy penalties. The Chinese of Chefoo and Shanghai are familiar with English, but German has no currency east of Suez. No wonder then that Imperial Germany complained that the Chinese were inefficient and scarce at that! The good coolies disappeared and sought work with the English; whilst in this nursery of excellent labour, German colonists had to do their own chores.

Moreover, Kiao-chow is a bad port. Were it a good one, England would have occupied it long since. During the few days I spent there in 1898 an Oregon lumber ship dragged her anchors, although her position had been given her by the German harbour-master; whereas an old Chinese pilot who had for thirteen years run in and out of Wei-hai-wei told me that nothing of that nature had happened there—at least within his time.

Imperial Germany has had to sink many millions in order to dredge and protect this harbour for the benefit of Japan, who captured it at the beginning of the World War. In 1898 the German garrison had no sports and were homesick for want of good beer. The coolies were sulky, and resented the Russian manner of laying a belt across their backs whilst they were grunting at their work. The officers could get no servants for the mess, and those which they imported from Shanghai spoke only English. To me it was interesting to note that these very men who officially fined the Chinese for using English had to speak it themselves or—starve.

The German Governor permitted only military officers to enter by his front door. A sign in German informed the public that civilians were to apply at the back or tradesman's entrance. When I marched straight at the central gate, the Prussian sentry attempted to deflect me, but I warned him that if he shot me I would report him for staining the Governor's front steps and—whilst he pondered on this, I banged the door in his face and sent in my card by an indoor servant. The Governor and his wife lamented loudly the misery of their lot, the laziness of the coolies, the German merchants who came from Shanghai clamouring for concessions in the prospective colony. It never occurred to him that a colony without colonists would look funny from a financial point of view—he despised civilians, and wanted only such as he could order about in garrison fashion. I paddled my canoe up and down and about this first

of Germany's ports in China, and talked with many Germans—both military and mercantile: the military were disgusted, and the mercantiles cursed the military for having no common sense, for antagonizing the natives, and for their overweening behaviour toward such as wore no uniform.

CHAPTER XXV

Sir Clements Markham and Sir Scott Keltie at the International Geographical Congress of 1900 in Berlin—Professor Woker translates my *Children of the Nations* into German—Shantung seized by the Kaiser in 1897—Buddhism attacked in German Cartoon—Arrival of Portuguese in China—Source of Religious Intolerance—American Missionaries as Diplomatic Agents—S. Wells Williams in Pekin—Caleb Cushing—Anson Burlingame—Our Consular Services in those Years

When, a few days afterwards, I glided into the beautiful waters of Wei-hai-wei, the contrast was almost incredible. It was afternoon, and every man of the fleet, from the youngest middy to the Admiral himself, was out in the open stretching his muscles and replenishing his nervous batteries after the manner of England the world over. Some were playing polo, some football, some cricket, others tennis. Sir Edward would have no slackers in the matter of morale and physique, and he knew that discipline is made the more easy when all hands turn in at night well tired by hard sport in the open.

Kiao-chow and Wei-hai-wei in 1898 were fair illustrations of two different methods of national expansion. The Kaiser meant well, but he did not understand Chinese mentality. He thought he was doing the work of God and of Hohenzollern tradition by applying to the province of Confucius the military methods that worked well amongst his well-broken peasants of Pomerania.

Loyal Prussians obey without thinking; indeed, they regard thinking as an insidious form of questioning the wisdom of their superior officers. *Lèse majesté* is old as Christianity, and is intended to protect the body of the

sovereign from assassins. The crime of *lèse humanité* has also been tacitly accepted by educated public sentiment, and finds international sanction under the hospital flag of the Red Cross. But it remained for the most Christian Kaiser to extend this convenient doctrine so far as to make even the criticism of a royal official savour of political heresy. The Germans of my day called it *laese Beamtenthum*.

The whole of Imperial Germany's vast Colonial Empire crumbled in 1914 as did that of Spain one hundred years before, and largely for analogous reasons. Prussia had a political priesthood, whilst that of Spain was just a trifle more uncompromising in matters of education.

In 1900, during the Boer War, I was American delegate in Berlin at the Geographical Congress, and raised a very noisy protest because in an address on colonization I expressed my belief that the British would not only pacify South Africa, but that the Transvaal would accept the British flag as the one under which their children would find the best opportunities economically, to say nothing of political freedom. The President of the Royal Geographical Society (Sir Clements Markham) was present, and also Sir Scott Keltie, the veteran secretary, now emeritus. These two were, internationally speaking, the most notable men of the geographic world, but such was the German hatred of England then, that a congress which was intended as a gathering of open-minded scientists proved little better than a pro-Boer propaganda meeting crammed with Prussian officials who applauded generously any words calculated to make an English guest feel ill at ease. Whether Markham or Keltie understood any of the German speeches I know not. But I felt for them in their helplessness as guests of a city that is, even in Germany, noted for its lack of social elegance. As for me, the more they howled the merrier. I knew my Boers and my South Africa; and they were voicing only jealousy

of a successful and contemptuous rival. A stranger to Prussian mentality might have been intimidated or at least disconcerted by a storm of roars and hisses when in the midst of a geographical paper; but my familiarity with Berlin speech and manners enabled me to handle such an audience as they evidently expected to be handled—as turbulent students who attempt a protest against one who speaks to them *ex cathedra*.

Some years later, after my visit amongst the German colonial stations of New Guinea, I published a book entitled *Children of the Nations*, embodying impressions gathered in different colonies—British, American, French, Portuguese, Spanish, and German. My friend, Professor Woker, then Rector of the Berne University, translated it into German under the title, *Die Voelker in Kolonialem Wettstreite*—rather a sensational title methought, but prophetic withal. Professor Woker was a singularly philosophic and judicial spirit—a Swiss, of course, and by no means an admirer of Hohenzollern militarism. Yet in his Leipzig edition he first attempted to make me modify my opinions regarding German operations in China and Polynesia; and when that failed, he felt it his duty to make a footnote over his own initials in order to assure German readers that since my visits matters had much mended, and that Kaiser Kultur was making hopeful strides, etc., etc. Professor Woker felt for Imperial Germany the same admiration which many travelled and cultivated English and Americans expressed regarding the power and permanency of Napoleon and the beautiful Eugénie—before 1870.

Kiao-chow was attacked and placed under the German flag because two German Catholic missionaries had been killed by a mob somewhere in the interior, where they should not have intruded. The Kaiser not only seized the Bay of Kiao-chow, but proclaimed himself the overlord of all Shantung with special reference to railway construction, mineral exploitation, harbour works and

fortifications. This all happened in 1897—one year before my visit.

The fortifications were peerless in so far as engineering skill could protect the place, but when the Great War opened, the German fleet bottled itself up, and Japan promptly sent an army which put an end to Kaiser control in the Pacific. Germany could not send reinforcements, and the colonial policy of the Kaiser had not been such as to encourage his Chinese neighbours to rush to his help. On the contrary, every Buddhist remembered a singularly superfluous cartoon representing his Oriental co-religionists as a hideous monster in the act of devouring innocent Christians. This cartoon was not great as a work of art, but as an insult it was tremendous. Every periodical or newspaper throughout the world reproduced it, and Germans gloried in their modern Siegfried who could not merely slay Chinese dragons, but also make popular pictures of himself as a Wagnerian St. Michael.

Here again we have to untwist theological from political purposes. Worse than that, we are compelled to read the very dry chronicle of Christian contact with both China and Japan, if we would understand why the Far East dreads our material powers to the same degree as it despises our theological pretentions. I speak only of Christian contact by sea, round the Cape of Good Hope, when in the sixteenth century Portuguese merchants were compelled to carry proselytizing priests as part of their cargo. There had been Christian communities in China for a thousand years before the era of Jesuit propaganda; and those communities were not merely tolerated, but subsidized, if we may credit Marco Polo. Those early Christians came overland and lived peaceably amid a tolerant people. But the Christians who came in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries regarded toleration in matters of religion as a sin against the God of Love, and therefore they set up instruments

of torture in Goa and burnt all whom they deemed unorthodox.

Missionary letters to their friends at home have ever been to me a source of intellectual relaxation. Fail not, my dear children, to read missionary letters, commencing with Saint Francis Xavier of Spain, and including the infinitely more learned Professor Wells Williams who spent forty-three years of his life predicting the proximate evangelization of China. The life of this eminent scholar has been ably written by his son, my classmate at Yale and now a Professor. From Caleb Cushing's Mission in 1844 to this day is eighty years, during which we have continuously insulted a great nation with whom we pretend to live on terms of amity and equality. Missionaries have been our interpreters, our Secretaries of Legation, and even our Acting Ministers. Such has been our contempt for Chinese opinion that in my time, at least, our Government had no home in Pekin for its representative, and even the great Anson Burlingame had to open his Embassy mail on Portuguese territory—at Macao, in 1868. Cushing and Burlingame were notable men independently of the accidental work they did in China. Both were given a Chinese mission as consolation for political rebuff nearer home. The Senate had refused to confirm Cushing when presidentially appointed Secretary of the Treasury, and Burlingame was told by the Emperor, Franz Josef, that he would not be welcome at the Austrian Court. So each in turn made treaties of amity between China and Uncle Sam, and each treaty has been by us regarded much as William II regarded the neutrality of Belgium in 1914.

In 1876, there was no Consul-General in Shanghai: he was in jail for having embezzled from the U.S. mails. In 1898, I found the Consul-General trying to answer fifteen indictments, any one of which would have caused his dismissal from an honest consular force. In those happy years, before John Hay made his power felt in the

Department of State, it seemed to me that wherever I sought consular assistance, whether in South or North Africa, South or North China, Japan, Europe or Latin America, Australasia or the British East Indies, I had to do with men who had proved their unfitness for every other pursuit before taking refuge under the all-forgiving shield of Uncle Sam. Drunkenness and ignorance were the least of their torts in those golden years. Well was it for the wandering Yankee that Queen Victoria took pity on us and evidently ordered her diplomatic agents to give us that guidance of which our own paid politicals were incapable. In 1898 I visited every American Consul between Singapore and Hakodate, and found scarce one who would have been tolerated in your club, much less admitted to your table. In 1896, I inquired at Cape Town for our Consul, and was told by the representative of the Equitable Insurance Company that, in the memory of living man, there had not been any such who has ever been seen sober after the hour of luncheon.

In 1900, I settled in Munich, and found the Methodist American Church in charge of a German Jew who also was our Consul-General. He was credited with a quenchless thirst for making money honestly and otherwise. He would meet incoming American millionaires and steer them to the art-dealers, from whom he received commissions; he acted as legal adviser and official receiver of moneys in cases where Americans died intestate or Germans in America had complications in Bavaria. He charged illegally for services and was into the bargain a most offensive personality. When one of the Assistant Secretaries of State (Pearce) came to Germany on the annual grand tour at Government expense, he supped with me and I laid the matter before him. He agreed with me in every detail, and then explained that this particular specimen of Hebrew culture had been appointed by an important political Boss in the Empire state (Platt), and that nothing could be done in the matter

unless I could prove that I had caught him with his hand in the pocket of another. So much for politics! However, I did manage to have him removed after a confidential talk with John Hay. Canada groaned, for he was unloaded upon her shores. Munich, however, smiled again for awhile. Soon came a pleasant but colourless young man with a ditto wife. She frightened the cab-horses by wearing a hat whose diameter was equal to that of the droshky's front wheel. But we fell upon their necks, for they were of the white race.

The British Minister at once invited them to dinner—a formal eight-o'clock affair. The illustrious novelist, Gertrude Atherton, was of the table, and was frightened almost as much as the local cab-horses when the consular lady appeared with her vast picture-hat upon her pretty head. She was politely offered the opportunity of depositing her hypercephalic burden: the British envoy did this by a tactful hint; the authoress of *Ruler of Kings* urged with emphasis. But the consular wife resisted firmly all attacks upon her crowning glory, and she would have won the battle had her enemies been all in front. One, however, slipped unperceived round to the unprotected rear, pulled forth a 20-inch skewer with one hand whilst with the other he swiftly lifted the rotary incubus from a very angry head, and fled with it into an adjoining apartment, whence he secured pardon through the keyhole. The anger of the *femina consularis* passed happily away amid the general good humour, and next week she related with charming naïveté to a party of touring Americans that she dined at the British Embassy and found herself the only well-dressed woman in the room!

Consul Wright himself meant well. He knew nothing of consular duties, nor a word of German or French, but he had been private secretary to a powerful Pennsylvania senator, Quay, and was therefore entitled to a salary at Government expense. He agreed with me that

the consular service should be an honourable one and wholly separate from sordid politics. "I'm a Reformer," quoth he. "So soon as my term is up, I mean to work for the purification of our diplomatic and consular bureaux. But when I came here I was told that the incidental "pickings" would be worth to me a full $30,000 per year, although the official salary is only one-tenth of that amount. I believe in Civil Service reform —so soon as I shall have had my turn at the "pickings."

But I am speaking of China.

CHAPTER XXVI

Early Commercial Intercourse between America and China—Howquah and Augustus A. Low—My Visit at the Howquah Palace in 1898—General Herbert in Rangoon presents me to another Howquah at a Durbar—Sir H. Thirkell White, Lieut.-Governor of Burma—Chinese in California and Rangoon — Chinese Efficiency—Sir Frederick Lugard, Governor of Hong-Kong, 1909 —Growth of Hong-Kong—Truth about the Opium War

Prior to the opening of Shanghai by treaty (1858), our ships had traded almost wholly with Canton, where was the famous Chinese Corporation of thirteen. Our great East India houses commenced competing with ships from Liverpool and London almost immediately after our Independence; and whilst agents of these houses were not permitted to set their feet on the sacred soil of Cathay, the guild of Canton merchants created the useful fiction that a little island separated from the city by a bridge was not an integral part of their sealed Empire. And so they persuaded mandarins, viceroys and other Governmental inconveniences to be somewhat blind when gazing at the island of Shameen.

In 1898 I visited Canton and Shameen. To my huge surprise and pleasure, I was invited by the grandson of the great Howquah to visit him in his palace. The invitation was not of my seeking. I had never seen the historic merchant, and had but mentioned his name to a friend in the Hong-Kong club.

But that was enough.

Gratitude is a virtue peculiarly Chinese; and the mere fact of my having the friendship of Mr. Low's family caused me to be regarded by that of Howquah as entitled

to social honour. So he sent a barge to Shameen, and I was landed at a very muddy and very shabby-looking spot—perhaps half a mile away—on the other side of the river. Then we walked between shabby mud walls along a dirty lane until I thought that this was an ideal spot if I was to be murdered; for the swift river was handy, and I was only one to six. It was the eve of the Boxer movement throughout China, and nowhere was the anti-Christian sentiment more pronounced than in Canton. So I did what I have done on many another such occasion—pretended that I was not afraid, whilst in my soul I wished that I had never come.

The leading Chinaman halted at a shabby and narrow door in the brick wall, on the left-hand side coming from the river. Here he made some noise and the door was opened for us by a shabbily dressed native. But nothing yet suggested proximity to a comfortable dwelling-house, much less a Howquah palace; we now again paced along between two walls only wide enough apart for foot-passengers, and after a few yards were again halted at a wider door, where again our leader made sounds to one who was evidently expecting him on the other side of the barrier.

And now happened the miracle! As the door swung open I gazed upon a garden of delicious colour and fragrance, a little pond with lotus flowers, ducks and various other water-fowl, and in the background a palace indeed—if that word belongs to a house where an architect has had at hand the resources of a princely purse, and the encouragement of an artist. We passed round the fountain and up a broad flight of beautifully carved stone steps, and then through an octagonal portal made of shining roseate stone suggesting marble—but I did not inquire. The master of the house, Howquah's grandson, came forward to meet me with an engaging smile, and bowed me to the seat of honour on a dais where I had several male members of his family

presented to me. We sat on arm-chairs of curiously carved ebony, and I was impressed by the richness, and at the same time the good taste, on all sides. Refreshments were served, and the usual questions answered regarding my health and my plans; and many compliments exchanged on the subject of Mr. Low and the great Howquah.

As I was necessarily familiar with our missionary-made stories about Chinese home life and barbarian exclusiveness, I thought this a good occasion for making a test case; and therefore I asked after the health of his wife and her mother-in-law, and lamented that I should have to return to America without having had the honour of saluting them in person.

At this Howquah III looked very much pleased, and he said something to one of his youngsters, who scampered away whilst we finished our tea and chat. Then he led the way to his wife's apartment, where with his mother stood a very beautiful and smiling little lady. Behind them was a four-posted big bed with exquisite silk embroidery about the baldaquin, and also about the base; and if ever man adored his little wife, and if ever adoration was reciprocated, it was here in the home of Howquah III. Had they received me with cold and scantily meted formality, I would not have been wholly surprised; but I moved here in an atmosphere of cordiality such as we expect amongst friends at home.

I praised, of course, the beautiful hangings and the furniture and the housekeeping, and wondered if all the rest of the palace was kept so immaculate as the bedchamber of Madame Howquah. To my increased surprise, Mamma Howquah immediately accepted my hinted challenge, and waved me through room after room—including the kitchen and usual offices. Every detail was exquisitely clean, tidy, and well ventilated.

Before parting I begged permission to photograph the

exterior, and this was cheerfully granted. In short, I hug the delusion, if it be one, that there are hundreds of thousands of happy homes in China much like those of Howquah, albeit less costly. But of these homes the tourist knows little—much less the missionary and merchant. I have met in America Germans who have been twenty years resident there, yet have never known the intimacy of an American home. Let us not, therefore, wonder at Europeans who have lived many years in Pekin or Shanghai; who have written popular books on Chinese ways, and yet who, in their many years, were not permitted to see so much of a native interior as it was my fortune to enjoy in those few hours at the Howquah palace. And as to the sordid approach, that is a matter wholly Governmental or political—indeed, it is a feature of all countries where taxation is complex, tyrannical, and capricious. The collector of taxes levies on what he sees, and his victims conceal their prosperity. This is not peculiar to China, and in time a better system of internal revenue collection may lead to more cheerful avenues for the approach to such palaces.

In Rangoon in 1909 I met the "Howquah" of Burma at a Durbar. His face reminded me of Mr. Low—smooth and smiling and benevolent. Major-General Lionel Herbert commanded the British forces on the Irrawaddy at that time. Said he: "You Yankees are horribly prejudiced about the Chinese—otherwise I'd like to have you meet my friend, Mr. X." And he pointed to the gentleman in question, whose hat and shoes were European, though the rest of his dress was of the Orient. Of course, I protested that I was the only American devoid of prejudice, and had a long and cordial talk with Mr. X, who, by the way, spoke excellent English. He owned a fleet of sixteen sea-going modern steamships, and was regarded by the British Governor, Sir Thirkell White, as an excellent specimen of the modern up-to-date merchant prince, very public-spirited, and

very much respected as a member of the Colonial Council.

Great Britain has prospered colonially for the very simple reason that she has hampered her administrators to the smallest possible degree. As a rule the British Governor meddles very little in matters of local custom, and consults native opinion at every step. In California the Chinaman conceals his wealth, and yearns for the moment when he may turn his back on that Hibernian paradise. In Rangoon, on the contrary, he is fairly treated, and therefore makes a social display of his earnings. What is true of Burma is equally so of Penang, Singapore, and Hong-Kong. Chinese capital takes refuge under the British flag, and is ready to help in developing the Middle Kingdom so soon as there is a stable Government.

Mr. X listened patiently as I spoke of the Upper Irrawaddy, and the plans for a railway from Bhamo to the Upper Yangtse. "Yes," he said, "such a railway is needed, and should be built." "But," added he, after an impressive pause, "it will be built by Chinese capital!" From him I gathered that there were to-day on the fringes of Cathay hundreds of men like him eager to see their country freed from the bondage of European exploiters, eager to assist in the task of opening her mines and building railways, amply supplied with capital, and rich also in experience of modern business methods.

Next day I visited his shipping office and bought a ticket from Rangoon to Penang with less waste of time than would have been occupied in getting my valise checked and myself ticketed between Boston and New York. In my country I have to stand in line many weary minutes until permitted to approach a little hole behind which is a voice that says I'm at the wrong hole and should have tried one of a dozen others. Finally my ticket is bought, and I drag my valise to the wrong

baggage counter, and finally to one where I have to make a declaration as to the value of my possessions; after which the official consults a ledger and makes entries and then walks away and comes back and fastens a tag to the handle of my suit-case. This is what we call checking—and it well describes a process that seriously hampers rapid movement. Yes, checking is unconscious humour, for the baggage rarely arrives until several trains later than the passenger—as all know who hope to change their clothes before dinner.

In the office of Mr. X was a hubbub made of many cries and chinking coin. Dozens of Chinese clerks glided hither and thither. They were naked to the waist, with native trousers tight at the ankles, very clean and carefully shaven, and above all, alert. I accosted the first passing one and merely said, "Penang steamer—first chop cabin—can do?" and immediately he answered "*Can do!*" banged a coloured stamp on to a piece of paper, took my money, and in less than five minutes I was in a sampan on the Irrawaddy wondering how long it would take in my own home to arrange a steamer passage of similar extent and character.

When such men as Howquah of Canton or X of Rangoon arrive at the helm of the good ship China, then let the rest of the world pray for meekness in the face of conquerors who are destined to overmatch us with our own weapons. Man for man the Chinaman is equal to the American, and he is four times as numerous. We have the start of him in machinery, but he is ahead of us in manual dexterity, physical endurance, and moral fibre. Luxury may in time harm China as it has already harmed this country, and as it undermined the military virtues of the Roman Empire and every other empire cursed by too much wealth in too few hands. Those of us who have seen but the toiling coolies on the waterfronts of our Chinese Treaty ports, or the inhabitants of so-called *Chinatown* in city slums, would open their

eyes in wonder if they could see some of the costly restaurants and clubs of Singapore and Hong-Kong crowded with wealthy Chinamen. Also would they stare at the handsome equipages with liveried servants, all Chinese, and all driving at the fashionable evening hour, as they might in Hyde Park. Chinese and British mingle socially on the same racecourse as they mingle at the garden-party of the British Governor, and this *rapprochement* has been going on slowly but steadily for a hundred years in spite of missionaries and in spite of Governmental imbecility in Pekin.

I went from Penang to Bangkok, and thence to Hong-Kong, where General Sir Frederick Lugard was Governor. I had known him since 1884, and had watched with growing admiration the successive steps by which he won the confidence of his men and then of those above him, and finally achieved rank amongst the colonial immortals, the great empire-builders, Livingstone and Stanley, Clive and Warren Hastings, Nicholson, Sir Harry Johnston, and such.

Hong-Kong was but a bald rock with a few fishermen when England hoisted her flag there in 1842. That flag immediately attracted a large Chinese population, just as the Union Jack at Gibraltar has been a blessing to all Spaniards who live in or near Linea and Algeciras. The evil-tongued will tell you that England forced opium upon China, and then made war upon her, and finally took violent possession of Hong-Kong. This is the fable that cheers the anti-opium societies, but it lacks foundation. The war of 1840 came as the natural consequence of China's Governmental insolence towards Governmental England. If Russia was admitted to Chinese trade by way of Siberia, England felt that she had an equal right when coming by water. But her envoys were treated offensively, and at length it was decided to apply the *ultima ratio regum* and compel recognition of international courtesy by a naval demon-

stration such as Perry made in Yedo Bay some years later.

The Canton authorities had confiscated and destroyed merchandise belonging to British merchants. This merchandise happened to be opium. A great hue and cry was made against England's debauching the Chinese; but this cry was merely raised in order that the home growers of poppy should be protected against outside competition. China received a valuable lesson in this war, for it settled once for all the question of her military position. She had no troops and no machinery capable of protecting any one of her parts against bombardment, and consequently she signed a treaty with Great Britain which could never have come into being but for the bloody expedition of 1840. America profited enormously by that act of war, as did all other countries having trade with China; yet we continue to speak of the *opium war* as a stain on the fair fame of Europa.

CHAPTER XXVII

Founding of Hong-Kong University — Sir Charles Eliot first President—Roman Catholic Missionary Work in Hong-Kong

General Sir Frederick Lugard is a modest man, but whilst I was his guest at Government House he laid the corner-stone of the Hong-Kong University. Of his own share in the creation of this unique academy he said nothing, but from others I learned that it was largely as a tribute to his character and to that of the Government which he represented that something like one million dollars had been collected, and by him held in escrow for this object. Let us note here that Chinese merchants raised the money for a university to be built under the guns of an English fortress on land which had been ceded by their Government after this very opium war.

This university is wholly separate from the propaganda schools run by missionary bodies. On the contrary, it is a university in the liberal sense of that much-abused word—an institution where students learn the most modern methods in engineering and medical science. Sir Frederick Lugard told me that the money subscribed for this purpose was induced by considerations of morality. Chinese parents dreaded for their sons the long separation from home which was necessary in order to secure a British degree in medicine or mechanics. They dreaded even more the corrupting influence of Christian cities—the night life of London—the absence of ethical discipline. At Hong-Kong they were under wholesome Chinese influence, and in holiday time could be united with parents, a blessing wholly out of the question when separated by 10,000 miles of steamer

travel. Maybe a missionary is reading this page, and maybe he will believe me when I say that Lugard by this one act has done more for civilization in China than all the missionaries of every sect. The Chinaman had hitherto regarded the white man's gifts as tainted. But in Lugard they recognized a Christian who could worship his own God without necessarily insulting the God of his neighbour. God raised up Lugard to do many great things as all the world knows that knows Uganda and Nigeria; but under Providence, his title to a niche in the Temple of Peace rests primarily upon the influence he exerted in Hong-Kong.

Lugard himself is the most silent and the most modest of his breed. He has accomplished nothing at all if you would accept his own estimate of himself. But from others I gathered that he impressed favourably the Chinese with whom he came in contact, and every great orator can tell you that the most impressive part of a speech may be a moment of profound silence.

The Hong-Kong University was also fortunate in securing as its head no less a scholar and master in ways Oriental than Sir Charles Eliot. Our paths had crossed in many past years and many places—in St. Petersburg when he was Embassy Secretary; in Morocco when he was chargé d'affaires shortly before the kidnapping of Perdicaris by Raisuli; then again in Washington during the Spanish War. He had been also Commander-in-Chief of the British East Africa Protectorate, Vice-Chancellor of the Sheffield University, and member of a Royal Commission on Electoral Systems. Few men, methinks, had been permitted to study their fellow-man from angles more different; and still fewer have united with personal experience more profound and varied knowledge of Oriental history and languages. On my last visit in Japan, Sir Charles was British Ambassador, and, as I could see for myself, immensely appreciated. But he had been long enough as head of the Hong-Kong

institution to start it in a manner worthy of its inception —and indeed his promotion was a fitting reward for the services he had rendered to China no less than to his own Government. Need I add that Sir Charles Eliot and Sir Frederick Lugard are equally silent under ordinary circumstances; they are not given to mere causerie. They can, however, and do, talk logically, forcibly and fluently when the matter interests them.

In Hong-Kong is a Roman Catholic mission conducted by French nuns. These gather foundling babes in the city slums, and add them to the list of Christian converts. It was in 1898 that I visited the mission, and I was received by a very kindly and very good-looking Mother Superior. She was French, as were all those under her, and all were attractive and spoke the French of cultivated society. Perhaps the Roman Catholic female missionaries are wisely selected, for many who are not of that creed send their children to the mission school merely for the French language—and this refers not only to Chinese but European Protestants as well.

A wider knowledge of human nature would convince the trustees of Church money that however poor the people, and however meagre their education, they appreciate in their pastor the dignity and scholarship that belongs to so exalted a station. For myself I have carefully studied the art of doing honour to the audiences in my farmer neighbourhood. On such occasions I don my highest hat, my longest frock-coat, and my most uncomfortable collar. In my language I carefully use academically framed phrases, with an occasional synonym, where I fear a misunderstanding. Maybe this policy earns for me the title of pedant or snob. If it does I have not noticed any diminution of cordiality on the part of my neighbours; on the contrary, I believe that they recognize in my sartorial and linguistic efforts a kindly intention—that of paying them a compliment. In my day I've met many French Catholic missionaries,

of both sexes, and never one who did not speak well. The Hong-Kong Mother Superior asked me if I were of her faith; and when I said that I was not she said: "Alors, tant mieux! Then we shall make the enemy praise our good work!" It was a pleasant morning that I spent in talk with such women; it was also very instructive. Hong-Kong then ranked with New York or Liverpool in shipping, and sailors have ever been under the patronage of Aphrodite—to say nothing of her nymphs. No wonder then that the interested scavengers can daily harvest many newborn fragments of mixed mortality in quarters where facile maidens offer sexual relief to polyglot mariners in the Seven Seas.

Endless rows of bassinettes held an endless variety of baby faces of an infinite number of colours. The Mother Superior pointed to these varying shades on infants' faces as an experienced gardener would judge of lettuce or asparagus. She could tell by the ashy or purple tints whether the burial was to be to-morrow, next week, or whether there was hope. Most of the little things thus picked up in the sailor slums were diseased and obviously doomed, but whether they lived a day or whether they grew up to marriageable age, they all figured in the list of Christian Triumphs to the glory of those who give money for Chinese conversion.

Now the wise Chinaman sees no good in such soul-saving. On the contrary, he thinks that the future is made more difficult by nursing back to life the product of eroticism sadly blended with syphilis. He thinks also that foreigners might be more honestly employed than by rearing a population, generated in brothels, and educated to other gods than those of their country. If Buddhist priests maintained corresponding institutions in Bordeaux, New York or Barcelona, they would probably have corresponding conversions—if they were

equally well protected by the guns of a Protestant fortress.

But the sisters of mercy had no thoughts beyond their cradles—and anyway, their thinking was done for them and they were trained to obey.

CHAPTER XXVIII

I return to Yale in Autumn of 1876—Join *Yale Courant* Board—Louis Swinburne—College Days, happy ones—Dunham Rowing Club—Am threatened with Dismissal—" Bob " Cook—Harvard and Yale Contests—Education of each compared—Protectionism in America—William Graham Sumner—His Difficulties at Yale

In the fall of 1876, after a two years' interval of academic desuetude, I once more trod the Yale campus, but this time with elasticity of body, and boundless plans for the future. I had left New Haven a broken spirit brooding on suicide. In two years I had circumnavigated the globe, touched life at half a dozen different angles, and met and measured myself with men of many creeds, races, and national prejudice. I had kept up my languages and mathematics: my reading had been liberal—including the whole of the Bible; and, as a sophomore in Yale's famous class of '79, I was one perpetual peripatetic smile—and my name waxed from " Big " to " Merry-big."

The chief college paper (*Yale Courant*) invited me to become one of the board, and soon I was chairman. All were pledged to abjure the baneful seductions of two senior secret societies known respectively as Bones and Keys, each having but fifteen members and each pretending to the same sort of sanctity on the Quinnipiac that cardinals enjoy on the Tiber. My Freshman chum Sears went to " Bones," whilst I revelled editorially in denouncing " societies " whose power lay in snobbery and mystery. My new room-mate and warm friend throughout his brilliant life was L. J. Swinburne. His father

was a physician in Albany, and the son had enjoyed every advantage that could come through foreign travel and natural gifts as a writer. The monthly college magazine, popularly called the *Yale Lit*, promptly secured him as a member of their board, and thus our room became very soon much like an editorial sanctum. Swinburne had published an excellent little book on his experiences with the American ambulance in Paris, during the Franco-German war—his father having been in charge of the medical service organized by our American colony at that time.

We had a corner room in Durfee Hall, a sunny one wherein sang a canary bird. We both played the piano after our fashion. Swinburne had a beautiful voice and sang in the glee club, whilst the college chapel rang with my forceful basso in her choir. Between us we had well-filled book-shelves—Swinburne leaning towards essays, poetry and metaphysics, whilst my hobby was biography and history. How the talk did fly in that room—and the ink! They were golden days to both of us, even though I was given to banjo picking. But I was not by nature cruel, so usually I sought out the room of W. B. James, of Baltimore, who spoke with a contagiously cooing quality dear to Maryland and Virginia. His nickname was Nig, whilst mine was Big, and our two banjos worked so much together that *Nig* and *Big* came to be looked upon as twin spirits of negro minstrelsy. We both, moreover, affected very hygienic, which then meant very broad, shoes, and when we crossed our legs, and exposed two of our soles, and threw back our heads and bellowed forth our elemental songs touching dusky heroines of Alabama and the Swanee River, it needed but a fragment of burnt cork to make us appear candidates for footlight fame. James is now of the Æsculapian Parnassus, and chairman of many scientific societies, and as for my banjo fingers they have been largely smashed and patched

and rendered innocuous. But memories are precious treasures!

James, like myself, was keen on boating. We both joined the Dunham rowing club and both kept in training throughout our college years, and rowed in any races open to those of our weight. I was captain of my four and our crew was winner in two Saltonstall races. Then, too, I was elected secretary and treasurer of the Dunham, and made a canvass of the whole university in order to increase our membership and fill our treasury. It was regrettable, but alas too true, that in those days the Yale Faculty frowned upon athletic exercises other than the wearisome work of the gymnasium or a gentle pedestrian excursion to Lake Whitney. Maybe matters have improved, but in my day not more than 10 per cent. of the student body or Faculty could be regarded as taking regular athletic exercise. We had extremes, but a poor average. The various class crews and the university, the baseball nines, football elevens, etc.—these developed themselves inordinately for the one great purpose—victory! But the great majority of 90 per cent. were badly set up, compared with West Point cadets. They would have made a sorry figure if pitted against a corresponding number of students at the great British universities, where all are in flannels for a part of the day and all sweat the poison from their bodies in some form of manly contest.

As my first year at Yale had been cloudy, my last three years were the brighter. I graduated somewhere near the bottom of the list, but was elected Class Historian, Chairman of the Ivy Committee, and once "warned" by the Faculty that I should be dismissed if ever brought before them for a second time.

This is how it happened.

There was a German tutor named Zacher. He talked bad English and worse German. This I pointed out in an editorial which deprecated the inoculation of tender

students with a German dialect made in Würtemberg. None of the Faculty knew the difference between the various German sections, but they knew that no undergraduate was permitted to pass judgment on the tutelary gods of this Connecticut Olympus. And so Zacher and his Würtemberg jargon scored a triumph, whilst I forgot all academic scores in the joys of boating.

The famous but blasphemous "Bob" Cook was our 'Varsity coach and aquatic paragon. He knew that he could count on me, and so I had a regular seat in his boat, known as the "second eight." It was from this eight that he coached *the* 'Varsity; and thus I had the benefit of his coaching, which in due course made the crew of which I was captain a winning one amongst the light weights. Bob Cook was born for the rôle of a gang-leader—a pirate chief—a "Roi des montagnes"—a ruler of turbulent cowboys. He had no manners, and his customs were aboriginal. His naked form was a Greek masterpiece, but his tongue was of Gothic rudeness. I adored him because of the swiftness with which he had nearly killed me in the Freshman rush, and my worship never flagged so long as rowing formed the main feature of Yale's unofficial curriculum. How Bob Cook managed to matriculate, and how he managed to reach an A.B. degree, even after several efforts, is one of the New Haven mysteries. Rowing was his mania, and he crossed the ocean during his undergraduate years for the study of stroke at Cambridge. Moreover, his training methods were sane, and he took a set of boxing gloves along in trips up the Quinnipiac. He hardened his men in an all-round manner, and kept them interested in wrestling and sparring matches no less than the kinetics of oar handling.

To him I owe another undergraduate success—nothing less than knocking out in a boxing bout a classmate who now is a majestic figure in the New York publishing world, typothetical impresario for Gertrude Atherton

and many other literary lights of lesser magnitude. The referee in this bout was himself an expert in the noble art as well as in single scull—and he, moreover, smoked very good cigars. I refer to the now illustrious biologist, H. H. Donaldson, head of the Wistar Institute in Philadelphia. On rainy or snowy Saturday afternoons "Don" held boxing matches, and here it was that Stoke's nose rammed my outstretched knuckles.

Bob Cook subsequently married the daughter of a newspaper proprietor in Philadelphia, and was nearly killed by a negro who attacked him from behind when busy at his desk. He closed his years in Paris, where much is forgiven to him who brings money to the shrines of Bacchus and Aphrodite. Yale honours his virtues—albeit he was a thorn in the side of an austere Faculty. Harvard regards him as a ruffian.

All the other colleges of the United States leave the Yale bosom comparatively tepid—but when Yale wins from Harvard, bonfires blaze and bootleggers rejoice; and when Yale suffers defeat, strong men weep and hundreds have to borrow car fare in order to carry home their broken spirits. It must be climatic—for no such fanatical extremes have ever been witnessed in boating contests on the Thames, the Cam, or the Isis. It was all very new and strange to me—this ferocious mania for success over a rival institution of learning—the two oldest and strongest colleges of this country—both founded by Englishmen, both of about the same age, and both united by the same political and theological kinship. Three of my cousins were at Harvard, whilst I was at college—Evan Poultney, of Baltimore, who made much banjo merriment in the Hasty Pudding Club; and the two Trimble brothers, who were of the 'Varsity eight. One of them became Treasurer of the U.S. Steel Corporation, and the other President of a New York bank.

Throughout my undergraduate years I kept abreast of news from the boats; moreover, the *New York Sun*

appointed me their special correspondent. My Harvard cousins had their wine-lockers and openly transported bottles of Bordeaux and Burgundy from their studies to the Porcellian rooms. At Yale we would have been dismissed for having wine or even beer in our quarters. Harvard was held up to us frequently as a hot-bed of religious heresy and moral depravity. Yet I envied my Harvard cousins who selected genteel and indefinable themes of study; who chose apparently their own time for scholastic labour; who lived the life of Yale's Utopia, and yet passed their examinations! How different from New Haven where our hours of recitation were so conceived that we had but scant leisure for aught but preparing our next. We were marked like school-children, and made to recite according to that rating. Yale has become less pedantic, and Harvard has adopted a less liberal method—from the undergraduate point of view. At least, so I am told. In my day, however, the Harvard yoke was very easy. Members of the crew could choose as their theme such pleasant reading as French social distractions at Versailles, whilst we Yalensians had to memorize weary pages of Huxley's Physiology, and a series of even more dreary textbooks on mineralogy, chemistry, physics, palæontology, ethics, and the ineffable "Intellectual Philosophy" by our beloved and ever-forgiving President, Noah Porter.

Almost had I added Political Economy, Sociology and History of American Finance, but these were in the line of my hobby. My father was perhaps the first American honorary member of the Cobden Club, and the *Evening Post* under his editorship was opposed to Protectionism as unconstitutional, sectional, and injurious even to those communities who clamoured for it most loudly. Yale students of my time were probably the product of "protected" environment, or at least their families had come to regard the high tariff as the foundation of national prosperity. It is easy to convince ourselves

that a measure is good for humanity, if it puts money into our own pockets, and thus the mill-owners of New England and Pennsylvania formed strong commercial combinations in order to convince the Press, and especially the uncertain members of Congress, that the American farmer should buy his clothing, harness, and utensils from local manufacturers rather than from a foreigner. Washington swarmed with paid agents of protected industries, who kept up a cleverly timed alarm whenever Congress showed a disposition towards a lower tariff. The papers were then deluged with statistical propaganda, proving that if the duty on woollen blankets were lowered, untold calamities would occur, notably the shutting down of mills and the ruin of innocent families, plus a financial panic that would shake the pillars of our national temple.

Yale had then William Graham Sumner as Professor. He would have made even mineralogy interesting to me. His field was wide, and I never missed one of his lectures whether in Economics or Financial History. He had a hostile audience in so far as the majority of his classes repudiated his teaching and voted for the presidential candidates who favoured high Protection. But his rooms were crowded, and he made men think. Sumner was, moreover, a man of the world, a member of the Century Club in New York, and author of many works calculated to make his name rank with such illustrious colleagues as Adam Smith, Bastiat, and John Bright. The Yale Corporation was bombarded by letters from anxious mothers and manufacturing fathers denouncing Sumner as an atheist because he used Herbert Spencer as a textbook in Sociology; and as unpatriotic because he advocated what Irish politicians denounced as British Free Trade.

All this I did not know as an undergraduate, but learned many years later when we spent a summer together on the shores of the Baltic. He was then

preparing his great work on Folk Ways, and had been studying community methods in Russia. He told me then that the college begged him to change his textbook or modify his doctrines; but they dared not dismiss him. They paid him a salary so ridiculously small ($2,500) that only an apostle would have continued in such a chair.

Sumner taught the everlasting truths of national welfare stripped of sophistry and political expediency. Those who preached Protectionism were to him as those who defended polite prevarication. One impudent classmate asked him why he did not present the arguments in favour of a high tariff. Sumner gazed at the young man as at a strange insect, and then, after a pause, answered: "Gentlemen—I should have done so, had I known of any!"

To him the question of defending Protectionism was weird—almost as though a student had asked for an argument in favour of being dirty when hygiene was the subject under discussion.

CHAPTER XXIX

Tilden and the Presidency in 1876—The Yale Fence attacks our Torchlight Procession—Hayes elected fraudulently—Professor W. G. Sumner on Tilden—I visit Madras—Theosophical Colony at Adyar—Colonel Olcott and Madame Blavatsky—Annie Besant—John Weir—With Justine Ingersoll I visit Mary Anderson

Mr. Tilden was candidate for the Presidency in 1876, and he was known to be in favour of a low tariff—only sufficient for Governmental needs. He left his fortune for what is now the New York Public Library, of which my father was later chairman of the board of trustees. In all respects he was the man best fitted for political hegemony at that moment. He had been the chief instrument in exposing Tammany Hall and the Tweed Ring. As Governor of the State he had punished the heads of a political gang that had been robbing the tax-payer by auditing monstrous bills for alleged services to the Erie Canal—work that existed only on paper. The annals of our time would be raked in vain for another name to place beside that of Samuel J. Tilden as a jurist, a statesman, a public-spirited citizen, and, above all, one of good reputation. He was a member of the Century Club, and also honorary member of the Cobden. But in the eyes of protected manufacturers he was the devil incarnate, because his triumph might mean a diminution of their pecuniary profits.

The Tilden partisans organized in New Haven a monster torchlight parade in his honour shortly before election day, and Yale should have been well represented, for Tilden had been a student here. In those early days

of the Republic, citizens manifested their political preferences by tramping many miles behind brass bands and lurid banners. Election day was early in November. We tramped, in a drizzly cold rain, through endless puddles—for paving was as yet unused in small towns like New Haven. The elms had shed their leaves, and there was little to stimulate our interest through mile upon mile of wooden houses, telegraph poles and mud. We each carried a swinging lamp at the end of what may have been intended for a broom handle; and, in order that the oil-drip might do the minimum of harm, we were each presented with a shiny blue cape reaching to our elbows. Also the political head-quarters gave each a theatrically military-looking headpiece in order that the marching column might look somewhat less like a dispirited rabble. We occasionally sang songs whose language glorified the party of Mr. Tilden and correspondingly vilified that of the opposing candidate. The melodies were those of old favourites in the late Civil War, notably "Marching through Georgia," whose refrain in this campaign was "Tilden and Reform"!

Yale furnished less than a baker's dozen to this parade, but the thousand odd who withheld their sympathy from us were very frank in expression of their private feelings. They perched on the historical college fence all the way from the Art School to the Green, and there they diverted themselves by songs in honour of their Protectionist candidate, whom the late Charles A. Dana had laconically dismissed as "that rancid fraud!" They also stored ammunition made of mud neatly patted into the shape and weight of baseballs, and we knew, even in the black, rainy night, that we were nearing a great seat of learning, for our brass bands were drowned in academic howls and yells and screeching and bellowing. Have you read of Christian martyrs entering the Colosseum amid the roaring of wild beasts and the yet more savage execrations of a bloodthirsty multitude? The spirit of those

obstinate saints was ours—we would not have exchanged our bespattered lot that night for the ransom of kings—no, not even for a hot supper. The pages of Gibbon were now made luminous in our eyes and we understood how it happened that so many theological fanatics purposely insulted the Roman judges in order that they might figure for all time in the chronicle of saints. Nay, even when the Roman jailers purposely left a passage open for escape, the early Christian declined all for the martyr's crown.

And we were of the same pathological class. The clods of mud whizzed and many smote us with dull squdgy thuds; but we pressed stoically on, bearing aloft our dripping banners and evil-smelling torches. The baseball marksmen were in the front of our assailants and, of course, they carefully spared all but our saintly baker's dozen. We could neither accelerate nor slow down because of the masses behind and before, and, of course, it was our joy to express defiance by welcoming their bombardment. We did cram down our hats and we did lift our oilcloth capes over the side nearest the college, and we did attempt counter-demonstrations of defiance by cheers for "Tilden and Reform," but we were overmatched in every way and our torches nearly all extinguished and ourselves a sad mess of blood and mud after the running of that gauntlet.

But we triumphed! Mr. Tilden received a majority of the electoral votes, and according to the Constitution of the United States was *de jure* President.

But the party of Protectionism was desperate and politically experienced, having ruled the Treasury ever since Mr. Lincoln's election in 1860. So they challenged the returns from two or three States, appointed committees of investigation, selected for these committees politicians whose motto was "Party first"; and the result was pleasing to Mr. Rutherford B. Hayes!

The work of the partisan committees was not com-

plicated. It consisted in rejecting any votes cast for Mr. Tilden and counting such as favoured Mr. Hayes. It was the first serious attack made against the Constitution and served as a precedent for many future ones. By counting out Mr. Tilden and counting in Mr. Hayes, the political party in power proved that the national Government might at any time cancel the electoral verdict of sovereign states, and force upon the country candidates of its own selection. Mr. Tilden had no taste for another Civil War; he was not a Mussolini or even a Roosevelt, and he refused every overture for placing himself at the head of his loyal supporters and purging Congress *à la* Cromwell. He was avenged, but by other hands. His name is now that of a statesman and public benefactor, whilst that of Rutherford B. Hayes is known only to those who read the life of Tilden. Had the Constitution been respected in 1876, my father would have been Tilden's Minister for Foreign Affairs, whilst Professor William Graham Sumner would have been offered a post where his wisdom in matters of taxation and finance could have been made useful to his country. But all that is a bit of Utopia far too good to be true. A Tilden could no more be President of the United States than a Turgot have maintained himself at the Court of Louis XVI. Tilden was the first President since the Fathers of the Republic who can be historically referred to as conspicuously fitted for that post. His competitor was of purely provincial interest the day before his nomination, and retired into well-merited obscurity the moment his presidential salary ceased. If he is remembered at all as a social figure in Washington it is for his diplomatic dinners, where ice-water and ginger-beer made up in quantity what they lacked in bacchanalian glow.

Professor Sumner had been invited by an enthusiastic Yale minority to address us undergraduates on the issues of the presidential campaign. The old Alumni Hall was

crowded, and he told us why he should vote for Mr. Tilden. He did not wave his arms or twist his body, or alternately bellow and whisper. He had no platform tricks. His address was much as though facing a class in economics, and so altogether devoid of oratorical exaggeration or personal allusion that the Protectionists of the University took alarm. They feared lest that speech drew votes away from Hayes.

So they arranged another mass meeting in Alumni Hall, and this time the speaker was none other than the Professor of Rhetoric and English Literature, the portentous Professor Northrop, known to the student body only as "Gutsy," by reason of his bountiful girth measurement. The college catalogue advertised him as the living source of undergraduate literary form; and it may be on that account that Yale has been singularly barren in this field. In my day we were occasionally commanded to choose one of a dozen themes and write out a dozen or more pages which we modestly called an essay. Our Professor of English Literature and Rhetoric filled the ample arm-chair of the classroom rostrum and closed his eyes. He awoke as soon as the reading ceased, and in a drowsy voice would say, "Very well, Mr. Smith—very well, indeed—your work shows promise. Next, Mr. Jones!" And then sweet slumber would once more embrace our literary divinity and Jones would continue the monotone until silence once more called from our somnolent master the same unmeaning praise that had raised the hopes of aspiring youngsters during many college terms.

Northrop was a clever local politician. Before filling the chair of Literature and Rhetoric at Yale he had been lawyer, a clerk of the Connecticut Legislative Chamber, a Congregational preacher, and, finally, Customs Collector of the Port of New Haven. Perhaps the trustees thought that the fame of Hawthorne was in some way owing to having held a similar post at Salem, near

Boston, and possibly Northrop may have been even less literary before attaining to the New Haven collectorship. We undergraduates of that day wondered that Harvard should have her Lowell and Longfellow whilst we were being "marked" by a "Gutsy."

Nor was our wonder the less when I had the honour of meeting Donald G. Mitchell and his family. Their beautiful country seat, Edgewood, was at the western entrance of our university town. We revelled in his exquisite essays and we proclaimed Ik. Marvel a worthy successor to Thoreau and Irving. What glory for us to have sat at his feet and heard good English, to have caught some of the charm that illumines his *Reveries of a Bachelor* and *My Farm at Edgewood*. "Gutsy" was the man for the many, and his oratory carried him even to the presidency of a State university in Minnesota. So perhaps I am wrong in voicing the disgust he inspired amongst us idealists. Imagine choosing Alfred Austin as Poet Laureate when there was a Kipling to be had!

On this occasion "Gutsy" soared in rhetorical flights waved his arms, wagged his head and ponderously paused for applause. Cataline was not more vilified by Cicero than Tilden by our Professor of Rhetoric and English Literature. "Gutsy" is now forgotten, whilst those whom he vilified hold honourable space in American biography.

In 1909 I visited Madras in order to meditate piously before the monument of the great Elihu Yale, founder of the great university bearing his name. Of course I assumed that the province of Bengal would have here erected a monument worthy of his fame, but in this I was disappointed. So I carried my piety, such as it was, to the shrine of another Yalensian—the then famous "Colonel" Henry S. Olcott, President of the Theosophical Society. Olcott was not a real colonel, nor was he a graduate of Yale, but he had lectured on agriculture

at my Alma Mater and had secured some clerical work in a military bureau during the Civil War, and thus became a colonel. Britons should not show envy because colonels grow more luxuriantly in our sunshine than in their cloudy country. Colonels here correspond to the title of Don, which we gladly give to a Spaniard: it does not hurt *us* and it gives *him* pleasure. Every skipper of every scow is called captain, and every politician, however ephemeral, is addressed as Honourable. It only remains for every Englishman to dub himself a Knight, and every Frenchman to wear a red ribbon at his buttonhole.

Whilst I was at Yale the *Illustrated Daily Graphic* was founded in New York, with Colonel Olcott as its advertising manager. This *Graphic* was a financial failure, but its advertising manager found consolation in the sanctum of Madame Blavatsky—some say her sanctum sanctorum. Olcott and Blavatsky were evenly matched on the score of age and a wide range of early adventurous experience. Each had been divorced, and each was groping hopefully towards a religion that emphasized spiritual and physical affinities. Blavatsky had played spiritualism in every capital of Europe, and was looking for something more novel and less liable to police investigation. Olcott had been a politician, a lawyer, a journalist, a commander of imaginary troops—what more natural than to join hand and heart with Blavatsky, cull a basinful of Buddhistic and Brahminical phrases, stir them well with a hodge-podge of God-is-Love Christianity, and serve them up spicily for the many misunderstood women who yearn for soul expansion and sexual relief!

And thus did Olcott and Blavatsky discover a sweetly scented Garden of Allah at the gates of Madras near the River of Life that here empties its glittering waters into those of the Bay of Bengal. Here this happy couple was later joined by Annie Besant, another divinity with

a matrimonially disconnected past. These three spread the delights of Theosophy at Adyar to every country of the globe. Blavatsky died in 1891, and Olcott in 1907, but their spirit broods amongst the palms of this enchanted spot, and I tore myself away with such feelings as Ulysses may have known when he barbarously abandoned the loving Calypso.

I had the good fortune to meet at the entrance of the grounds a goddess—in so far as beauty and flowing garment can evoke divinity on earth. She was English and she took pity on me and made me her happy slave during that much too short visit. Of course I wished to see everything, and so she guided me first along beautifully kept winding paths to the monument of " Colonel " Olcott. She pronounced the name of her saint in hushed voice as might a fervent pilgrim before one of the many heads of John the Baptist. There was an inscription, but the path on which we were was too far from the monument, and so I threw one leg over the low railing in order to go nearer. At this my theosophical Calypso gave a little cry of alarm, seized my arm and begged me to desist—this was hallowed ground! No one, she said, ever trod upon it unless he first removed his shoes. Of course I obeyed, and apologized profusely for having inadvertently desecrated the spiritual vibrations of our " Colonel." She assured me that he was worshipped by the natives hereabouts and this monument was a holy thing in their eyes.

And so Olcott has his monument here—and a holy one at that; whilst the founder of Yale is unhonoured at the very spot where he ruled in the name of the British East India Company, where he made a fortune.

Of course I wrote a letter to the then President of Yale, and of course I received a polite acknowledgment, and of course nothing particular was done. But if this book sells a million copies, I hereby promise to rear at Madras a monument in honour of Elihu Yale—one

even holier than that at Adyar to "Colonel" Olcott.

Blessed be the name of Yale, for from the re-entering there in the Centennial year 1876, to the securing of my Bachelor of Arts degree in June of 1879, life to me was a succession of interesting and agreeable experiences. It was far too agreeable to be lasting, and I had an occasional twinge of conscience at the thought of my scholarly father spending far too much of his income on what the outside world called euphemistically my education. I learned much of human nature, of college politics, of editing a college paper, of dieting a boat's crew, and the joy of measuring oneself with men of one's own calibre and finding that the result was fairly satisfactory. But I learned little of what Elihu Yale deemed essential. My Greek and Latin in Senior year was the same to me as when I read it with good Professor Schillbach in Potsdam. Subsequently I enjoyed the rare treat of being arrested on the frontier of Alsace by a Prussian Sergeant of Gendarmes on the charge that I was a *German*. He had no doubt of it—he had overheard me talking to the *Chef de Gare*. And yet at Yale I was not allowed to read either advanced German or French. The college Faculty had made a rule that only those who had passed the elementary stages could enjoy Goethe or Molière! I was condemned, therefore, to forego the subjects that were dearest, and compelled to pass examinations on a dozen themes whose very nomenclature was forgotten as soon as the tutor had registered his marks. How many times did I pine for the days of Diogenes when pupils made long and perilous voyages in order to learn at first hand from a master. How gladly would I have blacked the boots of our great philologist Whitney had he permitted me to learn from him as the sage of Sinope did of Antisthenes. What a wealth of wisdom lay buried in the bosom of Professor O. C. Marsh—what speculations on the origin of our species! The great geologist Dana was at the height of

his fame, but we could no more learn from him than a June bug from the Kamakura Buddha. Wells Williams was the recognized authority on Chinese history, laws and customs, yet few knew him even by sight—even in New Haven.

There were master minds in that Yale Faculty, but they were above and beyond us. The curriculum had been erratically devised so that no master mind might impress itself upon the wax of our inquiring spirits. We were marched in gangs of thirty, forty or even sixty into recitation rooms where young tutors held a textbook in one hand and a marking book in the other. Names were called; the student recited; the rest wasted time in listening; the tutor marked him, and the next man was called. Perhaps half a dozen managed to stumble through in the course of an hour. The marking system was a shabby substitute for scholarly enthusiasm. Our tutors were not selected because they knew how to teach or even because they were proposing to rise in the greatest of professions. They were a product of the marking system. They had graduated high in their class, and consequently were offered first choice when tutors were needed. And tutors were much needed, because the salaries were inadequate, and those who accepted them did so in the hope of qualifying at the same time for some other and more lucrative calling. These were the men selected as our masters—our mentors —our markers. They sat on a rostrum one foot higher than the floor of our classroom—and as an inch at the end of a man's nose looms enormously, that one foot of rostrum raised the youthful pedagogue from the groundling floor to a throne amongst the Faculty gods. My father was right.

The grand cardinals of this venerable college were not for such of us, according to the curriculum, but I was fortunate in meeting them socially, and even intimately.

John Weir was then head of the Art School, and his family was linked with mine from earliest West Point days, when his father was art instructor at the Military Academy—himself a notable painter. Another of the Weir boys (Julian) became President of the National Academy in New York. A gifted family, indeed, was that of Weir, and all famed for beauty in face and form, no less than for mental and social charm. Mrs. John Weir was beautiful and much in the manner of Mrs. George Du Maurier and her daughters. I was much at the Weirs', and was the proudest of undergraduates when asked to act as guardian on the nights that Professor Weir was called out of town for some lecture, or for the monthly meeting of the Century Club of which he and his brother were members. At the Weir home I enjoyed education; it was the education to which I was accustomed in my father's library, and it reached me through talk over the teacups or by the wood-fire of an evening when John Weir would have controversy on art and religious architecture with his colleague, George Park Fisher, D.D.—a broad and scholarly thinker who shortly afterwards received the honorary degree of LL.D. from the University of Edinburgh. Mrs. Weir and her sister, Lily French, will never know the amount of gratitude I owe them for letting me come to guard their home against imaginary burglars.

Professor O. C. Marsh was a bachelor and in easy circumstances. He had built a museum for his palæontological treasures, and was eminently sociable. Like all other men of our time, he adored the ineffably graceful and beautiful daughter of Connecticut's then governor, Ingersoll. Justine was her name, and she enslaved me the moment that her Juno eyes lowered themselves to my insignificance. The Ingersoll family is famed for beauty no less than for social and intellectual parts, and any American anthology is witness to their influence in New England. Miss Ingersoll could do no wrong in our eyes,

nor could anyone imagine the man capable of doing a wrong to her. She bade me escort her to the home of O. C. Marsh, and there the learned excavator told us of his Eohippos, and the other horsy items which proved that the noblest of quadrupeds had once five toes, or was possibly web-footed. Professor Marsh delighted in explaining these mysteries to the beautiful "Teeny" Ingersoll, who looked at him with her enveloping orbs and reduced his archæological soul to jelly. One day Mary Anderson came to New Haven and Miss Ingersoll bade me take her to call. Had she bade me introduce her to the Grand Lama of Tibet, I would have treated her wish as perfectly reasonable, and at any rate a royal command. So we marched away from the Gubernatorial Palace, across the Green and into the hotel where the young Kentucky belle was temporarily housed with her mamma. Mary Anderson was then 16 years old, and already scoring theatrical success. I had seen her in a romantic drama where she appeared to be a Roman virgin of high birth enslaved by a hirsute chief of some barbarous tribe in the forests of Germany. Her name was Ingomar and he was the "noble savage," and I recall nothing but her majestic movement from one side of the New Haven theatre to the other, nominally waiting upon her subjugated warrior who was couched on skins of wild animals. She made us youngsters palpitate with æsthetic joy in merely watching her features, her graceful motion—to say nothing of the joy of listening to her vibrant voice.

Of course, the hotel magnates knew Miss Ingersoll; they flew to the rooms of mamma and Mary; they explained; and, in short, we were ushered into the divine presence. And such a talk! I was tolerated as quasi-chaperon, and sat and gazed and listened and wondered how one woman could combine so much beauty in her one person.

Only "Teeny" Ingersoll could have done it. She

captured the Anderson duo as she had enslaved all others, and before five minutes had passed mamma and Mary and Miss Ingersoll were volubly and vociferously discussing the price and the cut of sealskin sacks; the merits of dramatic authors; the brutality of stage managers; a new complexion cream; stage fright; Pullman sleepers; hotels out West; plans for Europe; favourite novels, etc., etc., etc. Mamma Anderson complained to "Teeny" about her Mary's extravagance, and Mary proved to "Teeny" that her mamma was behind the times; and when repeated calls from below compelled our departure it was as though "Teeny," mamma and her Mary were old pals from the same home town instead of passing strangers on life's highway.

That night, after a crowded house and tumultuous applause, a love-sick band of classmates marched all the way to the steamboat dock in order to see their divinity float away at midnight over the waters of Long Island Sound. It was a beautiful moonlight night and Mary's mamma stood upon the for'ard deck near the cabin where her Mary was presumably concealed. We heard her call to her daughter in languorous Kentucky cadence: "Oh, Mary—come look at the moon!"

No answer.

Then mamma raised her voice: "Oh, Mary, do come look at the moon!"

No answer.

Mamma could not stand this indifference, and in much louder pitch called a third time: "Oh, Mary, come look at the moon!"

A pause, and then from the cabin of our divinity issued an impatient and final ejaculation: "Oh, Ma! Shoot the moon!"

And then we turned homeward! We were no longer the same. Venus floating on the crest of a wave has inflamed the imagination of great artists, but what if

she had worn the blue flannel pantalettes of Early Victorian bathers, or an oilskin bonnet? And it served us right for tracking her to the midnight boat. We should have gone to bed and worshipped in our dreams.

CHAPTER XXX

José and Antonio de Navarro—English Hospitality—Mary Anderson after Forty Years — Muscovites and Monkeys — Tolla Dorian in Paris

Mary Anderson married a son of José de Navarro, a Cuban of Basque pedigree, whose wife was of Dutch-Hudson River ancestry. The two Navarro boys were admirable tennis players and all-round keen on every manner of outdoor exercise. We were fellow-students in the Law Department of Columbia University, and I was a frequent week-end guest at their country home on the Shrewsbury River near Seabright and Long Branch. Navarro *père* was the ideal husband and parent, simple in his habits, and, to me, interesting in conversation. He had the spirit of a pioneer. He had built the first elevated railways of New York, and his name is now familiar by reason of the so-called Navarro Flats—the first apartment houses in America that were architecturally an ornament and at the same time durably built. In my day Kate Douglas Wiggin, Bishop Henry Potter, Carl Schurz and the like had homes there; and Mr. Navarro in this as in his home life showed that he cared less for money than quality. Indeed I fancy that he lost more money than he made, for he was an idealist in all that he undertook. Navarro *mère* was the idol of her husband no less than of the sons Antonio and Alphonso. Both boys were musically trained, both born to be hidalgos or anything but American men of business.

One day when we were swimming Alphonso challenged me to dive off their dock, and of course I did so. It was low tide and the Shrewsbury on such occasions is

an unpleasant analogy to a recent Secretary of State—shallow, and wide at the mouth. But the stream that enriches the Atlantic below Sandy Hook has an immense advantage over that which inspired "The Boy Orator of the Platte"!—here were beds of delicious oysters—famous in the eyes of American epicures.

So I took a long run and a beautiful dive. I had felt a slight stitch in my ribs as I struck the water, but thought nothing of it and swam boldly on until I heard loud shouts from the shore, shouts imperative and alarming. I turned and saw that behind me I had left a trail of blood; and I rightly suspected that the insignificant pain at my ribs had been caused by the razor-like edge of a Shrewsbury oyster. Blood will tell—and also the loss of blood; for my strokes became less vigorous, my vision became blurred, and—when I opened my eyes again a doctor was at my bedside, and so was the Navarro family. I learned then that I had fainted and would have drowned had they not hauled me ashore. The medico made me feel important by announcing that one minuscular fraction of an inch more and the boys would have hauled in a corpse. But the wound healed beautifully and my convalescence was rapid.

It was then that Antonio disclosed to me the one and only interest of his life—Mary Anderson. He had every picture of her that was exposed for sale, and every reference to her that was ever gleaned by the most industrious of Press clipping bureaux. Antonio was of deep and earnest nature; short and muscular of build; dark and typically Spanish in appearance. His adoration of our Kentucky Mary seemed a delirium. We all know the mild mania of schoolgirls for photographs of stage heroes, and the corresponding liberality with which young men exhibit a taste for art by crowding their dressing-table with footlight favourites. But Antonio dreamed his dream and made it come true. Mary

Anderson for him gave up a triumphant stage career and together they cultivate their garden and their children in a little village of Worcestershire, far from the railway, far from everything but the heaven of a happy home. Can you wonder that mere fiction is tasteless to him who knows the miracles in everyday life? What novelist could have made a New York law student of 1880 marry in 1890 the most beautiful woman of her time, and idol of every stage where Shakespeare is worshipped? Add to all this her unique position in the best society of both continents.

The Briton is a generous host and also a courageous one. He does not place a tax upon American-made pictures; on the contrary, he welcomes competition even when thereby he suffers in pocket. When I later joined the Reform Club in Pall Mall, I found there Henry James, the novelist; George Boughton, John Sargent and Shannon, the painters; and James Osgood, the publisher—all Americans, all earning money in England, and all treated as members of the one great English-speaking family. When Edwin Booth acted in England, he was equally impressed by the warmth with which his hand was pressed by fellow-craftsmen—notably Henry Irving.

Mary Anderson disappeared from the stage when only thirty years of age—on the threshold of life. During the Great War she gave to the Allied cause a brief glimpse of her stage self—to raise money for the hospital service.

It was about 1918 that I was lunching as a guest in the Colony Club of New York when the most beautiful woman in the room rose from the table at the farther end and, with such grace as Homer lends to Juno, stood beside my chair. All eyes were drawn to her and all ears were strained as she touched my hand and said: "I hope you've not forgotten me, after all these years!" And indeed nearly forty years had passed since "Teeny"

Ingersoll placed me at her feet in the New Haven hotel. The Colony Club fashionables were puzzled; and they whispered and finally learned that an angel had been amongst them—unannounced and unrecognized.

Mary Anderson was trained in Roman Catholic schools; and this was fortunate, for the Navarros were fervent in their papal piety. There was usually a priest in the house during my visits. One of them was a Jesuit named Seton, with whom I had much talk, but never of a serious character—for he could not fail to perceive in me a complete absence of soil suitable for his priestly gardening. What if Mary Anderson had been reared a Protestant? Would Antonio have abjured Rome and reared her children as Lutherans? A novelist only could handle such tragedy.

In Long Branch was a big and bleak church to which I went on the Sunday following my recovery from the Shrewsbury oyster. Antonio promised me a sight of Mary Anderson, who was then on a holiday at the seaside. Mrs. Navarro said she would offer a prayer on account of my miraculous escape—or was it a candle? So we all went, and Antonio gloried in being at least under the same roof as his heroine. As for me, nothing of that service remains now save the short fat figure of Papa Navarro falling upon his knees at high noon on the side walk of Long Branch, New Jersey, and in that posture kissing a fat purple stone in the ring of a fat purple priest of repulsively coarse Irish features. He kissed that purple ring as the magic emblem of God on earth—St. Peter—the key of Heaven. He was a happy man, and prayed, no doubt, that I might in time know something of his happiness. And yet I have heard people say that religion is waning—that no thinking person can be a Catholic—that the Age of Reason has arrived!

Governor Ingersoll of Connecticut was a tall, handsome and eminently distinguished figure. All his children were famed for their beauty, and his house facing

the Green or public park was the centre of social no less than academic and political interest. He was an indulgent father and had need of a forgiving spirit; for Miss Justine Ingersoll was equally indulgent. One day came a tramp to the front door and met the Governor's daughter issuing therefrom. The Governor had entered a few moments earlier and had laid his overcoat carefully on a chair. The overcoat was new. To Miss Ingersoll that overcoat appeared to be divinely sent in coincidence with a tramp who had none. She thought much of St. Martin, and little of her father, and so she beamed on the tramp, pitied him for his well-rehearsed story of hard luck, handed him the hundred-dollar garment, and floated forth into the sunlight with a saintly serenity known only to those who pay Paul at the expense of Peter.

The father of Justine was less apostolic and swore loudly. He was angry, but what anger would long burn when his daughter flew to his arms and thanked him for his noble act of charity!

Justine Ingersoll closed her happy and beneficent life in a suburb of Boston, where I visited her a few years before her end. She developed a mania for decrepit Russians who are frequently thirsty and always in need of money. The Russians who filled her Boston home were certified to me as violinists of genius, artists who were on the point of eclipsing Ole Bull or Joachim, and all needing nothing but a sympathetic environment whilst waiting for the inevitable trump of Good Fortune! To me these mendicant Muscovites were but parasites—yet who knows? Justine was happy in collecting them; others collect spurious Rembrandts and imitation Greek vases.

Had Miss Ingersoll collected only tame fiddlers her long-suffering father might have continued in forgiveness relieved by occasional spasms of profanity. But the Queen of New Haven took a fancy to other pets.

Now one monkey is capable of rendering uncomfortable even a very good-natured household; and Justine's papa endured even a second one for her sake. But when the prospect of a third and yet others was forced upon him he finally hardened and—"Teeny" had to choose between her father and the monkeys. She chose Boston, where I found her ministering happily and indiscriminately to a house full of monkeys and Muscovites. Rich men have died and left bags of gold; great institutions have been erected in their name—and the world labels them as philanthropical. "Teeny" Ingersoll gave of herself every day of her life and she made sunshine in the lives of others. She left no bags of gold; but her memory is a treasure to the many whom she cheered and who would water her grave with tears of gratitude.

In younger years I met one evening a poetess and writer of plays who signed herself Tolla Dorian. She spoke seven languages, and was a collector of dogs, horses and sturdy young grooms. We were a hilarious party—at Lavenue's café near the Gare Montparnasse—students of both sexes—French, English, American and —Californian. We danced and we sang and we feasted and we discussed and rhapsodied—a veritable symposium of Sorbonne and Beaux-Arts extravagance. How little does money count when balanced against youth and high spirits and a whiff of Parnassus!

The Princess Tolla—for a real runaway royalty was she—bundled us all into a *char-à-banc*—drawn by four splendid Hungarian steeds. We speeded up the Champs Elysées and past the Arc de Triomphe and through the shades of the Bois de Boulogne to her villa on the borders of the Seine; and there we revelled and fiddled and sang and passed the time in dancing or discussing as the mood seized us. When I danced with Tolla I thought of "Teeny" and how she would have added of her fuel to this Bohemian blaze. When we wearied and

thought of our beds Tolla had the grooms bring unlimited bundles of straw, plus blankets, and each fell asleep, and the lights went out, and . . . no one complained: and those who eternally suspect others may indulge their meddling fancies but shall get no encouragement from me.

Ah! but the café au lait of the morning after—served out in the shady garden! Some of us had had a swim in the river and some looked a little weary under the eyes, and all blessed their hostess and the golden bed of straw. Episodes of this kind are not possible in Connecticut or even Boston. The police would have arrested us coming or going, and the newspapers would have let slip their sleuth-hounds upon us as the Hudson River night boats flash their searchlights upon amorous couples on its banks. Ah! who can tell the number of previously happy homes that have been wrecked through one turn of a machine whose original purpose was to lighten the channel only! How many a passenger has in the twinkle of an electric torch discovered his or her alleged better half encircling or being encircled somewhere not precisely defined in the marriage service.

CHAPTER XXXI

Alexander E. Orr offers me the Chance to become Rich—Theodore Roosevelt and myself at the Columbia Law School under Professor Theodore Dwight—Sir William Van Horne and Roosevelt—Tammany Hall

In June of 1879, I was thrown out upon a cold commercial world. Had I been a Prussian, my four sisters would have searched for salaries, whilst I would have joined a crack cavalry regiment on a handsome allowance from the family purse. But Yale was my college—not Bonn or Berlin!

The doors of my Alma Mater closed with a dull bang behind me. Her sheepskin degree made me rank as a Bachelor of Arts, but that lofty title carried no salary. Those few who knew that I was a college graduate assumed that I had been crammed with much conceit and useless theories—nor were they much in the wrong. As undergraduates, we had been made to feel that we were of the small and select company destined to inherit the earth. In pleasing perspective we saw endless opportunities offering us their open arms as we bade farewell to the college fence and the " Elms of dear old Yale." Twenty years of my life had passed pleasantly, most of them under nurses or tutors, and all of them a heavy burden on my father's purse. All this heavy outlay was now to make the anticipated return and I gazed serenely over the American horizon. There should have been a cloud of dust marking the approach of galloping messengers offering me a variety of responsible and highly paid posts. With my A.B. degree over my heart there was nothing for which I did not feel

amply qualified: the presidency of a great railway; Secretary of State for the Treasury or Ambassador to a great Court.

It was into this paradise of the gloriously young graduate that there entered the Jove-like proportions of Mr. Alexander E. Orr of blessed memory. My father had immense respect for Mr. Orr, a respect that was doubtless heightened by reason of the very opposites in their education. Mr. Orr was a notable member of the Produce Exchange of New York; was famed for his fairness, and was consequently much in demand as Judge in cases of arbitration. When Mr. Tilden, as Governor of the State, appointed my father chairman of a committee to investigate the Erie Canal in 1874, he accepted on condition that Mr. Orr be associated with him. It was the painful duty of this commission to lay bare a conspiracy between contractors, engineers, inspectors and politicians banded together for the purpose of robbing the State Treasury. The rogues were with great difficulty exposed; their accounts had been kept in a highly complicated manner; and they had counted upon their political power for immunity; but Mr. Tilden had them sent successively to the Penitentiary. The committee received threatening letters, and my father said some years later that it was the only time of his life that he ever carried a pistol.

Mr. Orr was a "self-made" man and had every quality that my father lacked. He could run his eye up and down the pages of a cash book or ledger and find eloquent passages where another sees but cryptic signs. He understood the great art of book-keeping as few others of his day, and in his commercial circle he was easily their first choice when seeking the man to represent them. Like so many of America's merchant princes and pioneers, he was an Irish Ulster Protestant, reared by strict but loving parents, inured to hard work, honest and God-fearing. A. T. Stewart was of this breed; so

was the founder of T. Eaton & Co., of Canada; so were nearly half of our Presidents.

My respect for Alexander E. Orr came naturally as to a friend of my father; and it continued unbroken to his death. He was reputed a rich man; his firm was a powerful one (David Dows & Co.); all those connected with him were or became rich. Yet he and his wife never changed the pristine simplicity of their lives in spite of wealthy and fashionable neighbours. Once a year, at least, on my annual trips from Europe, I enjoyed a family supper in the Brooklyn home of Mr. Orr, and especially his frank and incisive remarks on men and manners. He never failed to express his gratitude for the opportunities he enjoyed in America; and since he found here a protective tariff, he gave that iniquitous institution a share of his goodwill. Of course on that subject we differed, and on the whole I fancy that he rather enjoyed my exuberant and wholly theoretical championship of Cobden and Free Trade.

For my father's sake, therefore, Mr. Orr permitted me to become a junior clerk in the great Grain Commission house of David Dows & Co. They had roomy and sunny offices in South Street fronting the wharves, where sailing ships shoved their bowsprits well up over the thoroughfare. When the windows were open it was a joy to hear the clank of the hoisting gear and smell the dear old smells that evoke in imagination the far-away roadsteads of the Far East, with sampans and junks and bungalows and aromatic spices and coolies carrying tea-chests at the ends of bamboo poles. Our offices were about half-way between the Battery and Brooklyn Bridge—a step from where I had boarded the *Surprise* four years before!

The partners had, of course, the desks of honour close to the front windows; but otherwise we were all of one family, and there was no undue formality and no private

rooms. Each could see who came in or out, and everything done was open and above-board.

My duties from the start were important; nothing less than keeping track of all the grain that came to our care over the Erie Railway. And thus I had much running about between railway tracks, and looking up cars that had gone astray. It was my first experience of business life, and therefore interesting. The chief clerk was kindly, so was the chief book-keeper, so was young David Dows, so was everybody. And the work became unusually heavy that autumn, so much so that frequently we had to remain until ten o'clock posting our books. But a neighbouring restaurant brought us a good meal, and all hands rather enjoyed the excitement. Very soon after my engagement there arrived a party from France, and soon afterwards one from Germany. Their English was lamentable. No one else in the office knew either French or German, and so I was promoted on the spot and placed in charge of the foreign correspondence, to say nothing of escorting the visitors on their sight-seeing trips.

And as corollary to this I composed a cable code with special reference to grain quotations, and everything in my commercial constellation united horoscopically to proclaim in my person the rise of another merchant prince.

Maybe constellations were not meant as commercial guides, at least for such as my over-educated self. At any rate, after twelve months of counting-house experience, and after flattering promotion, and after attaining to a salary of $5 a week, and the prospect of dying amongst the millionaires, my dæmon or guardian angel told me that I should seek a less lucrative career.

My father thought $5 a week more than I was worth to David Dows & Co., and would have had me continue and merit that amount. But he indulged me;

and I entered the Law School of the Columbia University, and ultimately was admitted to practise before the Supreme Court of my native state as Attorney and "Counsellor at law."

We had a notable teacher—the revered and beloved Theodore Dwight. He was then about sixty years of age—the very embodiment of a venerable sage come from heaven to illumine for us the mediæval obscurities of Blackstone. His pupils crowded about him. The late-comers occupied window-sills or perched about his feet on the edge of his professional platform. Every space of standing-room was occupied, and every word that fell from his golden lips was noted. Here at last was genuine thirst for knowledge; here were no tutors to mark; our thirst was keen, and we recognized in Theodore Dwight the master who could satisfy our desires. German universities offered in my day such scenes as this, and possibly for cognate reasons. The German student knew just why he was in a university; the American boy did not. Every law-school student knew that he could here get his money's worth. The great room was never disturbed by the usual noises arising from a restless audience, for most of us were college graduates, if not already supporting ourselves in clerical work when free from lectures.

Theodore Roosevelt was a fellow-student, and the most conspicuous one by the pertinacity with which he interrupted the kindly Dwight. Roosevelt was of predominantly Dutch blood, and Theodore Dwight wholly New England. The Dutch came to America to trade; the English Puritans came for ideals. The Dwight family had for seven generations produced public-spirited representatives in the world of education, literature, jurisprudence, and the public service. For the same seven generations the family of Roosevelt had given to New York a succession of men remarkable by their mercantile push. These two principals in American life

were here face to face; the gentle, patient, and logically impeccable Puritan and the bargain-driving, pertinacious Dutchman. Roosevelt was then what he was in the White House—an excellent specimen of the genus Americanus egotisticus. Had our Dwight been more of Holland and less of New England, he might have said gently but firmly: "Pray listen closely whilst I speak, and if you find some point unintelligible, do not make yourself the most conspicuous in the room, but come to me after the others have gone home, and I shall do what I can to make the point clear."

Sir William Van Horne, when President of the Canadian Pacific Railway and regarded as an authority in matters of transportation, made a journey from Montreal to Washington, because President Roosevelt sent him word that he wished particularly to consult him. This consultation resolved itself into a Theodoric monologue lasting more than half an hour. Roosevelt made many statements which Sir William knew to be inaccurate; no opportunity was offered him to correct them; not a single question was ever put; but when the presidential torrent had spilled itself on that particular theme, my old law-school companion rose as rises royalty when intimating that an audience is at an end and a suitor dismissed. Sir William retired from the Rooseveltian throne-room without having had a chance to open his mouth; he boarded his private car, lit a cigar, and, like another Oxenstiern, meditated philosophically on the fools and madmen who have ruled Empires and Republics!

Already at the Law School Roosevelt was conspicuous; not merely by the obtrusive manner in which he forced the gentle Dwight to stop his lecture, but also because his name was, like that of Astor, linked with a public building. He was predestined for politics; his education shaped itself into that groove by a chain of happy chances. Like Winston Churchill (of England), he could

not escape the fate of being persistently in the public eye, as office-holder. New York, in those days, was in its usual state of municipal conflict; Tammany Hall and the practical or predatory politicians were necessarily at war with a minority of intelligent, respectable, but imperfectly organized citizens. Tammany was Roman Catholic, Irish, and always well drilled in the tactics by which voters are brought out on election day and made to support their "boss." The credulous and ignorant knew nothing of political machinery. They assumed that all policemen must necessarily be Irish, and that all city officials were the better for being of the same persuasion. They knew that a priest could get them a job on the city pay-roll, and that in cold weather a Tammany commissioner of charities could send them a load of coal—provided they supported the *regular* ticket on election day.

Tammany was generous, and asked nothing in return—so thought the masses. Tammany's generosity consisted in spending the money of others, and Tammany, like his majesty the Devil, asked in return only—a soul!

The masses obeyed Tammany as they obeyed their priests; they saw the good that was done them, and they dreaded the displeasure of that great joint power which in the new world evokes the memory of Europe when Emperor and Pope were one.

CHAPTER XXXII

Roosevelt enters Politics—Harriet Beecher Stowe and *Uncle Tom's Cabin*—Its Political Effect—Slavery Question in 1860—Roosevelt and the Press—Roosevelt in the Spanish War—His Rough Riders—Frederic Remington and the Myth of San Juan Hill

The American Constitution expressly opposed the partnership of Church and State—and for that reason we Americans are denounced as heretic and excommunicate by the *Syllabus* of Pius IX.

Roosevelt happened at the right moment for his political star. The wealth and fashion of New York was in one of its periodical spasms of reform, and money was freely subscribed in order to carry on a campaign of purity irrespective of party. If New York has to-day her Central Park, her Museums of Art and of Natural History, her matchless Aquarium, her many hospitals, her great Public Library, and several universities of high character, do not for a moment, my foreign friend, imagine that these are the fair fruits of municipal democracy. On the contrary, wherever the stranger pauses with complacency it is to bless the good taste and the bounty of aristocracy in the shape of public-spirited citizens. Would you see the touch of democracy, then smell the metropolitan harbour knee-deep in raw sewage, listen to the clangour of the elevated railways, gaze down the sunless cañons we call avenues, consider that there is not standing-room in our streets were a sudden alarm to empty our vast sky-scrapers of their human freight, consider that there is no city of the Old World so inadequate or so filthy in the matter of open places for babes,

consider that New York is perhaps the only great city of the world whose mayor and board of aldermen are a terror to those who would make their city clean and beautiful.

Roosevelt was enthusiastically backed by his large and influential family circle. He was nominated as member of the New York State Assembly, and won all hearts amongst the upper ten thousand of his native city by his promises to be wholly independent of any party, and to live only for the glory of attacking the rascals in office. We hailed him as the dawn of a new era—the man of good family once more in the political arena; the college-bred tribune superior to the temptations which beset meaner men. "Teddy," as we all called him, was our ideal. Republicans and Democrats, Free Traders and Protectionists, Protestant, Jew, Catholic and Atheist—all rallied noisily under the banner of an *Independent* who knew no Boss and no Tammany—only the Constitution and a Square Deal!

New York was normally a democratic city in so far as democratic party then stood in opposition to a protective tariff, and, indeed, proclaimed loudly that the best Government is that which meddles least in local affairs. For the benefit of non-Americans who may struggle to understand how Presidents are produced in the land of George Washington, I should premise that the words Democratic and Republican have lost all etymological meaning, and are merely convenient party labels. The landed aristocracy of our cotton states all voted the ticket labelled Democrat; firstly, because their interest as planters demanded free commercial intercourse with Europe, and secondly, because they regarded themselves as a federation of sovereign states each entitled to govern itself without overmuch meddling from Washington or New England.

Now, New England had produced Harriet Beecher Stowe, who in turn had written *Uncle Tom's Cabin*.

This entertaining story was translated into every tongue, and lifted the negro question from the level of political economy to the loftier spheres of popular emotion. Philanthropic negrophile societies were organized who deemed it pious to raise funds for helping all the Uncle Toms in distress. Agents were hired to help slaves to run away and find refuge in Canada. Tales of cruelty to negroes were eagerly circulated: we Puritans grew up to believe that slave-owners took as much pleasure in hurting their African labourers as do the Turks in the perennial massacre of Armenians.

To-day as I pen these lines, negroes have lost much of their glamour, even in the eyes of New England. They now form a not inconsiderable segment of every northern city where the work is easy and the wages are high. They have now for two generations at least enjoyed the economic advantages of American citizenship, plus a knowledge of the language. Northern schools and universities are open to negro students, and so are our national military schools. They start life with many advantages, and yet we of the north are perpetually pestered by pitiful appeals for money to found or enlarge eleemosynary institutions amongst our blacks. The north offered them free passage and free land on their native shores—Liberia; but no American-African responds. As well seek to coax a Jew to Palestine. Democrats in the north agreed with democrats of the south in regard to the right of individual states to make laws to suit themselves. Northern democrats might disapprove of slavery in the abstract, and might even discuss with slave-owning Virginians the expediency of gradual emancipation, but I think it no exaggeration to say that northern cities would have hissed if not mobbed any stump speakers advocating the radical and violent abolition of slavery. The student of mob psychology has a tempting task in the various waves of popular passion that have surged over the American electorate.

Our party bosses owe their momentary fame to familiarity with accidental influences that stir a political convention to a delirium, and sweep into the White House a man who the day before was merely the number on an hotel keyboard.

The election of Mr. Lincoln in 1860 gave notice that henceforth meddling in State matters might be regarded as the pious occupation of northern Congressmen. Moreover, aside from piety, New England manufacturers of blankets, shoes, ploughs, cottons, axes and hundreds of other things needed on a plantation, looked reproachfully at southern Christians who imported such things from foreign countries. They pleaded patriotically in the lobbies of Congress, and showed how good it would be if the southern planters paid a little more and bought in Boston. But the New Orleans man cared not a snap for Boston, and kept on buying from Birmingham. And so grew the Republican Party of piety and patriotism. Mr. Lincoln rallied the great labour vote of the west and north-west, whilst New England veiled her schemes of manufacturing monopoly by canonizing John Brown, of Ossawotamie, and adding *Uncle Tom's Cabin* to the shelf of sacred books.

Roosevelt's eruption into New York State politics coincided with a strong amateur effort on the part of many recently graduated New Yorkers to preach Free Trade, and secure from one or the other party a condemnation of high protection. Roosevelt was a Free Trader—so had his father been—and mine also, and most New Yorkers of position in this capital of American shipping. Prior to becoming a politician, young Theodore was an ardent disciple of Adam Smith—keen to reform our tariff abuses, and an active member of the New York Free Trade Club. But a few confidential talks with his party boss convinced him that whilst Protectionism was wrong and commercial freedom desirable, nevertheless the majority at that moment would

vote for what they called the American system rather than that which every Irishman jeered at as "British Free Trade." And so Roosevelt wrote me from the legislative desk at the State Capitol that he wished his name erased from our Free Trade Club because, forsooth, he desired to be untrammelled—much as one might show preference for a more individual make of handcuffs.

Roosevelt caused us considerable chagrin by forsaking a cause that needed the support of just such energetic and enthusiastic politicians. But not one of us but was readily persuaded by his torrential volubility that he was acting in the interests of good government; that he was conciliating the professional politicians; that he was carefully studying the ways and means of doing good, and that soon he would feel able to strike the independent blows for which his heart yearned. We all believed our Teddy, he spoke so forcibly, so frankly, so recklessly. He explained so lucidly that he could accomplish nothing unless in office, and that therefore the paramount matter was to secure office and keep in office. Of course, he preferred independence in office, but if office could be secured only by concessions to party bosses—why, a little evil would be pardoned for the sake of a great good. The great good, of course, was Teddy; and, since George Washington, no American patriot has drawn from the treasury of a grateful country such a steady salary stream as that which has partially quenched the thirst of Roosevelt. There have been a few moments of relative quiet, when Roosevelt was exchanging one office for another, but these are difficult for me to chronicle from memory—as well ask me the years when Mexico had no revolution and Ireland no grievance.

Roosevelt is otherwise notable. He is the first American President who has from the beginning to the end of his career commercialized himself, and held out for the highest bidder. He commenced writing for the magazines about the same time that he entered politics,

and wrote endless articles on anything that interested him at the moment or that promised a cash return. He became a popular idol, and almost legendary in deeds of prowess when barely mature in years, and no Barnum ever fed the Press more industriously with items calculated to keep the world interested in his every mood and movement. When in the White House he handled the newspaper correspondents of the world after the manner of Bismarck. Those who praised the Iron Chancellor—or at least supported his measures—were furnished with information. Those who criticized him had the door slammed in their faces. And thus the Washington Correspondent of Rooseveltian times either had to accept what was handed to him at the White House, or discover that his journalistic rivals were one day ahead of him in the matter of news. The proprietors of great dailies ground their teeth with impotent rage whilst submitting perforce to the censorship of him whom they desired to criticize. But Roosevelt was an immensely popular figure amongst the masses, and when he went forth for a game of tennis or a lesson in jiu-jitsu the world of newspaper subscribers paused and applauded as to-day they might over the matrimonial follies of a great movie star.

As a venerable fellow-craftsman of the Press I dwell at length on this phase of Roosevelt, because he is the first American President that has from the very threshold of his political career cultivated Press notices as an important element in the achievement of power. Whatever he did after leaving college was luridly retailed by himself in whatever magazine offered him the largest pay per word. He made himself the hero of a dramatic episode such as Richard Wagner would create for the benefit of a Nibelungen Siegfried, and if any called him to account, Roosevelt called him a liar, and the public applauded. In journalism everything depends upon priority. Whether a tale be false or true is of secondary

importance compared with catching the attention of your audience in advance of your opponents. If the tale be striking and in harmony with popular emotion, editors accept it as live news. Should the news prove ill-founded, some editors may retract or correct, but they will probably do so in smaller type, whilst the grand and glorious tale elaborated by the hero himself makes the round of the world with such additions as naturally cluster about the doings of saints.

Roosevelt commenced the editing of himself when elected to the New York State Legislature. It is customary for each new member to prepare a synopsis of his previous life in order that it may be published at Government expense, and circulated as an official *Who's Who* at the State Capitol. The curious may here discover that already in the early eighties Roosevelt boasted of having taken *honours* at Harvard—not merely academic but also as a champion in amateur boxing. Who could question such authoritative statements? In vain were the records appealed to for confirmation! In vain did those who knew better state that in these interesting biographical details the young statesman drew upon his imagination. The world was too busy to note aught but the first piercing clarion voice. He disappeared from New York in those early years, and returned in a few months as a weather-beaten cowboy. Immediately the magazines advertised thrilling articles from the Roosevelt pen—all about cow-punching, lassoing, fights with bandits, lurid lights and shadows, and the hunting of savage beasts. The future Herodotus must perforce weave these tales into history, but a Gibbon would warn the reader to read Rooseveltian History as he would that of Constantine and his miraculous cross.

My brother, Colonel John Bigelow, commanded a company of the 10th Regular U.S. Cavalry during the Spanish War, and was four times wounded in the attack

on San Juan Hill. Roosevelt wrote the account of his own glorious activities during that campaign, and has left the impression that he was, if not the Commander-in-Chief, at least the only important factor in driving the Spanish Army out of Cuba. His book is thrilling to the very young, but in the eyes of West Point graduates it is merely the boasting of a political seeker after office.

In 1898 Mr. Roosevelt was an official of the Navy Department, but so soon as war with Spain seemed possible, he rejoiced at the prospect of blood and thunder and political publicity. He commenced recruiting a special Roosevelt corps after the fashion of Lützow's Freischaar or Garibaldi's *Thousand* that landed in Sicily. Roosevelt made up by enthusiasm what he lacked in experience; and he raved like a maniac about the Washington bureaux until he secured all that he asked for. I was there during those hot days of early summer, and took the commander of the so-called "Rough Riders" with me to lunch at the Metropolitan Club. He stormed and sputtered about himself and his prowess, showing violent hatred of Spain, and promising to ride through the squadrons of Castille so soon as he could be transported to the shores of Cuba. Cervantes has pictured such elation of spirit in *Don Quixote* on the eve of his visionary encounters, and we laughed with Teddy and at him as he thumped the table and frothed at the mouth and snapped his teeth and gleamed savagely through his eye-glasses. He had only two words with which to characterize the supernatural virtues of his bands-in-being. They were all *Cracker Jacks* and *Jim Dandies*. *Bully* was also a favourite word with him, but regarded as less emphatic.

The Spanish War was fought by the *Regulars* of the United States Army, of whom only about 13,000 were needed to secure a surrender. The American Navy, in this as in the Civil War, was an indispensable factor, without which our campaign would have been a failure

even had we mobilized a million volunteers. As it was, we had a quarter of a million under canvas—but not under discipline. It was an army only in name—excellent young men with uniforms and guns, but commanded by officers more familiar with political than barrack-yard manœuvres. Roosevelt's Rough Riders were picturesque, and filled the newspapers with social paragraphs regarding the manner in which they spent the days in Tampa, and how many of them wore pink silk pyjamas. The few hundred that followed Roosevelt occupied more space in the public prints than all of the Regular Army that did the real work of the war, that obeyed orders and that kept their mouths shut.

Roosevelt had his eye on the Governorship of New York: the elections were to be held in the autumn; the war was just the thing for him: he must come home as the Conquering Hero, confound his enemies, and sweep into office once more as the popular war idol.

And thus grew the myth of San Juan Hill, and the famous picture by Frederic Remington depicting our Cowboy Napoleon spurring a fiery steed towards the Spanish lines and swinging a sabre, and otherwise enacting the orthodox drama which in regimental mess-rooms is entitled, "Up Guards and at 'em!"

Remington knew that Roosevelt was never on San Juan Hill—he told me so when I joked him about his picture. Every West Point officer who was in that movement regarded Roosevelt as not merely a hindrance, but as one who should have been court-martialled for insubordination. The Regulars obeyed orders, and waited the word of command: the Rough Riders received orders, and flatly disobeyed them. It was a political victory Roosevelt desired—not a military one. As a soldier he was useless, but as a subject for the camera, invaluable. And so he left his post in the rear and forced his way through the orderly lines of the Regulars. But the Regulars were not seeking political

office, and the leader of the Rough Riders received a volley of curses as answer to his un-military behaviour.

He was never on San Juan Hill, nor was he on horseback—he was lost. His own boastful narrative admits that his one warlike deed consisted in firing his pistol at some poor devil who was running away—whether this was a Spaniard or a Cuban patriot or a stray labouring man I know not; and Roosevelt could not see. The Rough Riders, however, imitated their histrionic hero, and blazed away in all directions contrary to orders, and contrary to the rules of a sportsman. Many of their shots fell amongst the U.S. Regulars, and these shots only ceased after a white flag had with difficulty explained the situation to the Theodoric band.

CHAPTER XXXIII

I become War Correspondent for the London *Times*—Moberly Bell and Mr. Bennett—E. F. Knight sails with me—Richard Harding Davis in Tampa—He tries to bully me—Captain Dorst of West Point—The Transport *Gussie*—First Battle of the Spanish War—Life in Camp with Regulars—How Promotions were made—Military Misery in Florida—Suffering of our Troops at Tampa

When war was declared I was in London. At once I booked a passage to New York, and then called on Moberly Bell, Chief of the London *Times*, who united with Mr. Bennett, of the *New York Herald*, in maintaining a war service for the two papers conjointly. Mr. Bell immediately engaged me, and I found myself sharing cabin with a dear old friend, E. F. Knight, likewise of *The Times*, and bent on getting into Cuba—on either side and by any means, even though he might have to row a dinghy to Morro Castle from Key West. Knight and I had for many years been fellow-members in the Whitefriars Club, where he was warmly appreciated. He had seen much of war in many lands—the Matabele Campaign in South Africa, the Hunza-Nagar in India, Nigeria, Madagascar, Greece. But he never spoke of his own doings—like many another quiet builder of empires. He was well known to me as the yachtsman who had single-handed sailed a diminutive yawl from the Channel to the South Atlantic: thence up the River Plate and then into the West Indies, where he was compelled to close his cruising and hurry home on important family business. Knight was a Westminster boy, and of Caius College, Cambridge, and when we crossed together he was between forty and fifty years of age.

There were some excellent men in Tampa who represented excellent papers, and when I strolled in for the first time to the dining-room of the Tampa Bay Hotel, it was to find myself amongst fellow-craftsmen who at once folded my friend Knight in their appreciative arms. Even Davis—the great Richard Harding Davis—extended a cautious finger or two by way of salutation. *He* was acknowledged tacitly as *the* War Correspondent *par excellence*. No one else dressed up to the part. Moreover, he was regarded as the one accredited more particularly to the person of Roosevelt. He rightly divined that in the career of the Cowboy Napoleon his pen would find remunerative exercise, his fancy would be untrammelled, and his yearning for social promotion amply gratified. And so Davis never stooped to the rough-and-tumble of everyday soldier-work, but pinned on his khaki tunic a row of medals, brushed back his hair with some gelatinous polish, strapped on a pair of spurs, also his holster and field-glasses, and looked like one oppressed by the secrets of a Commander-in-Chief.

Knight and I found him seated at the head of the table, and I did not ask why. The others included Frederic Remington, Rufus Zogbaum, Caspar Whitney and Stephen Bonsal. George Kennan was also in Tampa, but not of that party. Henry Norman I had greeted on my way through Washington, where he was doing special correspondence for the London *Chronicle*. Davis showed annoyance at our unannounced crowding in upon his table. He knew that I knew the Roosevelts by inheritance, and he possibly suspected a rival in the Rough Rider entourage; or possibly my friends should have welcomed me less warmly—maybe the Davis permission should first have been sought. Every man of my circle despised him, yet no one there was disposed to pick a quarrel. Nor would I have done so had I been alone. Davis waited for a lull in the talk in order to say sententiously, whilst looking fixedly in my direction:

" It seems to me, Bigelow, that we are getting crowded here. Don't you think we had better scatter ? "

And then for once I forgot my habitual gentleness and thought only of Knight, whose face had flushed at the strange words.

" Dickey," said I, " you are quite right ! We are too many here. We should scatter ! " And then I kept my eyes boring into him as I said, " Suppose you begin the scattering ! "

Davis had no intention of fighting; the table roared with laughter, and I had laid the spectre of a bully.

On that first afternoon I met Captain Dorst, whom I had known at West Point as a dashing cavalry instructor. He was a man who knew not fear, and was famous more for his reckless daring than military science. We were on confidential terms, and I told him that I wanted his help to see something of what was going on. He then told me that on that very same night he was to steam from Tampa in command of the U.S. Transport *Gussie*. Under him would be two companies of the First U.S. Infantry—a crack body of men just arrived from the Pacific coast. His mission was a secret—he had an independent command. His cargo consisted of war munitions, mules, and a dozen or more Cuban patriots all ranking as Brigadier-Generals. He was to dodge the Spanish cruisers and land his rebellious articles at some lonesome part of the coast, whence they might be conveyed to the insurrectos' head-quarters. This was good news, but Captain Dorst dampened my ardour by saying that he had offered to take Richard Harding Davis, and must await his answer before closing with me.

So I dropped Captain Dorst and strolled away in search of the much-bemedalled war correspondent whom I had so grossly handled but a short while before. I found him in brooding mood at the bottom of a vast arm-chair, and he hailed me in the voice of one in distress. He knew nothing of my old friendship with Dorst, but

he knew that where Dorst led there would be fighting, and in this case with a rebel halter about our necks. So Davis disclosed to me his perplexity—his joy on the one side at the prospect of joining the forlorn hope of Captain Dorst, while conscience bade him remain at his very important post in the Tampa Bay Hotel. There was no question in my mind, and I convinced him with great facility that his duty demanded his personal presence near the Commander-in-Chief, and that, of course, I would go as the next best thing. His face lighted.

"Will you really go!" and he shook my hand warmly for the first time. Both of us were made happy, and that night I slipped aboard the *Gussie* with a sailor's bag on one shoulder. When I awoke we were in the Caribbean Sea, and several Cuban generals were strapping on their new accoutrements, and taking stock of their martial appearance in a long pier mirror of the main saloon.

Thus did Richard Harding Davis enable me to describe the first fight on Cuban soil—for we were surprised whilst anchored near shore by heavy rifle fire from the jungle. My next man was wounded, and the vessel was repeatedly hit, but my own life was a charmed one, and I kept my little typing machine going—a pleasant accompaniment to the musketry rattle. Moreover, I gave my account of this affair, which I called the Battle of Cabañas, to the conductor of the Pullman car so soon as we returned to Tampa; and he handed it in to the New York office, and thus it escaped censorship, and proved to be the first narrative directly from the front.

Davis pinned his fortunes to Roosevelt, as was fitting in one who was by profession a writer of romantic stories. His book on the Cuban campaign is no exception. It is written as though Teddy were the Napoleon and Davis his chief of staff. We have no means of checking his various printed statements, but the book had the desired

effect, for it gave us one more hero, who soon thereafter became Governor of New York State, then Vice-President, then President, and then the maker of Presidents and Monitor-in-Chief to all the world. Never did so much noise deafen so many ears in so many corners of this distracted globe as that which reverberated from the swamps of the Potomac when our Teddy snapped his jaws in the White House.

In that Cuban campaign I had no praise for the Rough Rider, for my associates were of the Regulars. The Commanding Officer of the 21st U.S. Infantry (Regulars) assigned me a hospital cot in a tent liable to medical occupation. I was amongst friends, and shared their mess no less than their frank interchange of opinion. Each day arrived the big dailies from New York and each day new majors, colonels and generals paraded themselves on the piazza of the Tampa Bay Hotel. My West Point friends in vain looked for promotion—only politicians appeared to be regarded with favour in the Army whose Commander-in-Chief was President McKinley. The ones mainly responsible for the war against Spain—the Adjutant-General of the U.S. Army (Corbin), the General commanding the U.S. Army under McKinley (Miles), the General in charge of the forces in Florida (Shafter), the Secretary of War (Alger)—all were political soldiers of the McKinley kind. The people adored them as "war heroes," but real soldiers thought them excellent politicians.

On my way to the front I spent some hours in the office of the Adjutant-General, to whom I bore a letter of introduction. I had signally failed in all efforts to reach the front in uniform, because I was not of the same political party as Mr. McKinley, but being temperamentally philosophic I did my best with such opportunities as offered. The Adjutant-General's office was naturally the most busy in Washington. His desk was piled high with telegrams, and clerks passed in and out

with papers and messages. Every available seat was occupied by men seeking to catch his eye, and the only comfortable creature in the room was probably my unimportant self. I was learning new things every moment.

John Burroughs once remarked to me that if you wished to preserve your patriotism pure, then keep away from Washington. If Luther had never lived in Rome he might have died a fervent Papist. It requires considerable enthusiasm to survive such an experience as mine at the source of American chivalry and military honour, for in my presence were men miraculously transsubstantiated from mere mortals into colonels, majors, and captains.

As I sat marvelling at the facility with which great armies are improvised, there hurried to my chair one Creighton Webb. He had been at college with me, and he looked cast down as he bitterly retailed his disappointment.

"I wanted to be made a captain," wailed he, "and here's my name down as *major*!"

And so I brought smiles to his face by telling him that he had secured a promotion without asking; and then he asked what the different military names meant, and what was the difference between a company and a battalion, etc., etc. What happened to Creighton Webb after that I know not, save for an occasional newspaper puff referring to him as a war hero and expert in matters military. He is but a sample of that great mob of officers who attempted to mould an army. He knew nothing of the trade, and he affords ample explanation of the large amount of disease in our camps—even before any of our men reached Cuba.

Whilst all the heads of war departments were busy at their desks on the Potomac, raw regiments, with or without equipment, were being dumped into the pine barrens of south-western Florida, where they could not

see the woods because there were so many trees, and where there was no one to tell them where they should pitch their tents. Colonels, majors and captains tried to look important whilst lifting one foot after the other out of the ubiquitous, bottomless and infinitely slippery white sand.

The railways were not wholly to blame. Their contracts merely required them to convey certain stores, quadrupeds and bipeds from certain points in Texas, Oregon, Michigan, or Maine, and turn them loose in the neighbourhood of Tampa. How many days or weeks were to be consumed *en route* ; how the cattle were to be watered or the men fed ; and, above all, how the various companies, battalions and regiments were to find themselves when once tumbled out in the desolate forests—all those were details about which no one had any concern, save the immediate sufferers. There was no military control of the railways, and as these are intended primarily for purposes of private profit, the weary troops were shunted time and time again in order to give the right of way to better-paying freight. For forty miles out of Tampa the railway sidings were blocked by freight cars containing presumably supplies for the army, but as there was no general staff organization save on paper these good things remained sealed up whilst good men suffered want. A battalion might arrive by one train, whilst its equipment might be delayed several days and then deposited at some inaccessible point of this woody wilderness. There were no non-coms. amongst the volunteers capable of guiding their officers, and no officers that knew much more than their helpless men. I rode nine miles northward to see my West Point friends of the U.S. Cavalry, and ran into the 71st New York State Volunteers, who had no tents, nor had they any idea where they might be.

The " Regulars " were at least experienced in camp matters. They knew where and how to dig latrine

trenches, they were under discipline, the company streets were policed, all garbage was buried, and officers looked after their men. We had on all sides of us other regiments of Regulars, and were on the outskirts of the city—if so lordly a name can apply to a gulf port having normally about 10,000 inhabitants, most of them African or Cuban in appearance and employed in making cigars.

Florida on advertising posters is a sportsman's paradise—but there must not be too many sportsmen at one time. History does not say who selected those pine barrens for army camps, but had they been the choice of a Spanish enemy they could not have been better calculated for discomfort and disease. Florida is at all times a sub-tropical peninsula, but between April and November the heat is that of the Equatorial belt. Our soldier boys had but their winter equipment of heavy blue cloth and flannel shirts; there was not a sun helmet or straw hat amongst them. Thus they sweated all through the blazing day, and in their sweaty hot clothing they lay down at night in dog tents meant only for northern weather.

We had the regular army rations: mostly pork and beans and the like—inflammable if not explosive stuff. In the paradise of sportsmen we vainly clamoured for fruit or fresh food of any kind. The rich could buy these luxuries in town; they could also secure a bath for 25 cents. We wondered why in this land of much water no man could get a bath—why our tents might not have been pitched by the sea or on the banks of a stream! The answer that came back was the same wearisome one: politics! Our officers on the spot had nothing to say in the matter. Some patriot had leased certain barrens to his Government, and there we were condemned to wilt and grow sick, rather than that a politician be deprived of his profits. The very water that we drank was charged for by the aldermen of Tampa, and no one was allowed more than an amount that would have seemed

small on a sea voyage. A sentinel guarded each water-tap as in times of famine. What food we had was impregnated with dusty sand—most searching particles that were once white, but owing to forest fires had become sooty in colour. In the Sahara and Northern China I have had to eat food with much that gritted in my teeth; but in Florida the torture was gratuitous.

And, finally, let us moralize.

It is every one's duty to enlist for the war—old and young—man and woman. It is glorious when the band plays and your home town smothers you in flowers, kisses, and farewell dainties. But the hero is he who has been in Washington, who knows that his commanding officer is to be an incompetent, and yet enlists and gets killed.

CHAPTER XXXIV

Roosevelt in Cuba—Playing Politics—Oyster Bay—My Visit there —Roosevelt and the Widow of General George B. McClellan

Roosevelt aimed at being nominated for Governor of New York State, and in order to secure so exalted an office it was necessary that he should come home a war hero. He had already secured the necessary notoriety through misleading but well-meaning Press bulletins. It was now the moment for stumping the State and firing the popular heart by personal contact. He must somehow get back to New York because election day happens early in November.

So he added one more to his other unmilitary acts by giving to the Press a letter describing the American Army as rapidly dwindling through disease. The closing paragraph of this unique document embodies these words:—

"This army must be moved at once or perish. As the army can be safely moved now, the persons responsible for preventing such a move will be responsible for the unnecessary loss of many thousands of lives."

Roosevelt shrewdly suspected that such a letter might be regarded as gentle criticism by his commanding officer in Cuba, to say nothing of the War Department in Washington; and therefore he gave it out as interesting news to an army of war correspondents.

The war was over. The Spanish fleet was no more. The United States flag waved over Cuba, no less than the Philippines, and the world looked on complacently

as the plenipotentiaries gathered for the purpose of determining mere details as to repatriation of prisoners, the disposal of Government property, and claims of the Catholic Church. But when Roosevelt's classic letter filled the front page of every newspaper in every language, the world of Latin-America was amazed. This unsoldierly letter was condemned by officers of the regular army, and its author was recommended for court-martial, but President McKinley had the matter quietly dropped because he needed the support of all Republicans. The Roosevelt letter produced the desired effect in the United States, however deplorable its effect might have been in Madrid or Paris. Mothers wept much, and sweethearts also, when they pictured our brave boys wasting away in the miasmatic swamps of Cuba. The Press took up the woman's wail, and soon the whole country was clamouring for their wasted warriors and praising Roosevelt as their champion in this hour of need!

Thus the hero of San Juan Hill became the patron saint of cruelly treated soldiers, and was therefore pointed out by manifest destiny as entitled to any office to which a grateful people could elect him. We cannot submit politics to criticism: as well discuss the reason for woman's whims or the relics of martyrs. Roosevelt was a politician using the dress of a soldier to win votes.

Cuba compares favourably with any other tropical colony where British troops are in permanent occupation; and for our army to be withdrawn from an island less than 100 miles from Florida would have sounded comical save in the columns of a Press which for the most part knew as little of any West India island as they did of the Federated Malay States.

Cuba has its mountains and its windswept sea beaches, and has for centuries been occupied by a white race who no more wilt away in her climate than Englishmen in Jamaica, St. Kitts or Trinidad. Cuba offered our little

army an abundance of salubrious camp sites, but had we selected such, New York might have selected some other Governor. *Hinc illa epistola!*

Roosevelt was no sooner Governor than he wired me urgently to come and spend a night at Oyster Bay, his country home on Long Island Sound, about thirty miles from New York. His first invitation I had declined because of an engagement; but soon afterwards I ran down on an early afternoon train, curious to learn the reason of his urgency. Of course I had now no longer any illusions regarding my old classmate of the Columbia Law School.

After a cup of tea gracefully offered by Mrs. Roosevelt in the drawing-room, Teddy suggested a walk, which I gladly accepted.

My host had this much of the Napoleonic in him in that he delighted in marking the inferiority of others to himself. The great Corsican could even hold audience whilst occupying the only chair in the room. Roosevelt on this occasion desired to exhibit his prowess and skill as a mountaineer; for without inquiring as to my tastes, he started on a tramp over the worst country of his neighbourhood, up and down little hills. He was annoyed that I did not express amazement at his energy, and doubtless disappointed that I did not even beg him to slacken his gait. Long Island on the northern side has dunes of sand that are almost precipitous; these he had reserved for my ultimate discomfiture, should I survive the preliminary tests. So down he plunged with me abreast, and so we reached his house in time for dress and dinner.

Roosevelt expected me to write columns of glorification after the manner of others, and had this been my first meeting, I might possibly have become his victim. The strenuous tramp was nothing much to me, for I was brought up in the Highlands of the Hudson, to say nothing of Alpine holidays. There was nothing for me

to admire in his egotistical display of leg muscle, but much did I wonder at his taking up the whole time of my visit in talking interminably and exclusively about himself. His wife had apparently long since abandoned any ambition she might have entertained before marriage of participating in conversation whilst her husband was within earshot; yet she was far more interesting to me. She was a lady. Roosevelt's conversation was a torrent of statements ejaculated with vehemence, emphasized by the clenching of his fists and the snapping of his jaws.

His purpose in getting me to Oyster Bay was evidently to use me in the propagation of his legendary prowess; for from the time I arrived until the hour of departure next morning, he spoke of nothing save the bravery of his Rough Riders, and the relative inefficiency of the regular army.

It was vital to his political future that the great majority of civilian voters should see in him the superman. He knew that he had not charged on horseback up San Juan Hill; but he needed this legend. Verestchagin and Frederic Remington had each painted him in the act of leading the American Army in Cuba, and to disturb so picturesque a myth came soon to be regarded as a sacrilege. Roosevelt was preaching puerile absurdities to one reared in the atmosphere of West Point, and who had for several years made a study of real armies, especially that of Germany.

Should I have raised my hand or blown a whistle and shouted halt? There was no way of expressing an opinion in the teeth of one whose talk resembled the raving of a lunatic! He never paused to inquire if I held another view; his conversation was monologue, always about himself.

In 1899 I could not have written thus, for in fairness I credited Roosevelt as being under temporary excitement, and possibly he might have been sincere in

believing that a militia volunteer with two weeks of training is the equal of men who represent many re-enlistments and who serve under officers trained from boyhood in the science of war. But whatever my convictions in 1899, Roosevelt allowed no other tongue but his to wag, and the best I could have done would have been to shout at him from the carriage that drove me to the station, " Teddy, my boy, you talk like a madman! Compared with you the words of Don Quixote or Munchausen seem historical humdrum."

Shortly before her death I held the hand of General McClellan's widow; and she told me of going on to Washington in order to be present at the unveiling of a monument to her illustrious husband. My esteem for both Mrs. McClellan and the General bordered on adoration, and it is now a sweet memory to have enjoyed their friendship from college days until the last hour of their lives. If Jefferson Davis " created a nation," to quote Mr. Gladstone, the real soldiers of the Civil War gladly credit McClellan with having created the Army of the Potomac. The men whom he commanded and who knew him remained ever loyal to " Little Mac," as they fondly called him. Political exigencies caused him to be deposed from Commander-in-Chief, and his place was filled in rapid succession by politicians who delighted the profiteers because they prolonged the bloody struggle. General McClellan remained to the end of his days the beau-ideal of the gentleman and the soldier: courteous, reticent, inspiring.

Mrs. McClellan, who had been the belle of Washington in her girlhood, never lost the grace of manner and sparkle of conversational charm which usually is deemed the monopoly of Paris. When she was ranked with dowagers and grandmammas there was yet no one in all New York to whom I more gladly paid homage. My last call was at the old Murray Hill Hotel, where she was resting for a few days after the Washington episode.

She told me the story, and it is what I should have invented had I been called upon to reconstruct the scene. Roosevelt was President, and insisted upon seizing this, as he did every other occasion, for haranguing the world. Nothing could have been in worse taste than obtruding himself at such a moment upon the attention of the General's widow.

Said she: "I timed Mr. Roosevelt. He spoke for fifty-nine minutes. Four of those minutes he employed in minimizing the services of *my General*, and the remaining fifty-five minutes he devoted to talking about himself!"

Moreover, Mrs. McClellan justly complained that she had not been consulted in regard to the monument; that the sculptor had evidently not known the General or his dress, and that her presence there as his widow was merely to help swell the audience of Roosevelt.

One day my friend Graham Brooks of Cambridge came up to me in the Century Club, with beaming face, boasting of having just arrived from Washington, and a long talk with Roosevelt.

"Impossible!" I said, "and no one has ever achieved the impossible!"

Mr. Brooks was at first disposed to resent my rudeness, but he took it good-humouredly when I promptly made him confess that all the talking had been done by another than himself.

CHAPTER XXXV

Outing Magazine and Roosevelt—Yale Art School and Ferderic Remington—Illustrating the first College Paper—S. S. McClure Syndicate—Remington's Drawings and *Outing*—His Life since leaving Yale—*Outing* sold to a German Jew—Henry M. Alden, Editor of *Harper's*—Remington joins me in a Trip to North Africa—We visit a Sheikh in the Desert—Mustangs and Arabs —Adventure in a Moorish Bath

When, for my sins, I foolishly founded a magazine of amateur sport in the city of New York, it was with an editorial staff notable for unselfishness, and enthusiasm in the various departments of manly recreation. Yachting, tennis, lacrosse, cruising canoe, baseball, mountaineering, ice boating, polo—everything appealing to the gentleman sportsman was represented by the best amateur names in America. We counted confidently on Roosevelt, and he sent us half a dozen very short and very slovenly articles on ranching and shooting in the Far West. He sent us also a bill for $100 apiece, nor would he accept a penny less; for he pointed out with irrefutable emphasis that if we did not pay that price he could secure the same and even more from the great publishers like Harper's, The Century or Scribner's. We paid him. We smiled outwardly. We winced inwardly, for all our staff was working on a practically honorary basis, hoping that some day we might reap the reward of our self-denial. For three years I edited *Outing* without drawing any salary. At the end of that period the magazine was out of debt, but the prospect of ever earning dividends was to me painfully remote. I would not borrow money and so I called my

staff together and made them a present of the property. Of that staff I cannot think of one whose friendship has failed me since. We had the very best men of their day on *Outing*, but the day of amateur sport had not arrived—or was it that in me was too much amateur? The three years were, however, educationally well spent, and well worth all they cost me.

Frederic Remington and myself had been the only undergraduates to take an extra course at the newly established Yale Art School. We were by ourselves in the dingy cellar or basement spaces, whose only decoration consisted of casts from the antique. It was the only Yale department which then permitted of women, but these we never saw, for they had a room in some other part of the building. No studio was better designed if its object was to damp the ardour of a budding Michael Angelo. The most difficult of all statues for a beginner was given us: the madly dancing Faun generally credited to Praxiteles. At long intervals the melancholy professor of drawing entered our cheerless room, gazed sadly at our clumsy crayoning, made a few strokes by way of emphasizing our clumsiness, and then disappeared. He was a German—his name, Niemeyer. Neither he nor Weir took the slightest interest in our efforts to draw. They probably regarded the art school as a joke, useful only as a means of giving each a salary, a studio, and the leisure to earn money outside their dull faculty work. At that art school Remington and I would have been tied in any drawing competition, for he detested casts, and had had no preliminary practice as I had had. In Germany I had slowly progressed from wooden blocks to a chair and so on to a house, learning incidentally the laws of perspective. Remington and I became warm friends and remained such up to the last. Indeed, it was but a few months before his death that I drove my two nags over to Ridgefield in Connecticut, where he was completing a home and

studio worthy of his fame and fortune. But he died while his new home was building. The Yale of 1879 saw nothing of genius or even talent in the big, burly, blond undergraduate who played in the football eleven, and cursed Praxiteles and left Yale disgusted with art and its New Haven exponents.

Those gloomy hours in the art school cellar suggested to my mind the converting of the *Yale Courant* into an illustrated college weekly, the first of its kind in America. It was discussed by our editorial board, and finally approved by Sam. Foster, the business manager. Fred. Remington's first published sketch appeared in this little paper, and our importance waxed with each successive number. The drawings were of the crudest, but they were Yalensian and therefore encouraged new subscribers and fresh advertisements. The rival weekly (*Yale Record*) felt very sore over our persistent popularity, the more so as we relentlessly ridiculed secret societies, and particularly the two known respectively as " Bones " and " Keys." Harvard papers jibed at our drawings, but the more they jibed, the more did we seem precious in the eyes of Yale. So rich did we become through this college novelty, that on graduating we not only entertained ourselves at a generous and highly bacchanalian banquet, but in addition were presented each with a cheque for $150. This represented the earnings of the *Yale Courant* for the preceding three years, the largest profit ever made by any college paper so far as I know.

Remington inherited some property soon after graduation, and rumour had it that he had caught the prevailing fever for leading the life of a ranchman and was presumably a rich man.

The *Outing* office was in the attic of the then Morse Building at Nassau Street and Newspaper Row. There was but one office in the building less desirable or of less rent, and that was occupied by a wild-eyed, tousle-headed and pale-faced Yankee named S. S. McClure.

He and I were in precarious financial positions—our attic was a bit of Bohemia. He would occasionally borrow a couple of dollars, and punctiliously pay them back at varying intervals, and in handfuls of nickel or copper. To-day he may be amused to hear of the many who came to inquire of me regarding the financial capacity of the S. S. McClure Syndicate. Indeed, it was through such indirect inquiries that I first learned of the business which was to soon convert him into a millionaire—but at what a price!

He worked early and late, he and several of his name or family. He created the first great literary syndicate machinery, and killed himself in the effort, like many another so-called successful New Yorker. His methods were reckless from the standpoint of an orthodox merchant, for he dealt in things of great value, whilst his own capital was not one that could be placed upon the scales. He would buy a story from Frances Hodgson Burnett at her own price, and then sell that same story to a hundred or more newspapers throughout the country, and beyond. He gambled on the issue of his choice, and fortune favoured him. Mrs. Burnett had to sometimes wait for her stipulated price, but the stream of coin came his way at last, the many streamlets which swelled his coffers and opened new markets to many authors.

In his later years we crossed the Atlantic together, and he delighted in giving dinner parties with extravagant menus in the Ritz restaurant aboard. He was reputed a very rich man, but, alas! he slept fitfully at night. He had been to Europe undergoing treatment at some cure, and whilst he plied us with costliest wines and the daintiest of dishes, his own meal was invariably the same, a glass of medicated milk with a biscuit equally tasteless.

One day in the *Outing* office I was hard at work making up a forthcoming number, and correspondingly

irritable at any interruption. McClure had but just left me at the editorial desk when I was again interrupted by a vast portfolio held in the hands of some intruding one. Of course I knew that this meant looking at some drawings, and probably turning away some artist who needed money, and needed still more the qualities that make success.

Feeling cross and weary, I did not even look up at the huge visitor, but held out a hand for the drawings. He pushed one at me, and it was as though he had given me an electric shock. Here was the real thing, the unspoiled native genius dealing with Mexican ponies, cowboys, cactus, lariats and sombreros. No stage heroes these; no carefully pomaded hair and neatly tied cravats; these were the men of the real rodeo, parched in alkali dust, blinking out from barely opened eyelids under the furious rays of an Arizona sun. I had been there, and my innermost corpuscles vibrated at the truth before me. I looked at the signature—*Remington*. There was nothing, however, to suggest the work of my homonymous fellow-student of Yale.

I was delighted at my discovery, and said to him, "It's an odd coincidence, I had a classmate at Yale . . ." But before I could add another word out he roared: "Hell! Big—is that you?" And so it was—after a ten-year interval!

He had turned himself into a cowboy and I had become slave to a desk. We embraced; we made so much noise that my colleagues in the outer office feared that a fight was on. I introduced all present and then pulled forth from pigeon-holes every manuscript likely to interest such a pencil. Anything that might serve as an excuse for introducing horses, cowboys, army types and frontier background was eagerly sought, and as fervently welcomed by my quondam classmate. He was bankrupt in purse. *Outing* was also bankrupt, but we did not realize it. Every great magazine of New

York had turned him away from the desk of the so-called art editor, because forsooth none of those orthodox picture buyers could see anything good in a horse that had not been groomed or a soldier in shirt-sleeves. But genius was in those rough drawings, and I loved them for their very roughness. Of course I bought out all he had in his portfolio, and I loaded him with orders likely to keep him in every number of the magazine for two or three years. He asked nothing for his work, money was the last thing to interest him. Had I offered him $1 a picture he would have thought it good pay, for just then he had no ambition beyond a night's lodging and a loaf of bread. We paid him cash immediately for what he had on hand, and each was paid for at the very highest rate then paid to the leading magazine illustrators—Joseph Pennell, Zogbaum, Thulstrup, Cozzens, W. A. Rogers, Sandham—all of whom were then well known.

Houdon had to fight long before the critics of Paris could look upon his work with favour. In his day the sculptor had to drape his hero in a toga, or cover his head with a wig. It was deemed scandalous to portray men as they really were. Remington had that same spirit: he drew what he saw—" men with the bark on," to use his own expression.

We went out arm in arm for luncheon; and here is what I recall of the tale he had to tell, omitting the cowboy blasphemy slang and ornamental expletives that grow rank in the arroyos of our great south-western cattle country.

He had left Yale in disgust and had invested his inheritance in a sheep ranch on the Mexican border, and of course was gloriously happy so long as he could spend his days in the saddle. He was big-hearted and hospitable, a welcome guest at every frontier army post; and soon he realized the value of this new environment as material for an artist. There was here no Faun of

Praxiteles to scoff at his fumbling pencil, but he had Navahoe and Apache Red Skins, bronzed Mexicans in serape and peaked sombreros, slim and straight dragoons under West Point officers, and a medley of bronchos, burros, big army horses, mules and every sort of horned cattle. Where the Yale Art School failed, the Rio Grande succeeded; and after a period of lying fallow the soul of Remington burst forth in effort such as led Giotto to draw on the rocks by means of coloured chalk. There was no professor of the fine arts to sit in judgment; but critics were abundant and frank. They knew the points of a horse and would tolerate no theatrical polish on the hair of a cow-puncher. Little did they care for the academic rules of composition or the more subtle matter of chiaroscuro; all that interested the ranch environment of those years was fidelity to anatomical structure and local colour. His art school was geographically wide but intellectually narrow. Yet, narrow as it was, it was national, novel, and historically of prime importance, for the country over which Remington galloped his mustangs half a century ago is now gridironed with railways, and filled with fashionable resorts for invalids.

Of course his ranch came to grief; what ranch has not, when managed by an "Easterner" who spends money freely? His sheep showed great capacity for absorbing disease and otherwise thinning his flock. Shrewd neighbours with much experience managed to secure all the good wool, whilst our confiding artist found himself at last with many unpaid bills and a menagerie of moth-eaten sheep. His money all went from him; he was a bankrupt, and with his last $2 he entered a saloon in order to make a pious libation to Bacchus before blowing his brains out.

But his pious purpose was balked by the entry of a brother bacchanalian, followed by a couple of crooks. Remington concluded that it would cost no more to have

himself shot by the crooks than by himself, so he interfered on behalf of the brother bacchanalian. But much to his disgust the two crooks decamped and the man whose life he had saved offered him any amount of money. They compromised on the price of a ticket to New York. He might just as well have asked for enough to travel in luxury, but Remington was not as other men. It would have been immoral from his point of view to have slept in a bunk on borrowed money, so he sat up for ten consecutive nights in the long journey to New York, having only the common day cars which, as all Americans know, are designed on purpose to prevent their victims stretching their aching limbs in any direction save towards the roof.

And so Remington reached New York, only to once more contemplate suicide after heartless rebuffs from every great magazine.

Outing passed soon afterwards into the hands of a German Jew, who made money by exhausting its credit. He then sold out to some gullible amateurs fresh from college. But Remington and I stuck together and made much money for ourselves, to say nothing of the trouble we caused the police of the countries we subsequently explored.

Harper's Magazine was then in its glory. Henry M. Alden was the Nestor amongst editors as he was also the beloved of all who ever felt the warmth of his encouraging smile. No one could recall when Alden was not editor of *Harper's*; no one thought of Harper's unless in conjunction with a pilgrimage to the far-away corner where the great publishing house kept some tame editors in little hutches. If ever Diogenes could have been induced to change his quarters, it might have been to move into a Harper hutch. In matter of cubic space the sanctum of Editor Alden was no more than that in which the Sage of Sinope forged his winged shafts of wit and wisdom. The door of Alden's den had

to be ever open, for in order to stretch his legs he had to let his feet drip over into the outer world, as no doubt did those of Diogenes into the streets of Corinth. And both men managed to think profoundly whilst about them clanged and banged the concomitants of hurrying multitudes in a centre of mercantile bustle. There was constant rattling along the gangway where Alden's feet found ventilation, for Harper's was a book factory no less than a literary exchange, and the presses were ever busy, and proof was ever being hurried between the head offices and the editorial hutches, to say nothing of hand-trucks laden with paper. Alden must have loved his little hutch, for every one at Harper's loved Alden, and he might have commanded palatial quarters had he desired such. There was a tradition current that Alden's first sanctum was a large packing-case, and that he only moved into other quarters on condition that they be fitted to him and not he to them.

Thus for fifty years or so the greatest editor of his age educated the English-speaking world from an editorial sanctum so small that he could reach everything therein without moving from his arm-chair. His table was not visible because of the papers upon it. The walls were pigeon-holed and stuffed tight with material for future numbers. One extra chair was at the door end of his desk, but that also was invisible by reason of high-piled printed matter. Alden had no label over his hutch; no forbidding sign ever froze the shy author's blood; no impertinent junior clerk cross-questioned the visitor as though he were seeking a passport at the Custom House. No, some one of the seven Harpers who sat in the main office below would welcome you kindly and suggest that possibly one might find Mr. Alden disengaged.

The Harper building that I knew is no more. It stood at the Manhattan end of the first Brooklyn Bridge, and its builder had evidently in mind the Ipswich

hostelry wherein Mr. Pickwick lost his way amid a labyrinth of incomprehensible halls and stairways. But in those days all Harpers were kindly and all their employees were trained to rescue lost strangers, and show them the way to the Alden hutch. And when at last this holy spot was reached, the surprise must indeed have been great; maybe such surprise was felt by the Eastern kings who travelled in royal state in order to honour the King of all kings, and Him hidden away in a stable! We would stand in the hallway until Mr. Alden would look up from his papers and greet us. His face was always contemplative, his eyes kindly. However much annoyed he might feel at interruptions, he never showed us other than encouraging welcome. He listened attentively, blew vast clouds of tobacco smoke, asked a pertinent question or so, and within a few minutes a bargain would be made.

Alden was of the rare few who divine the material world through its metaphysical manifestations. He travelled only between the Harper hutch and his home in the suburbs, but he knew the rest of the world as a true physician does the whole body from a mere glance at the eye, the lips or the finger-nails.

In those royal days *Harper's Magazine* had more circulation, even in England, than any English magazine; indeed, many English people spoke to me of *Harper's* as of their own, so perfectly did Alden understand the spirit of a transatlantic public. The best authors on either side of the seas appeared at home between Harper covers, and it was the genius of Alden that selected and suggested and eliminated and united in such a way that *Harper's* of Alden's time was the one magazine *par excellence* to symbolize the intellectual brotherhood of all the English-speaking world.

Remington and I were evidently regarded with favour by the Harper hierarchy, for from the time of my resigning the editorial chair of *Outing* in the 'eighties

until the end of Mr. Alden and the failure of that once great house, I can hardly think of any scheme by me proposed that did not find favour in the Harper counting-house no less than the editorial sanctum.

Remington had never been abroad and knew no language but a singular mixture of Rio Grande slang, and pithy characterizations, unconnected by any grammatical particles. He was honest, blunt, witty—usually wrong, but ever entertaining. The wrong sprang from his mental bias. He despised schools of art; sneered at every academic rule; regarded foreign travel as a bit of snobbery; thought the American dragoon the grandest thing in war; in short, for provincial braggadocio not even a Californian could match Frederic Remington.

So he snorted with contempt when I told him I was off to Europe to do some articles on French military posts in their North African colonies. The Harpers had consented, and I was to chaperon Remington. The Harpers paid me handsomely in coin, but the joy of Remington's company was infinitely beyond my means of requital. His estimate of a city rose or fell according to the amount of American whisky obtainable. When he found a place where only French wines were known, he withered it with a Mexican curse.

He agreed to go to Europe, but only for the horses—not for the art galleries; he delighted in the prospect of once more blinking over a blistering desert, but scouted the idea that worn-out Europe had anything to teach an American. All this was babe-like and honest and pathologically interesting. There is no harm in recording this much regarding the turning point in Remington's life; because his development interests every other aspiring artist, especially if he be American. He had reached his thirtieth year, and at the same time the summit of his fame as a delineator of our fast vanishing cowboy and Indian frontier. In colour and

composition he was lamentably crude, and frankly confessed that he could not draw a woman or a boat. Rubens, Titian, Raphael, Van Dyck, Dürer—all those names meant no more to him than Mozart and Beethoven to an African jazz band. But he was honest, and only such can become great artists. He did not live to see his fiftieth year, yet from his first sight of the great masters to the day of his death, he unconsciously laboured for expression through the charm of colour and tender treatment. Only a few days before his untimely end, he was rejoicing in the prospect of achieving new fame, not merely as a sculptor, but as a colourist! His workroom was a vast museum of Red Indian and army accoutrement, and he spoke of the improvements he projected for his estate as one on the threshold of life! But I am losing the thread of our African trip which was made early in the 'nineties.

Remington, who was very brave in facing mad bulls and murderous men, was an ignoble "quitter" when called upon to face a woman—I mean a lady. As for the other kind, they shall not be dragged into these pages, which are meant primarily for my great-grandchildren. Yet, in justice to my muscular and manly companion, I must add that he was no Joseph nor would he have been eligible amongst the Skoptsi of Bessarabia. But a pure and high-bred woman of the world would throw him into a panic. I doubt if he ever held such a one's hand until his marriage day.

But on this African trip his misogynical mania served me a good turn.

We had boarded a train at Oran for the rail-head on the edges of the Sahara Desert, and Remington was perfectly happy. His pockets were full of big and strong cigars; he was puffing serenely in one corner of the only first-class compartment, whilst I was brooding over my notebook in the corner opposite. His baggage was in a valise by his feet, and whilst it contained a few

collars and the like, the bulkiest features were a bottle of Bourbon whisky, a pair of Arctic overshoes, and a huge army revolver, all three useless on such a journey as ours —possibly dangerous. Remington was radiant, for he pictured North Africa as another Arizona. But I was melancholy, for Harper's expected me to have adventures and write something that was more than a chronicle of hotels and barracks. The only thing interesting to me in Africa then was Remington himself, and he seemed bent on wrecking all my plans; for suddenly he bolted from beneath his cloud of smoke and rushed from the compartment uttering blasphemy. His parting words were: "Oh, hell—there comes *a damned woman!*"

These African trains are mainly made up of goods carriages or freight cars, with perhaps one first-class for officials, and then some second-class ones, where "natives" ride, after the manner of our *Jim Crow* cars in the former slave states. Remington precipitated his vast bulk into the nearest second-class car amid marvelling Kabyles, Jews and Moors, for be it known that, though at Yale he was of athletic form, he had since concealed his muscular parts by the assistance of more than generous meat and moisture!

Whilst he was crowding his perspiring frame in amongst the exotic odours of the second-class, in came to his vacated seat a very French and very gracious lady, followed by an equally welcome husband. We exchanged the usual formal civilities, for on such a train, and under such circumstances, the few Caucasians feel a more than ordinary interest each in the other. Monsieur and Madame X were bound also to the same rail-head, where her daughter was married to the governor of a district. The journey was wholly one of sentiment—to see their first grandchild. My spirits now rose, for monsieur and madame showed kindly interest in the object of my journey, particularly so when I showed them a letter of introduction written by no less an

explorer and warrior than my friend the then Commandant Monteil.

Suddenly the lady stopped abruptly, looked at her husband and said to me: "Et votre camarade—ou est-il?" I had referred to Remington as a famous American artist, and she was concerned for him.

The train was about starting!

What could I do? Say that he had referred to her as a "damned woman"? Confess that a countryman of mine could not share even a public railway carriage with so charming a compatriot of Lafayette? Perish the thought!

"Madame," said I, "my friend feared lest smoking be . . ."

"Mais, monsieur, c'est tout au contraire." And immediately they also bolted for the platform, and by the time I had caught up with them, they were spraying Remington with so heavy a shower of compliments on his fame as an artist, on his country, and on his rare courtesy, that his collar became a piece of damp tape, and his forehead glistened with beads of sweat.

"On voit bien que monsieur est un Americain," said the expansive madame. "Ce n'est pas un Anglais qui se serait derangé ainsi!"

The horn of departure was bleating and the *chef de gare* politely invited messieurs les voyageurs to "En voiture" at their earliest. But in Africa trains run at somnolent speed, and the few first-class passengers are apt to be important officially. Therefore the horn tooted, but I kept the train waiting. "Fred," said I, "you've simply got to stand by me now, for I'm in a hole. This French couple can give me 'copy.' If I don't get 'copy' I take the first boat home, and leave you here alone. Besides, this compartment smells badly; the natives carry knives; at the next tunnel they will murder you and chuck your 250 pounds of

lard out on to the track; it's done every day. This carriage is reserved for natives and pirates."

Remington was weakening; he disliked the mixed native odours; his revolver was in the other carriage; he was, moreover, touched by my personal plea. "Besides," added I, "whilst you are welcome to your private feelings, you are carrying the matter too far when you insult a kindly French couple by leaving the room at their approach!" And so, amidst much puffing and blaspheming, Remington was finally pried out from between a Jew pedlar and a Moorish cattle dealer; the *chef de gare* wished us *bon voyage*, and we made a *parti carré* for the whole day.

Fortunately Remington had no other interpreter than myself or he would have essayed another bolt; for madame was not at all discouraged when told that the great artist knew not a single word of her language. She merely raised her voice; and I passed on to Remington whatever was least calculated to increase the redness of his face or the limpness of his linen.

Monsieur and Madame X afforded me abundant material for Harper manuscript and also for the art department.

We were introduced into the family of their grandchild, whose father took us far into the desert where an Arab sheikh held court in a glorious gathering of huge tents. Here were many camels and fiery steeds, and still more fiery horsemen. These rode at us as though to trample us in the dust; but just in the nick of time their horses fell back upon their haunches, and long carbines were waved in the air to signify welcome. The noble sheikh was here a ruler amid a loyal family of dependants; and he knew of nothing above him save Allah and the French tax man. But the French yokes of Church and State were evidently easy ones, for nothing could exceed the cordiality of these desert hosts. We were not invited into the harem tents, but could

occasionally hear baby prattle, and the gentle sing-song of eternally melodious motherhood.

A kid had been spitted in our honour; it was roasted in the open and handed about by two sturdy sons as we sat cross-legged amid the rich carpets. We each tore with our fingers a strip of the flesh, seeking to copy the table manners of those familiar with such Biblical ways. May be Isaac and Abraham entertained after this fashion, even unto the wine; for although our bearded Mussulman was orthodox in this matter, he had procured a bottle of Bordeaux in order to honour the Pro-Consul from Gaul.

Remington was in a chuckle of delight at everything he saw. It was like—but how unlike—the border life of our western territories. Here were horses of noble strain—loving companions to man—with noses that caressed like the cheek of a girl; great soft eyes, and nostrils that expanded or shrank as a barometer of exquisite sensibility. And ah! such dainty little ankles and feet! Such elasticity of spring, short body, vast breathing spaces, endless endurance, courage, and faith in man. Remington had known but the mongrel brutes we call mustang—the prairie horse. He survives as does the pariah dog and the product of our city slums through the very coarseness of his fibre. The mustang bucks and seeks to kill his rider; the Arab comes to his master and they whisper lovingly to one another. The mustang dreads man as one who rules by means of bloody spur and jaw-breaking curb. Man in our western borders has no horse tradition superior to merely getting from one place to another without walking. When first I knew that country one could buy a mustang for $10, and the man in a hurry rode them to their death, leaving behind meat for the carrion, and riding the next mustang and the next until his goal was reached. No Arab could profess a religion whose devotees were so barbarous!

Remington sorely clamoured for a Moorish bath, and so did I. The dust of the desert was in our pores as it had been in the food so generously offered by the sheikh. We had sweated much; our muscles were sore, and our imagination had been stirred by reading of luxurious treatment at the hands of boys clever in massage. So we left our hotel and strolled in the direction of the inevitable hammam. It was a sultry afternoon when wise people avoid the fiercest rays of the sun by taking their siesta. The streets were vacant, and we chatted hopefully on the joys of an evening spent in a paradise of purification, to say nothing of the subsequent reclining amid soft cushions, nargheelis, hubble-bubbles, and the real home-brewed coffee done after the manner of Mahomet.

There was no turbaned porter at the outer entrance, so we pushed boldly in, expecting to find him inside, protected from the fierce rays of sunshine. But no porter greeted us even in the ante-room. We put our shoulder to the massive door that proclaimed itself guardian of the Sudarium and were immediately cloaked in clouds of steam. We could not distinguish individual qualities, let alone those of sex; but in our simplicity we waited for the bath-master to notice us and inquire of our needs. Little did we dream that for the first time since the translation of Mahomet, a hammam janitor had quitted his post in order to see a dog-fight that was agitating a neighbouring street corner.

This being a French military post, I knew that municipal regulations were enforced. A Moorish bath must have a gate guardian, and he must be, thought I, amongst the misty figures whom I vaguely descried as I became accustomed to the steamy fog. Remington was to seize one figure and I the other. What he seized I know not, but mine had huge breasts, and screamed as only outraged woman can. The scream became contagious; the whole vast cavernous compound echoed

piercing yells and Oriental objurgation. Once more came Remington's roar in terror: "Hell, Big, it's a damned woman!" We made for the heavy door, but were bewildered. Never were so many naked women so frequently seen in so short a space of time. I reached the wall, and groped along it with trembling limbs. At last, after an eternity of pandemonium, my hands felt the great door. Remington joined me, and we burst through and out into the blazing sun.

But the yells from those outraged houris had been heard; the dog-fight was over, and the turbaned porter hurried back to his neglected post. News travels mysteriously in the country of camels and hadjis; and therefore when two dripping and harried Yankees floundered out into the street it was to face a furiously gesticulating mob of Moslems whose most sacred temple had been invaded by unbelievers. Remington had of course left his revolver behind, along with his arctics; and this was fortunate, for mobs have a psychology far too subtle to be reached by mere lead and steel. This mob was Mahometan, and was waving heavy sticks. We were dead men—at least Remington said so. We had been caught *flagrante delicto*; the law was clear; the French Republic wisely refrains from interference in matters of native religion; this offence of ours was one which only Islam law can adequately punish; our executioners were upon us; death had been amply merited, and some day an American Press association would broadcast a piquant paragraph headed:—

TURKISH DELIGHTS.

AUTHOR AND ARTIST DRAGGED OUT OF THE HAREM.

Revelations by our Special Correspondent.

We were dead men! Yes, humanly speaking.

We were therefore desperate, and at such moments the mind moves rapidly.

The noisiest and most menacing of this mob was nearest me, and him I seized by the throat. And then I inundated him with so vile a compound of blasphemy and obscenity as would have commanded respect even in the *banlieus* of the French capital. His maternity and female relatives generally I denounced, and himself I condemned to torments for having abandoned his post of duty!

At this he fell to his knees and the sticks of the mob were grounded. Mobs are female in mentality and therefore privileged in the matter of changing their minds. We who were to be massacred at one moment, were now objects of worship, and so, after a sharp rebuke and a homily on the duty of eunuchs in general and hamam guardians in particular, I graciously promised to overlook the offence and to report nothing to the French commanding officer. The grateful janitor called down upon me the glories of a paradise full of houris; his friends in the mob immediately reflected the new thought-wave, and we were escorted back to our excellent hotel as two protectors of Mahometan virginity.

Remington lost seven pounds in weight during as many minutes, and my loss was relatively equal to his. But as he understood nothing of the talk that led to our triumphant release, his imagination helped in the reduction of his weight. The reaction that soon set in gave us unwonted appetite for both food and beverage; the cuisine was excellent and the champagne of Medea equally so. We drank two full quarts apiece that afternoon without feeling the slightest inconvenience, and then we sang from an overflowing heart several bacchanalian selections from the Yale campus in the days of her glory:

"Oh, if I had a barrel of rum
And sugar a hundred pounds;
The College bell to hold it and
The clapper to stir it round;

I'd drink to the health of dear old Yale
And friends both far and near; for
I'm a rambling rake of poverty and
A son of a Gamboleer."
Chorus:

The Mahometan world being nothing if not religious, our stentorian efforts were tolerated, nay respected, as acts of devotion, however arduous. An American hotel would have called the police, but the more humane Mussulman trod gently, and pitied us. Remington was never known to sing as a student, nor ever again after this one supreme escape. But men have done stranger things under the impulse of love, hatred and fear. Leander swam the Hellespont; Joan rushed in amongst pikes and swords at Orleans; firemen tell me of men who in their terror have lifted pianos and leaped from terrible heights—and so Remington sang.

CHAPTER XXXVI

Remington accompanies me to Russia—George Kennan on Russia—We are shadowed in St. Petersburg—Russians as Linguists—The Regiment Viborg and my Visit at Novgorod—Tserpitsky, late Governor of Bokhara, decorated by William II—Late Czar Nicholas' Dislike of William II—I rid myself momentarily of the Secret Police—Russian Feeling as to War with Japan—Charles Emory Smith on Russia—Dinner at Mess with Tserpitsky—Bismarck Diplomacy and Bacchus—We are expelled from Russia

Why not add a little more of personal anecdote—in defiance of chronological rule! The Volga fascinated me as a field for literary material such as *Harper's Magazine* would gladly print; and so I made all arrangements including a Rob Roy canoe with sails, drop rudder and centreboard for the bulky Remington. Already I had paddled or sailed from the headwaters of the Danube to the Black Sea, and also the Elbe from its rise in Bohemia to its mouth below Hamburg. The Volga offered infinite ethnological interest—a great variety of rough peasantry, Cossacks, gipsies, cattle herders, horses and local water-craft. We intended launching the two canoes at St. Petersburg, whence is easy access to the river which joins the Baltic and Caspian—some 2,500 miles of sail and paddle delight. Those were days of Nihilism, secret police, mysterious disappearances, chain gangs to Siberian mines, escapes from Saghalin or the Amoor. The Czar was being periodically bombed, and the European Press was prone to paint Russia as even more police-ridden than it was in reality.

Two years before, I had crossed Russia from the mouth of the Pruth, eastward to Odessa, and thence north to

Warsaw, with an interesting stop at Kieff. I had then nothing with me but a sailor's kitbag which I carried on my shoulder many weary miles between the Custom House on the Rumanian border and the railway terminus of Reni. Of Russia the outside world could learn little save through refugee Nihilists who lived in London by giving lessons, translating or doing odd newspaper work. Stepniak, Volkhowsky, Prince Krapotkin—these were familiar figures in the Fleet Street of my London days. They would have been murdered by the Bolsheviks of recent years. Many a time have I heard my Russian friends of 1890 protest that their so-called Nihilist party asked for no more than what every Englishman enjoyed in the way of constitutional freedom. There was but one book on Russia worth reading, the one by George Kennan; and that one was of course forbidden by the police. Kennan also was forbidden. He told me once pathetically that Russia could not possibly escape a violent political explosion—not because it was an autocracy, but because it was a stupid one. His book is frank and fair, conceived in the scientific spirit of a Bryce or de Tocqueville, constructive and hopeful. In it he made many specific charges of maladministration amply supported by official documentary evidence; but, as he once told me, not a single one of his many charges were ever investigated—nothing was done save to suppress the book and send to Siberia anyone suspected of having read it.

Now Remington dreaded Siberia. "I don't mind being shot, Big," said he, in Petersburg, "but don't let them lock me in a damp cell!" He had been reading the then very popular novel called *My Official Wife*—a startling tale of Revolutionary underworld, an attempt on the Czar's life, a beautiful Nihiliste, who twines herself about the chivalrous affections of the American Military Attaché in Russia, etc., etc. Remington lashed himself into a fever of imaginative misery which was

not much alleviated by frequent recourse to his favourite beverage. As he spoke only his own sort of English, and as now even the lettering over the shops was foreign, he felt a loneliness never before experienced. The deck of his new mahogany canoe had been perforated in order that the police might assure themselves that our lockers did not contain forbidden documents. A very courteous army officer called upon us and assured me that he had enjoyed the great honour of my acquaintance on a previous occasion, either in Paris, Pekin, Berlin or London—it signifies not. This polite parasite could not be discouraged, but acted as assiduous guide wherever we went.

And let no innocent American place too much credence in the well-worn yarn that all Russians are good linguists —that French is universally spoken, etc., etc. If my innocent compatriot meet his Muscovite friends exclusively at Monte Carlo, or the Lago di Como, doubtless he will be able to practise on them some other tongue than Russian; but let him beware of expecting anything but the vernacular amongst the 99 per cent. that are not Grand Dukes, Princes, Ambassadors, or of the Court circle. At the Custom House between Galatz and Reni were six officials to open and analyse the contents of my sailor pack. It was a rigid search; every page of my few books was examined—yet not one could read my passport, nor understand one word of English, French, German, Italian or Spanish. In the official blotter I saw my name transcribed as Mr. "Extraordinary," with "minister" as pre-name—a circumstance that nearly landed me in prison because when I registered at the first hotel under my own name, I was confronted with what the stupid customs clerk had selected according to his own fancy. German in Russia is the most useful of alien tongues because trade is, or was, mainly in the hands of Jews whose Yiddish is but the tongue of Luther with Levitical modification.

I had a good friend at Novgorod, the commanding officer of the regiment Viborg. Tserpitsky was his name. We had sworn blood brotherhood in Silesia where both were guests of the German Kaiser during his "*grand manœuvres*." Colonel Tserpitsky had been sent in special embassy to the German head-quarters in order to announce that henceforward his regiment was to recognize William II as its honorary Colonel; and of course His Majesty of Prussia had to appear pleased, and also had to pin a medal on the bosom of his Novgorod guest. Now at that time the Russian Court (Alexander III was then Czar) privately disliked the Kaiser and all things German. The Czarevitch manifested this dislike when he came to congratulate William II on his accession to the throne; and the future Nicholas II was but acting in the spirit of his father. Russia at this moment was advertising an unnatural proclivity towards republican France, and emphasizing it by suppressing all things German, including the University of Dorpat. Whatever was done in those years by way of manifesting the traditional alliance of Berlin and Petersburg, it was done by a minimum expenditure of hospitality and even courtesy.

Colonel Tserpitsky was neither noble nor did he command a crack regiment of the Russian Guards. As a Pole he was regarded by Russia with suspicion although no braver or more loyal soldier existed. Yet the selection of an envoy who spoke but a few words of bad French and a few more of even worse German, was obviously meant as a thinly veiled affront. But as I cared little for these diplomatic pin-pricks, I found much pleasure in the gallant Colonel's company, and promised to visit him at Novgorod should fortune ever bring me once more to his country.

So I laid my plans to give our polite parasite the slip.

It was June; the days are then very long in that latitude, and we three had been dining at the Yacht

Club. There was a midnight train to Novgorod, and the station lay on our homeward route from the Islands to our hotel. Of course, I had timed matters so as to catch that train by a narrow margin. When at the handiest point for my purposes, therefore, I complained of being chilly, told my Russian escort that I would walk the remaining short distance, commended Remington to his tutelary care, and without stopping the horses dropped lightly from the low step of our victoria, walked in the direction of the hotel until the carriage was out of sight, then changed my course to the station, bought a ticket for Novgorod, slept soundly on the cushions of a first-class carriage, and in the grey dawn of next morning was met by my dear old friend of manœuvre days, the gallant Tserpitsky. He kissed me on both cheeks, showed me to his carriage, and then to a bed in his quarters. He said that regimental duties would occupy him for the bulk of the forenoon, but that I should be cared for during his absence.

So I fell asleep once more—and was glad of an opportunity to do so; for St. Petersburg is given to late hours, and people of quality only commence to wake up when honest peasants turn in for the night. But Tserpitsky had soldier habits and his regiment reflected the qualities of its chief. He was promoted soon afterwards to be Governor of Bokhara, and when the Japanese War opened he commanded a division and was killed in action.

There were many Tserpitskys and many splendid regiments in the Russian Army when they marched away to the great *débâcle* before Mukden. But unfortunately, there were also a much larger number of regiments whose commanders thought more of champagne than ammunition in their baggage train, and who ruled their men more by dread of the lash than by respect for superior knowledge. Russia was commanded by a poor figure-head of a Czar, and in an autocracy feebleness at

the top can only end in revolution from the bottom. The Russian military machine of 1904 was the mightiest of the whole world—on paper; but for war it was like unto that which Napoleon III plunged into the disasters of Metz and Sedan. In 1870 many English and American leaders of public opinion backed France against Germany, and in 1904 the bulk of our Press thought that Japan would be crushed by the first hug of her Siberian enemy. My conscience pricks me to this day because of the facility with which I made a large sum of money in about five minutes—and at the expense of a Philadelphia academy of science and arts.

It was at the outbreak of the great Russo-Japanese War, and I had agreed to debate the question against the mightiest authority in that great city—an authority recognized by our Press and pulpit; an orator of national fame; a statesman who had held the post of Ambassador to the Russian Court. Need I add that my poor little self was to be metaphorically butchered by no less a dialectical gladiator than the late Charles Emory Smith.

America produces candidates for Walhalla and the local *Who's Who* with such noise and speed that Charles Emory Smith may by this time be submerged under thousands of other names equally famous and—ephemeral. Every four years our papers reek with fulsome praise of presidential candidates who yesterday were known only to the grocery stores of their own home towns. Americans carry heavy burdens in the shape of a mediæval customs tariff, and laws forbidding the cult of Bacchus, but the heaviest drain on our long-suffering people is the patriotic duty of knowing at least the names of our heroes as they flit across the footlights of history and clamour for office. Of such was Charles Emory Smith—mighty for one brief moment and now recalled only by such as are paid for serving as card catalogue in the Hall of Fame.

And so the Honourable Charles Emory Smith opened

the debate at the great hall of the Philadelphia Academy, and for one hour and thirty minutes he sawed the air and proved in Christian logic and ponderous periods that the heathen pigmies of Japan should not be encouraged; but on the contrary that God had raised up a champion of His Church in Holy Russia, and that as of old St. George had smitten the dragon, so now, etc., etc., etc.—for ninety minutes, that nearly made me fall asleep. The chairman was none less than the then President of the North-Western University, James by name, and he had been paid handsomely as umpire and referee. It was his duty to check the flow from the Honourable Charles Emory Smith after his allotted forty-five minutes, and then to permit mine for an equal amount of time. But the august Philadelphian either put the presidential moderator to sleep or paralysed his powers by the magic of his eloquence, for the flow of oratory persisted until all of his own time had been exhausted, and all of mine into the bargain. But what cared I?—my part of the contract had been fulfilled. If the western president chose to give two or three hours to the late Ambassador to Russia, and if the Philadelphian audience did not object, they were within their statutory prerogatives.

But my revenge was at hand!

It was not for nothing that I had made my several visits to Japan, or enjoyed confidential talks with Prussian members of the Russian section of the Great General Staff in Berlin. So when the Honourable Charles Emory Smith finally retired perspiring from the front of the stage, and when the imported president called upon me to carry out the balance of a programme that had already been exhausted, I rose wearily from the arm-chair beside the moderator, moved slowly towards my now somnolent audience, pulled out my watch, gazed at it sadly, gazed long and intently at the late Ambassador, yawned, and then spoke these words:

" Ladies and Gentlemen of this illustrious literary and scientific body. You are all obviously tired out—so am I. It is time that we went home to bed. My honoured colleague, Mr. Charles Emory Smith, has exhausted all the time which your committee had allotted to me—and he has exhausted at the same time every ounce of the vitality which had cheered my observing eyes when first I turned them in your direction. Therefore you will thank me for sparing you any further exhibition of devitalizing power.

" In bidding you good night, however, I should add one word only by way of repaying to some extent your unexampled exhibition of patience.

" Within six months you who have heard the eloquent prophecies of the Honourable Charles Emory Smith will discover that all of them have their source in profound ignorance of Japan and sublime faith in a Muscovite Utopia. Before six months the mighty war machine of Holy Russia will crack asunder and the armies of the Czar will be in flight before the bayonets of brave little Japan. Ladies and Gentlemen, I wish you pleasant dreams ! "

And thus within five minutes I earned $250, spared a sleepy audience, and in six months made the oracular Charles Emory Smith shrivel as no great man ever shrivelled until Woodrow Wilson returned from Paris.

My sleep in the bed of Tserpitsky was troubled by dreams of Siberia and chain gangs. I had eluded the Secret Police and was travelling without official permission. Men had been missed in Russia—for the dead tell no tales, and foreign governments can therefore prove nothing. In the midst of such pictures was I tossing on my bed, when what should I see standing immobile on either side of the door but two stern giants in military dress. They had huge fur busbies and long beards, and at their sides the curved cavalry sabre of some Cossack tribe. My hour had come: escape was

out of the question. They gave me a stiff military salute and then stalked directly towards me, muttering some harsh words. They doubtless intended to bind me first and convey me afterwards to some lonely spot where their orders would be executed with least public notice. I thought of Remington alone in the Petersburg hotel, who would never learn of my fate—and of all sorts of incongruous matters that flash through the mind of a drowning man. The two Cossacks first pulled on my riding breeches and boots; then held basin and towel for me to make a sketchy toilet, then valeted me for the rest of my dress, and then motioned me downstairs and to the front door where three horses were in readiness. The best of these was indicated as my mount, and away we galloped out upon the flat lands of this venerable cathedral town. The horses were fresh and elastic; my spirits rose; the Cossacks had certainly acted with consideration towards their prisoner; maybe I did them injustice—and at that moment I heard one of them utter the word Tserpitsky, pointing at the same time to a horseman galloping towards us in a cloud of dust. It was my beloved Colonel, sure enough—his face one broad smile of welcome. I did not confess the fears through which I had passed, but praised the splendid horse that he had placed at my disposal, and praised also the excellent orderlies who had helped me from bed to saddle with gentleness and skill such as we look for only in experienced nurses from a hospital.

The Colonel showed off his regiment with great pride, and indeed he had good reason for loving his men, and they showed abundantly their loyalty to him. They shouted in unison a hearty response to his greeting of "Good morning, my children!" and they sang lustily some stirring march as they left the field for their quarters.

The breakfast was late and hilarious in company with his mess, of whom half a dozen spoke German or a little

French. As we chatted after the meal an orderly announced visitors, and Tserpitsky took me under the arm into the ante-room where stood a weeping peasant mother, a weeping daughter, very buxom and pleasing to look at, and then a sturdy man of the regiment, very straight and very red in the face. It was another case for Solomon. The mother furiously denounced the red-faced warrior for having deflowered her daughter, and the daughter looked very pretty amid her premeditated sobs. The warrior stood rigidly at "attention"; the Colonel sympathized with mamma and told her that the man should be punished—or would it be better if he had him shot?

The mother favoured the shooting; and the Colonel stormed at the immobile private. He pointed out the enormity of his crime and that shooting was after all not punishment enough!

The Colonel was only sparring to gain time; for just as he made a move to have the guilty party taken away to prison, the daughter threw herself at his feet, kissed his hand and begged that no harm be done to her very enterprising and wholly successful assaulter. The mother stormed—but less violently; the red-faced warrior promised honourable amends at the close of his military time; the mother stormed less and less; the gallant Colonel then dismissed the sinner to barracks, cracked some cheery jokes with mamma, gave them each a promise that the martial seducer would prove a faithful and useful husband, gave them each a hearty kiss and sent them away laughing merrily—and the whole matter lasted less than half an hour. Is that not better and more Biblical than a court-martial covering half a week and ending in a Congressional investigation with incidental publicity?

There was a gala dinner at the mess of the regiment Viborg that night, with Tserpitsky presiding and several dozen majors, captains and lieutenants about him.

Toasts were drunk—many of them and at short intervals. The wines were from France and from the Crimea—bubbling and seductive. Each Russian had a toast ready, and to each I was expected to respond with enthusiasm for the theme—and also for the wine. We drank to the Czar and to George Washington; to Russian-American friendship; to the armies of our two countries; to the brave regiment Viborg; to each other—to all others—to sweethearts—to anything so long as it helped in achieving the glorious object of landing the guest of honour under the table. But God gave me one, if only one, quality in common with Germany's Iron Chancellor. He made me a hard head—not easily melted by bacchanalian vapours. Bismarck prized his drinking prowess as a mighty means of discovering the intentions of a rival diplomat; for in our cups we are apt at confidences, however meagre may be our confidence when sober. I have learned much by drinking with men whose heads were not so hard as mine. The man of ignoble quality may disguise himself to look fairly fit for society so long as he remain sober, but the Great God Bacchus lays bare the soul and strips naked the impostor.

How that evening ended, or when, I know not; but I have a confused memory of being gently lifted on to the luxurious cushions of a first-class railway carriage, and being rapturously kissed by a large number of bearded and husky warriors.

When shaken into wakefulness, I was back in St. Petersburg, plus a vast bundle containing the skin of a big brown bear, and specimens of Russian hand embroidery, and statuettes in burnt clay—all the gift of Colonel Tserpitsky—of blessed memory.

So I drove directly to our hotel—and what a sight met my astonished eyes! Remington was pacing the floor in a fever of mental agitation. His face was more flushed than that of the Don Juan private in the regiment Viborg. On the centre table was but one ornament—a

bottle—and the all-pervading odour of brandy left no doubt as to its contents.

Remington was on the verge of nervous collapse, and kept pacing the floor and repeating in lachrymose tones: "Get me out of this damned country, Big!" He told me that ever since my disappearance at the railway station he had been mysteriously hounded by men who asked questions in tongues that he did not understand—who opened his door softly and peeped in, and said something strange and then softly stole away. Remington saw Siberia, whether asleep or awake. He was an artist, and imagination can be cruel. So I hurried from bureau to bureau and learned very soon that the political police discouraged our Volga trip, and that we must leave Russia. Our Embassy could do nothing—so said the chargé d'affaires. We would be reported missing. The police would inform our Embassy that we had been killed by brigands. They naturally would not add that the brigands were policemen in disguise! I asked that we be allowed to leave by way of the Neva and Finland; but no—they had arranged that we be politely escorted by way of the Nyemen (or Memel), coming out on to Prussian soil near Tilsit. An aide-de-camp of the Grand Duke Vladimir had been particularly civil, and had invited us to visit him on his estates. I had brought a letter to him from the late General Frank Vinton Greene, who had been United States military attaché during the Russo-Turkish War (1878). Nothing could exceed the social charm of this Russian officer up to the moment of my asking him to expedite our passports.

He was trained in Russian police mystery and hated the system as every American hates the coarse and brutal methods of our Custom House and Immigration inspectors. But he was helpless and had no mind to endanger his own life in any quixotic move on my behalf. The political police of pre-war Muscovy was an

underground machine comparable only to that of the Papal Inquisition in its days of glory. And therefore my Russian friend became less effusive in offers of hospitality.

We were politely escorted—but our escort was armed.

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